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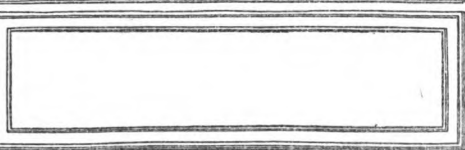
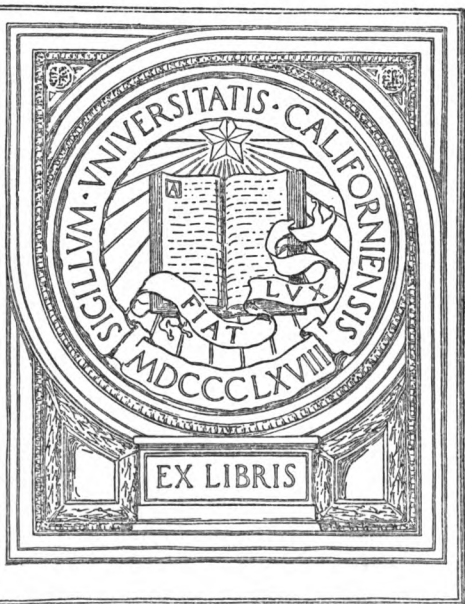
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THE POETICAL ALBUM;

AND

REGISTER

OF

Modern Fugitive Poetry.

EDITED

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

See I have culled the flower that promised best,
And where not sure—perplexed, but pleased—I guessed
At such as seemed the fairest.

BYRON.

BOSTON:
WELLS AND LILLY,—COURT-STREET.

.....

1828.

70. 1911
August 15

PREFACE.

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1828
Main

THE present collection will be found to contain a very large proportion of the most beautiful fugitive poetry of the day; selected from a great variety of sources. It differs in the plan of its arrangement from other volumes of the same class, which have preceded it; inasmuch, as every poem is scrupulously referred to the work from which it has been derived.

M265168

The delay, which has occurred in the publication of the Poetical Album (it having been printed nearly four years) has conduced to defeat more than one of the objects contemplated by its Editor. It was originally proposed by him, that no poem should be transplanted into its pages, which had either appeared, or was likely to appear among the collected works of its Author. He had also intended that a considerable portion of its contents should have been original. Since it was prepared for the press, however, most of the then unpublished articles have from time to time crept into print, and it can now merely claim to be regarded as a selection of the fugitive gems of our modern poetical literature. Some few of the pieces have also been republished by their authors ; but of

these the number is very insignificant. The greater part have never before appeared in any collected form, and (considering how often good poetry is overlooked in the columns of magazines and newspapers) may be pronounced, to apply Mr. Coleridge's phrase, "almost as good as manuscript."

The work has been printed in a small, though clear type, with a view to compression ; and will be found to contain a much larger quantity of matter, than any other collection of the kind.

Those who may look for fugitive poetry of merit, of a late date, will be pleased to remember, that nearly the whole of the book was committed to the press as early as 1824. Why it was not published in

A*

1826, the assignees of the estate of Messrs. Hurst, Robinson and Co., in whose possession it has remained, can best explain.

A second series of the Poetical Album, comprising some of the best fugitive poetry, which has appeared from 1823 to the present time, is now preparing for publication, uniform with the present volume.

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THE POETICAL ALBUM.

SKETCHES

TAKEN FROM DOVER CASTLE DURING A STORM.

BY WILLIAM READ, ESQ.

I.

THE COMING ON OF THE STORM.

Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time I've seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

MACBETH.

THE sun went down in splendour;—as he went,
A crimson glory streaked the occident,
Lingering like hope; the clouds were floating, bright
As ruby islands in a sea of light;—
Awhile they wore all hues—then wavering, weak,
Waned like the blush that warms a virgin's cheek,
Till all were lost. Then Twilight drew her hood,
Dropped with pale stars; and scowling Darkness stood,
Like a dim spectre, on the eastern hill,
Vestured in clouds, and lingering there until
His hour was come. Then sobbing gusts plained by;—
The vexed wave flung its silver crest on high;—
The sea-gull shrieked on rapid-wheeling wing;—
The steed pricked up his ear, as hearkening

To far, far sounds—neighed, started, tossed his head,
Then bounding off, gazed fierce and spirited ;
The watch-dog bayed ; the patient steer drew nigh—
There was a calm petition in his eye ;
Unsocial birds forsook the wild woods far
And pecked and fluttered at the lattice bar :—
Nought breathed untroubled.

Hark ! the ruffian squalls
Rock to their base those bastion-circled walls,
Whose towery crown, by time or siege unbowed,
Frowns on the deep, and stays the passing cloud.

How baleful dark ! though scarce an hour be gone
Since, through the bright-edged rack that hurried on,
The Moon looked out unsullied : while I gazed,
Athwart her path the vivid meteor blazed ;
And, as that herald of the brooding gale
Winged noiseless on, her crescent brow waxed pale :
She heard the rebel deep disown her sway,
And, like offended Beauty, turned away.
Then swooped the winds that hurl the giant oak
From Snowdon's altitude ;—the thunder broke
In deep, percussive, peals—so near, that earth
Shook as it threatened a volcano's birth ;
And while the angled lightning quivered by
(Like types of a celestial tongue) the eye
Recoiled within itself—oppressed and awed—
As though it saw the written wrath of God
Gleam on the black and cloud-leaved book of night,
In letters of unutterable light !
It seemed as Ocean, weary of repose,
With all his storms, in bold rebellion rose,
To bow that Flag, obeyed where'er it veers,
Which braved their fury for a thousand years !
Yet, Ocean ! thou hast been our friend—though thus
Convulsed with rage, the eye grows tremulous
That gazeth on thee ; as might one, whose skill
Had wrought by spells some spirit to his will,

Start—each deep wish indulged—to find it turn
In wrath upon himself, and fiercely spurn
The bondage it had brooked. Thy mighty arm
Was stretched between us and the locust-swarm
That made all earth an Egypt! Our ally,
When none beside was our's—and Destiny
Had doomed us Ishmael's lot, opposing thus
Our hand to all, and every hand to us!
And thou hast borne us through—triumphant borne—
The sun of glory spotless and unshorn!
Those days of strife—though not their memory—cease,
And all, but only thou, repose in peace.
Alas! ere ebbs this barrier-trampling tide,
The throb of many a temple shall subside;
And beating hearts, that sicken at thy roar,
Be hushed to rest—and palpitate no more!

Now faint, and far, comes on the wail of death—
Heard as the tempest seems to pause for breath;
And now the sheeted levin glares upon
A peopled deck, that idly hopes to shun
Those ambushed banks o'er which the breakers rave—
A crash!—a shriek! The ocean is their grave!
Would that one victim might appease the blast!
Ah no!—the cry of death is deepening fast;
And minute-guns, above the surging swell,
Boom on the gale the Pilot's passing-bell!
And there be some to whom this morning's sun
Revealed the cliffs their thoughts had dwelt upon
Through exiled years; and bade, all peril past,
The warm heart hail its native hills at last!—
As fair to-morrow's sun those hills may greet,
But *then* the surf shall be their winding-sheet!
And there be others struggling with the spite
Of warring elements, whose souls were bright
To mark, at evening's close, the little space
Which but delayed Affection's bland embrace;
And *now* they roll the aching eye-ball round
And meet but death—the drowning and the drowned;
Yet fond, fair arms shall yield the clasp they sought—
Yea, wildly clasp—but they shall heed it not!

II.

THE PROGRESS OF THE STORM.

O, I have suffered
 With those that I saw suffer ! a brave vessel,
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
 Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart ! Poor souls, they perished !
TEMPEST,

How many now are pondering o'er the lot
 Of friends afar !—Unthought of, half forgot,
 Till this compassion-waking moment brings
 Their image back, with all their sufferings !
 The haughty maid recalls the youth she drove
 To seek a grave for ill-requited love—
 Sees all the worth she would not see before,
 And bears in turn the agonies he bore.
 A Father brings the outcast boy to mind
 His sternness forced to brave the waves and wind ;
 Alas, too late, compunction wrings his breast,—
 His child hath rested—where the weary rest !
 Yes, though while present those we loved might err
 In many actions—though the mind prefer
 A stranger at the moment, for some boon
 Of nature, chance, or art, which falls in tune
 With passing whim—yet, like the butterfly
 (Whose wings grow dim with handling) presently
 Their gloss is gone ; and then our thoughts recall
 Worth overlooked, and let each failing fall
 To deep oblivion. Yes, the sun that parted
 In clouds, *will shine* when we are softer-hearted ;
 And absence softens hearts ; and time hath power
 To clear those clouds, which stained a peevish hour ;
 Call recollections from their pensive gloom,
 Like kind, but injured spectres from the tomb—
 Accusing with their smiles. Oh, this should move
 The soul to those it loves—or ought to love !

'Twould bar reproach.

Yet, 'tis not always fair
To read the bosom through the eye—for there
A sleepless, an untold of worm may lurk,
And do, although it 'plain not, deadly work;
And make men seem unkind to those whom heaven
Hath heard them plead for, when the heart was riven
With its own griefs. If such are breathing, sure
Life lends no joy?—they *live* not—they *endure*—
And (were there not a world beyond this scene)
Than thus to be 'twere better not have been!

Flash courses flash! the war-ship's mast is shivered—
Smote by the cloudsped bolt that o'er it quivered!
A broader flame the midnight blackness broke—
Her magazine receives the thunder-stroke,
And fires that vault, which stars no longer pave,
As though a SUN were bursting from the wave!
Bewildering, giddy glare! The echoes reel
From cliff to cliff, replying to the peal
That red explosion rang along the sky;
It seemed as if its cloud-voiced potency
Surprised the rocks to utterance! The bay
Heaved liquid flame beneath the sudden day,
Whose dawn was death; and some, who cursed the night,
Hid their pale eyes from that appalling light.
Sped by her star, a gallant ship drew near—
The signal-shot flashed frequent from her tier—
She struck, and staggered, in her mid career;
Then, swift as thought, her fragments strewed the spray,
As some enchanted castle melts away!

A crowded skiff was labouring for the land—
The wreck they fled drove mastless and unmanned;
Bold the attempt, but fruitless, to elude
The swiftly-rolling billows that pursued.
Their bark had rubbed the sand, but failed to reach
Ere mountain waves broke o'er it on the beach,

1*

And dashed them to the earth :—they rise--they spring--
 Vain as the wounded plover's fluttering !
 For oh ! as if some sea-fiend mocked their toil,
 The big wave caught them in its swift recoil.

One youth was left--the lightning as it sped
 Showed those who baulked the Sea-dog of the dead,--
 Fling forth the coil he shivering grasped--and now,
 While some shade back the tangle from his brow,
 An age-worn man that freezing eye surveys,
 Where life late played--alas no longer plays ! [speak
 Smites his scathed breast--and cries (in tones which
 The heart's last burst of anguish ere it break)--
 'How have I sighed to hail thy wanderings done--
 'And meet we thus at last--my son ! my son !'

The storm relents not-- as the tiger's mood
 Becomes blood-thirsty by the taste of blood,
 It growls for other victims ! Hast thou been
 The near spectator of a shipwreck scene ?
 Heard the unanswered cry of sore distress,
 Marked the strong throes of drowning eagerness,
 The body maddened by the spirit's pain,
 The wild, wild, working of the breast and brain,
 The haggard eye that, horror-widened, sees
 Death take the start of sorrow and disease ?
 For such were heard and seen--so close at hand,
 A cable's length had reached them from the land ;
 Yet farther off than ocean ever bore ;--
 Eternity between them and the shore !
 Some sought the beach with many a sob and strain,
 But felt each sinew fettered by a chain
 Which dragged them writhing down : a secret hand
 Buoyed others up, and cast them on the land--
 Miraculously saved ! A few were there
 Who prayed with fervent, and confiding prayer--
 Alas, too few ! The many still would cling
 To toil and tears--to life and suffering.
 And some, whose anguish might not brook to wait
 That shunless doom, plunged headlong to their fate ;

Yet nature struggled to the last thick gasp ;
 It was a misery to see them grasp
 The sliding waves, and clench the hand, and toil
 Like a spent eagle in the whirlwind's coil—
 Till dashed against some floating spar or mast,
 On Ocean's rocking couch they slept at last.
 Pale, panic-struck, the youth falls prostrate—reft
 Of senses that had maddened were they left ;
 The hardened fool, whose life of enterprise
 Long verged on death, in drunken frenzy dies ;
 And helpless woman's wail, upon the wave,
 Pleads at the heart, which yearns in vain to save.
 But there were some, in hopelessness of soul,
 Who pined at heart to reach the destined goal ;
 Yes, long had spurned the load of life, unawed,
 But dared not rush, uncalled, before their God ;—
 Or, haply, pride that trembled at a stain,
 Or, haply, love for those they would not pain,
 Had moved to give the fatal purpose up—
 Unedged the steel, and spilled the poison-cup :
 These, bitter days, soul-racking nights had tried—
 And scaped, perchance, the curse of suicide.

 III.

THE EAST-INDIAMAN.

How like a younker, or a prodigal,
 The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
 Hugged and embraced by the strumpet wind !
 How like the prodigal doth she return ;
 With over-weathered ribs, and ragged sails,
 Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind !

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

An anxious, lingering, perilous voyage past,
 An India ship hailed Albion's land at last !

Moored in the Downs, her mighty pinions close
Like some far flying bird that seeks repose ;
While, crowding on the deck, a hundred eyes
Turned shoreward—flashed with pleasure and surprise.
That eve they anchored, from the horizon's hem
The virgin Moon, as if to welcome them,
Rose from her rest—but would no more reveal
Than the faint outline of her pale profile :
Though soon (as maids forego their fears) she gave
Her orb'd brow to kiss the wanton wave :
Till—like a scornful lover, swoll'n with pride,
Because too fondly loved to be denied,
The rude wave spurned her off, and raised that loud
And angry blast that screamed through sail and shroud,
The live-long night on which my harp is dwelling.
Meanwhile, the swarthy crew, each care dispelling,
Had sported thrice three summer suns away
Since they had cast their anchor in that bay.
O, none save Fortune's step-sons, doomed to roam
The deep, can prize a harbour and a home ! [ing—
The temperate breeze their sun-bronzed temples bless—
A native shore the gladdened eye refreshing—
The painted pinnacle dancing from the land
Freighted with friends—the pressure of the hand
Whose pulse throbs happy seconds—the warm gush
Of blood into the cheek, as it would rush
With the heart's welcome ere the tongue could half
Perform its office—feeling's telegraph !
Impassioned smiles, and tears of rapture starting—
Oh, how unlike the tears, which fell at parting !
And all were their's—that good ship's gallant crew—
As though each joy, which absence rendered due
Were paid in one bright moment : such are known
To those long severed, loving, loved, alone !

A gorgeous freight that broad-sailed vessel bore—
The blazing diamonds and the blushing ore ;
Spices that sighed their incense, till the sails
Were fanned along on aromatic gales

From Orient lands. Then marvel not if he
Who there is Chief should look exultingly
Back on the storms he baffled, and should know
The bosom's warmest wildest overflow
While gazing on the land, which laughed before him—
The smooth sea round—the blue pavilion o'er him!
Yet felt he more than ever sprang from these,
For love demanded deeper sympathies;
And long in lonely bower had sighed for him
A fond fair Bride, whose infant Cherubim
Oft spirit-clouded from its playthings crept,
To weep beside its mother while she wept.
But O, they met at length! And such sweet days
Already proved as leave a light that plays
Upon the memory when their warmth is gone
The fount thus treasures sun-beams, and shines on
Through dusk and darkness. Like some happy mother,
Joy marked the hours pursuing one another—
A wreath of buoyant angels! Yet as they
Wheeled laughing round, oft sighed—to make them stay!

This was a day of banqueting on board;
And swan-winged barks, and barges many-oared
Came crowded to the feast. The young—the gay—
The beautiful—were there. Right merrily
The pleasure boats glide onward;—with swift prow
The clear wave curling, till around each bow,
With frequent flash, the bright and feathery spray
Threw mimic rainbows at the sun in play.
The ship is won, the silken chair is lowered—
Exulting Youth and Beauty bound on board;
And, while they wondering gaze on sail and shroud,
The flag flaps o'er them like a crimson cloud.

Young Pleasure kissed each heart! From Persia's loom
An ample awning spread its purple bloom
To canopy the guests; and vases, wreathed
With deep-hued flowers and foliage, sweetly breathed
Their incense, fresh as zephyrs when they rove
Among the blossoms of a citron grove;

Soft sounds—(invisible spirits on the wing)—
Were heard and felt around them hovering ;—
In short, some magic seemed to sway the hour,
The wand-struck deck becomes an orient bower !
A very wilderness of blushing roses,
Just such as Love would choose when he reposes.
The pendant orange from a lush of leaves,
Hangs like Hesperian gold ; and, tied in sheaves,
Carnations prop their triple coronals ;
The grape, out-peeping from thick foliage, falls
Like clustered amethysts in deep festoons ;
And shells are scattered round, which Indian moons
Had sheeted with the silver of their beams ;
But O, what, more than all, the scene beseems,
Fair, faultless forms, glide there with wing-like motion !—
Bright as young Peris rising from the ocean !

Eve darkened down—and yet they were not gone ;
The sky had changed,—the sudden storm came on !
ONE waved on high a ruby sparkling bowl—
(Youth, passion, wine, ran riot in his soul)—
“ Fill to the brim,” he cried, “ let others peer
Their doubtful path to heaven ;—my heaven is here !
This hour is mine, and who can dash its bliss ?
Fate dare not darken such an hour as this !”
Then stooped to quaff ;—but (as a charm were thrown)
His hand, his lips, grew motionless as stone ;
The drunkenness of his heart no more deceives—
The thunder growls, the surge-smote vessel heaves ;
And while aghast he stared, a hurrying squall
Rent the wide awning, and discovered all !
Across their eyes the hissing lightning blazed—
The black wave burst beside them as they gazed ;
And dizzily the thick surf scattered o’er them ;
And dim and distant loomed the land before them ;
No longer firm—the eternal hills did leave
Their solid rest, and heaved, or seemed to heave.
O, ’twas an awful moment !—for the crew
Had rashly, deeply drank, while yet they knew
No ruling eye was on them—and became
Wild as the tempest ! Peril could not tame—

Nay, stirred their brutal hearts to more excess ;
Round the deserted banquet-board they press,
Like men transformed to fiends, with oath and yell !
And many deemed the sea less terrible
Than maniacs fiercely ripe for all, or aught,
That ever flashed upon a desperate thought !
Strange laughter mingled with the shriek and groan—
Nor woman shrank, nor woman wept alone.
Some, as a bolt had smote them, fell ;—and some
Stared haggard wild :—dismay had struck them dumb.
There were of firmer nerve, or fiercer cast,
Who scowled defiance back upon the blast—
Half scorning in their haughty souls to be
Thus pent and buffeted. And tenderly,
Even then, to manly hearts fair forms were drawn,
Whose virgin eyes had never shed their dawn
Before—soft, beautifully shy—to flush
A lover's hope ; but as the dove will rush
Into the school-boy's bosom to elude
The swooping goshawk—woman thus subdued,
Will cling to those she shunned in lighter mood—
The soul confess emotions but concealed—
Pure, glowing, deep, though lingeringly revealed ;
That true camelion, which imbibes the tone
Of every passion-hue she pauses on !
O, 'tis the cheek that's false—so subtly taught
It takes not of its colour from the thought ;
But like volcanic mountains veiled in snow,
Hides the heart's lava, while it works below !

And there were two who loved, but never told
Their love to one another : years had rolled
Since Passion touched them with his purple wing,
Though still their youth was in its blossoming.
Lofty of soul, as riches were denied,
He deemed it mean to woo a wealthy bride ;
And (for her tears were secret) coldly she
Wreathed her pale brow in maiden dignity ;
Yet each had caught the other's eye reposing,
And, far as looks disclose, the truth disclosing ;

But when they met, pride checked the soul's warm sigh,
And froze the melting spirit of the eye :—
A pride in vulgar hearts that never shone.
And thus they loved, and silently loved on ;
But *this* was not a moment when the head
Could trifle with the heart ! The cloud that spread
Its chilling veil between them, now had past—
Too long awaking—but they woke at last !
He rushed where clung the fainting fair one—sought
To soothe with hopes he felt not, cherished not ;
And while in passionate support he prest,
She raised her eyes—then swiftly on his breast
Hid her blanched cheek—as if resigned to share
The worst with him ;—nay, die contented there !
That silent act was fondly eloquent ;
And to the youth's deep soul, like lightning, sent
A gleam of rapture—exquisite yet brief,
As his (poor wretch) that in the grave of grief
Feels Fortune's sun burst on him, and looks up
With hope to heaven—forgetful of the cup,
The deadly cup his shivering hand yet strained—
A hot heart-pang reminds him—it is drained !
Away with words ! for when had true love ever
A happy star to bless it ?—Never, never !
And oh, the brightest after-smile of Fate
Is but a sad reprieve, which comes—too late !

The riot shout pealed on ;—but deep distress
Had sunk all else in utter hopelessness !
One marked the strife of frenzy and despair—
The most concerned, and yet the calmest there ;
In bitterness of soul beheld his crew—
He should have known them, and he thought he knew ;
The blood-hound on the leash may fawn, obey—
He'll tear thee, shouldest thou cross him at his prey !
One only trust survives a doubtful one—
But O, how cherished, every other gone !
“ While hold our cables, fear not ”—As he spoke
A sea burst o'er them, and their cables broke !

Then like a lion bounding from the toil,
The ship shot through the billow's black recoil ;
Urged by the howling blast—all guidance gone—
They shuddering felt her reeling, rushing on—
Nor dared to question where ; nor dared to cast
One asking look—for that might be their last !

What frowns so steep in front—a cliff ? a rock ?
The groaning vessel staggers in the shock !
The last shriek rings.

Hark ! whence that voice they hear
Loud o'er the rushing waters—loud and near ?
Alas ! they dream !—'tis but the ocean roar !—
Oh no ! it echoes from the swarming shore !
Kind Heaven, thy hand was there. With swelling bound
The vast waves heaved the giant hull aground ;
And, ebbing with the turning tide, became,
Like dying monsters, impotent and tame ;
Wedge'd in the sand their chafing can no more
Than lave her sides, and deaden with their roar
The clamorous burst of joy. But some there were
Whose joy was voiceless as their late despair—
Whose heaven-ward eyes, clasped hands, and streaming
cheeks,
Did speak a language, which the lip ne'er speaks !
O, he were heartless, in that passionate hour,
Who could not feel that weakness hath its power,
When gentle woman, sobbing and subdued,
Breathed forth her vow of holy gratitude,
Warm as the contrite Mary's, when—forgiven—
An angel smiled, recording it in heaven !

IV.

THE MORNING AFTER THE STORM.

O heavens ! is't possible a young maid's wits
 Should be as mortal as an old man's life ?
 Nature is fine in love : and where 'tis fine,
 It sends some precious instance of itself
 After the thing it loves.

HAMLET.

'Tis midnight. Eyeless Darkness, like a blind
 And haggard witch, with power to loose and bind
 The spirits of the elements at will,
 Draws her foul cloak across the stars, until
 Those Demons she invoked to vex the waves
 Have dived and hid them in their ocean-caves :
 And they are fled ;—though still the mighty heart
 Of Nature throbs. And now that hag doth start
 (Her swarth cheek turning pale in bitter spite)
 For through her brow she feels the cold moonlight
 Shoot like a pain, as on a western hill
 The setting planet of the night stood still,
 Just parted from a cloud. No more the blast
 Wailed, like a naked spirit rushing past,
 As though it sought a resting place in vain.—
 The storm is lulled ; and yet it is a pain
 To tell what wreck and ruin strewed the shore !—
 Each wave its freight of death or damage bore.
 Here, stained and torn, a royal flag was cast ;
 There lay a broken helm, a shattered mast ;
 And oh, the saddest relic of the storm,
 Yon wave conveys a seaman's lifeless form !

'Tis morn—the waning mists, with shadowy sweep,
 Draw their cold curtains slowly from the deep.
 'Tis morn—but gladness comes not with her ray !
 The bright and breathing scene of yesterday

Is gone, as if that swift consuming wing
Had brushed the deep, which smote Assyria's King,
And left his Host, like sear leaves, withering !
The sea swells full, but smooth—to Passion's thrill,
Though spent her tempest, heaves the young heart still ;
A bleakness slumbers o'er it—here and there
Some desolate hull, forsaken in despair,
Drives idly, like a friendless outcast thing
Which still survives the world's abandoning.
Where are her sails—her serried tiers' display—
Her helm—her wide flag's emblemed blazonry ?
Her crew of fiery spirits,—where are they ?

Far scattered groups, dejected, hurried, tread
The beach in silence, where the shipwrecked dead
Lie stiff and strained. Among them (humbling thought !)
They seek their friends—yet shrink from what they
 sought,
As on some corse the eye, recoiling, fell—
Though livid, swell'n—but recognized too well !

Apart, disturbed in spirit, breathless, pale—
Her unbound tresses floating on the gale—
A Maiden hastened on ;—across her way,
As though he slept, a lifeless sailor lay.
She paused, and gazed a moment—shuddered, sank
Beside that victim on the wave-washed bank—
Bent shivering lips to press his haggard cheek,
But started backward with a loathing shriek !
Fond wretch ! thy half-averted eyes discover
The cold and bloodless aspect of thy Lover !

Their tale is brief. The youth was one of those
Who spurned the thought of safety or repose
Whilst Peril stalks the deep : where'er displayed,
The flag, which sues for succour has their aid—
The foeman's or the friend's ;—no pausing then
To question *who* implore them—they are men !
A noble race—and, though unfamed, unknown,
A race that England should be proud to own !

He, with a few as generously brave,
 Had heard the death-wail rising from the wave,
 And, in an ill-starred moment, sought to save.
 The lifeboat reached the foundering ship—her crew
 With greedy haste secured the rope it threw,
 And in the wild avidity for life,
 Rushed reeling in. Alas! that fatal strife
 But sealed their doom! the flashing billows roar
 Above their heads—one pang—they strove no more!

He did not love unloved; for she who prest
 That clay-cold hand so madly to her breast,
 Believ'd his vows; and but for Fortune's scorn
 Young Love had smiled on this their bridal morn!
 But oh, his years are few who hath not felt
 That, while we grasp, the rainbow bliss will melt;
 That hopes, like clouds, which gleam across the moon,
 Soon pass away, and lose their light as soon!
 The weltering mass she folds, but yesternight
 Heaved warm with life—his rayless eye was bright;
 And she whose cheek the rose of rapture spread,
 Raves now a maniac—widow'd, yet unwed,—
 And reckless wanderings take the place of woe!—
 She fancies joys that glow not, nor can glow;
 Breathes in a visionary world, and weaves
 A web of bliss—scarce falser than deceives
 The reasoning heart; oft sings and weeps; and now
 Entwines a sea-weed garland for her brow,
 And says it is a marriage wreath. Meanwhile
 Her calm vague look will dawn into a smile,
 As something met her eye none else should see;
 She folds her hands, and bends imploringly
 To sue its stay;—with wilder gesture turns,
 And clasps her head, and cries—"It burns, it burns!"
 Then shakes as if her heart were ice.

Not long

The soul, the frame, could brook such bitter wrong:—
 Beside her lover's—that distracted head
 Rests calm and pale—the grave their bridal bed.
Literary Gazette.

SONNET

ON PARTING WITH HIS BOOKS.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

As one, who destined from his friends to part,
 Regrets his loss, but hopes again, erewhile
 To share their converse, and enjoy their smile,
 And tempers as he may affliction's dart ;
 Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,
 Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile
 My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,—
 I now resign you ! Nor with fainting heart ;
 For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
 And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
 And all your sacred fellowship restore ;
 When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
 Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
 And kindred spirits meet to part no more.
Gentleman's Magazine.

THE ARTIST'S STUDIO.

Beauty should be around the beautiful,
 And these fine Arts live in an atmosphere
 Of light surrounded by thrice delicate shapes
 Of grace and love.

THE light came dim but beautiful, through blinds
 Of the linked jessamine, which wooed the vine
 With its white kisses ; and the fragrant air,
 Bearing low music from the wind-touched harp,
 Came floating through the room. By glimpses seen,
 As o'er the lattices the moonlight played
 And lighted up its waters, shone the lake,
 With its white swans, like spirits, gliding on

2*

Its isles of floating lilies ; and its banks,
Where swept the graceful willows and the turf,
Silvered with dew and star-light spread beneath,
Dotted with clumps of gloomy cypresses,
Mixed with the fairer blossomed orange trees.
And far beyond, like shadowy thunder-clouds,
Rose high but distant hills ; and over all
A soft and blue Italian sky,—the blue
That painters and that poets love,—the blue
The lover worships in the maiden's eyes,
Whose beauty is their power and spell. And, like
Sweet incense to sweet shrines, dew-scented flowers
Filled up the casements ; roses, on whose leaves
The summer had just breathed ; the buds of pearl
That are the myrtle's dower ; carnation stems,
Rich in their perfumed blushes—all were there
Looking and breathing June. The marble floor
Had not a spot, save two or three rich stains
Cast from the pictured roof, on which was told
The history of Aurora and her love,
The earthly Youth she wooed, and wooed in vain.
Oh, love is very constant ! 'Tis most cold,
Untrue, and heartless raillery, to say
That love's life is not longer than those flowers
Whose sunrise beauty is by noontide past ;
That it should ever change, is but the curse
Shadowing our every earthly happiness ;
But, for one record of its fickleness
Are thousand memories of its deep, deep truth,—
Its entire faith, its self-devotedness.

On one side of the roof a golden blaze,
Curtained by crimson clouds, told that the Sun,
Heralded by her star, had met his bride,
The sweet young Morning ; and around, a ring
Of radiant shapes were gathered ; in the midst
Was one, a very dream of loveliness,
Her hair streamed on the wind, a shower of gold
Hung from a crown of stars, and four white steeds
Were harnessed by spring blossoms to the car
Whereon she stood. Her eye was on a youth,

Graceful as young Endymion when the moon
Shed her pale smile upon his marble brow
And thick and raven curls : he stood beneath
A green beech tree, two hounds were by his side,
Impatient of his idleness, while he
Leant on his useless spear, watching the sleep
Of his young bride. He had just heard his name
Murmured, in tones low as a bird's first song
From her half opened lips, which like spring flowers
Drank the fresh air, then sighed it forth again
With added fragrance. There was shade around ;
The laurel, and the darker bay, the oak,
All sacred as the crowns of fame. The first
Bound round the Poet's tuneful lyre ; the next
Around the Warrior's helm, mixed with the pine
And with the waving poplar. In the midst,
As in a favourite haunt, were flowers entwined ;
And there the sleeper lay : one pearl white hand—
The violets rose to kiss its azure veins,
Coloured with their own purity, beneath
One cheek was as a pillow, and that one
Was flushed with crimson, while the other wore
A tint less warm, but not less beautiful—
Two shades of blushing on the self-same rose ;
And through the tremulous shadow of the leaves
Came two or three bright kisses from the sun,
Wandering in light o'er her white brow ; a shower
Of rose leaves lay amid the raven curls
Of her long hair and on her neck. That morn
Around her slender waist and graceful head
She had bound new-blown buds. But all fair things
Are very fragile, and each scattered bloom
Had fallen from the loosened braid : even those
Prisoners in the soft hand, which lay like snow
Upon the grass, had half escaped ; and there
She slept amid the roses she had gathered.

And round the walls were pictures : some, calm scenes
Of earth's green loveliness ; and some, whose hues
Were caught from faces in whose smile our life
Is one of Paradise ; and statues, whose white grace

Is as a dream of poetry. But, hung
Apart from all the rest, as if too dear
For aught but solitude, was one,—it was
The portrait of a lovely girl ; the lips
Were such as Summer kisses, when he first
Touches the pure and rosy mouth of Spring ;
A languid smile was on them, as just curled
By some soft thought, which spoke too in her eyes,
Dark and bewildering, with light like that
Of an Italian midnight, when the clouds
Send forth their summer lightning, but yet filled
With woman's tenderness. Those lips, those eyes,
Had been voluptuous, melting as they were,
But for the pale cheek, o'er which e'en a blush
Had scarcely passed, it looked so innocent ;
And the white brow, with its dark parted hair
Shading its purity ; and the clear temples,
Whose blue veins were half hidden by the braids
Of the thick tresses, which, unfastened, fell
Over the veiled bosom. The white dress
Just left the slender throat exposed, as fair,
As graceful, as the cygnet's. Neither gems
Nor gold, marred youth's sweet simpleness ; but one
Slight flower lay on her neck,—a green rosebud,
Tinged with faint promise of its future bloom ;
And near it the young Painter leant his head,
Bowed, as in bitter thought upon his hand ;
Over his cheek there was a burning, red,
Half passionate emotion, half disease,—
And the damp lay on his white brow, and hung
On his thick curls of auburn hair ; his eyes,
Blue as his native sky when it shines forth
Amid the pauses of an April shower,
Seemed as they drank the Moon's light, with such bright
And such wild glance they turned towards her ray.

He was a stranger in fair Italy :
He sought her kingdom, for it was a home
For genius and for beauty ; it had been
His land of promise through the sunny dreams

Of his impassioned boyhood ; he had come
 With a rich store of burning thoughts, of hopes
 Like sunrise, vivid fancies, feelings wild,
 High energies, all that young talent has ;
 And he had nourished them amid those shades
 Hallowed by memories of old, and still
 Kept sacred by their own green pleasantness,—
 Amid the glorious works of glorious men,—
 Pictures alive with light, and stately domes
 Built for eternity,—music like hope,
 So very sweet,—and poetry, whose songs
 Are Love's own words, until he dreamed that fame
 Was a reality that he might win.
 He dreamed but to awake with withered heart
 And wasted health, and hopes like fallen stars,
 Crushed and stained with the earth to which they fell.

Oh Genius! fling aside thy starry crown,
 Close up thy rainbow wings, and on thy head
 Heap dust and ashes,—for, this cold drear world
 Is but thy prison-house. Alas! for him
 Who has thy dangerous gifts, for they are like
 The fatal ones that evil spirits give,—
 Bright and bewildering, leading unto death!
 Oh, not amid the chill and earthly cares
 That waste our life, may those fine feelings live
 That are the Painter's or the Poet's light.

Amid the many graves, which in the shade
 Of Rome's dark cypresses are graved with names
 Of foreign sound to Italy's sweet tongue,
 Was one,—an English name was on the stone ;—
 There that young Painter slept :—around the sod
 Were planted flowers and one or two green shrubs.
 'Twas said that they were placed in fondness there
 By an Italian Girl whom he had loved!

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

SONNET.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

WHEN last we parted thou wert young and fair ;
How beautiful, let fond remembrance say !
Alas ! since then, old Time has stol'n away
Full thirty years, leaving my temples bare.
So hath it perished like a thing of air,
The dream of Love and Youth !—Now both are gray,
Yet still remembering that delightful day,
Though Time with his cold touch hath blanched my hair,
Though I have suffered many years of pain
Since then ; though I did never think to live
To hear that voice or see those eyes again,
I can a sad, but cordial greeting give,
And for thy welfare breathe as warm a prayer,
Lady, as when I loved thee young and fair !

Leeds Intelligencer.

TO MONT BLANC.

MOUNTAIN,—who reignest o'er thine Alpine peers
Transcendently, and from that massive crown
Of arrowy brightness dartest down thy beams
Upon their lesser coronets,—all hail !
Unto the souls in hallowed musing rapt,
Spirits in which creation's glorious forms
Do shadow forth and speak the invisible,
The ethereal, the eternal, thou dost shine
With emblematic brightness. Those untrod
And matchless domes, though many a weary league
Beyond the gazer, when the misty veil
Dies round them, start upon his dazzled sight
In vastness almost tangible ; thy smooth
And bold convexity of silent snows
Raised on the still and dark blue firmament !

Mountain,—Thou image of eternity!—
Oh, let not foreign feet, inquisitive,
Swift in untrained aspirings, proudly tempt
Thy searchless waste!—What half-taught fortitude
Can balance unperturbed above the clefts
Of yawning and unfathomable ice
That moat thee round; or wind the giddy ledge
Of thy sheer granite! Hath he won his way,
That young investigator? Yes; but now,
Quick pausing on superior snows, his frame
Trembles in dizziness; his wandering look
Drinks pale confusion; the wide scene is dim;
Its all of firm or fleeting, near or far,
Deep rolling clouds beneath, and wavering mists
That flit above him with their transient shades,
And storm-deriding rocks, and treacherous snows,
And blessed sun-light, in his dying eye
Float dubious; and 'tis midnight at his heart!

Mountain,—That firm and ardent Genevese,
The enthusiast child of science, whose bold foot
Bounded across thine ice rents, who disdained
The frozen outworks of thy steep ravines,
And through a labyrinth of crystal rocks
Pressed his untired ascent, e'en he, and all
His iron-band of native mountaineers,
While scaling the aerial cupola
Of Nature's Temple, owned a breathless pang.
Thy most attenuate element is fit
For angel roamings. True, his zealous mind
Achieved its philosophic aim, and marked
And measured thee; but turned to earthly climes
Full soon, and bent in gladness toward the vale.

Mountain,—The sons of science or of taste
Need not essay such triumph. 'Tis more wise
And happier—till a fiery chariot wait,—
To scan from lesser heights thy glorious whole;
To climb above the deep though lofty plain
That wrongs thee; pass its line of envious peaks,

And stationed at thy cross, sublime Flegere !
Thence meditate the monarch's grandeur ; while
His host of subject hills are spread beneath ;
For scarce, till then, his own colossal might
Seems disenthralled ; and mute astonishment,
Unquenched by doubt or dread, at each new step,
Shall own his aspect more celestial still.
There, in some hollow nook reclining, whence
The bright-eyed chamois sprang ; with tufted bells
Of rhododendron blushing at my feet ;
The unprofaned recess of Alpine life
Were all my world that hour ; and the vast mount
In his lone majesty would picture heaven.

Bright mountain,—Ah ! but volumed clouds enwrap
Thy broad foundations, curtain all thy steepes,
And, rising as the orb of day declines,
Brood on the vassal chain that flank thee round,
Then thy whole self involve—save, haply, when
A quick and changing vista may reveal
Some spotless portion of thy front, and show
Thee not unstable, like the earth-born cloud,
Brilliant though hid, abiding if unseen.
Then, as the vale grows darker, and the sun
Deserts unnumbered hills, o'er that high zone
Of gathered vapour thou dost sudden lift
Thy silver brow, calm as the hour of eve,
Clear as the morning, still as the midnight,
More beautiful than noon ; for lo ! the sun
Lingers to greet thee with a roseate ray,
And on thy silver brow his bright farewell
Is gleaming :—Mountain, Thou art half divine !
Severed from earth ! Irradiate from heaven !

Thus e'en the taught of heaven, with joyless eye
Fixed on the sable clouds, which fear hath cast
O'er all the landscape of his destiny,
May fail to pierce them ; but, though legioned shapes
Of nether evil, though the deep array
Of stern adversities, and murky hosts

Of dark illusions blot his upper skies,
 Yet, as they change, through that incumbent gloom
 Shall he catch glimpses of the hallowed mount,
 And weep that heaven is bright.—And at the hour
 Of stillness, when e'en frightful shadows fade,
 When night seems closing o'er his latest hopes,
 And his sun set for ever,—then, behold,
 Emerging in mid heaven, thy glistening top
 Oh, Zion! and the God that ruled his day
 Hath not departed; for he poureth now
 His radiance on thy summits, glancing back
 A thrilling flood into his servant's soul!
 'Joy full of glory!'—Was the noon-day dark?
 It was;—but eve is cloudless; night is peace;
 Rapture shall gild the never-ending morn!
Sheffield Iris.

S.

ODE,

WRITTEN FOR RECITATION AT THE FAREWELL DIN-
 NER IN HONOUR OF JOHN KEMBLE, ESQ.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

PRIDE of the British stage,
 A long and last adieu!
 Whose image brought the heroic age
 Revived to Fancy's view;
 Like fields refreshed with dewy light,
 When the sun smiles his last,
 Thy parting presence makes more bright
 Our memory of the past;
 And memory conjures feelings up,
 That wine or music need not swell,
 As high we lift the festal cup
 To 'Kemble, fare-thee-well!'

His was the spell o'er hearts
 Which only acting lends,
 The youngest of the sister arts,
 Where all their beauty blends :
 For ill can Poetry express
 Full many a tone of thought sublime,
 And Painting, mute and motionless,
 Steals but one glance from Time ;
 But, by the mighty actor brought,
 Illusion's wedded triumphs come,
 Verse ceases to be airy thought,
 And Sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,
 But ne'er efface the charm,
 When *Cato* spoke in him alive,
 Or *Hotspur* kindled warm.
 What soul was not resigned entire
 To the deep sorrows of the *Moor* ?
 What English heart was not on fire
 With him at Agincourt ?
 And yet a majesty possessed
 His transport's most impetuous tone ;
 And to each passion of his breast
 The Graces gave their zone.

High was the task, too high
 Ye conscious bosoms here,
 In words to paint your memory,
 Of *KEMBLE*, and of *Lear*.
 But who forgets that white discrowned head,
 Those bursts of Reason's half extinguished glare,
 Those tears upon *Cordelia's* bosom shed,
 In doubt, more touching than despair ;
 If 'twas reality he felt—
 Had *SHAKESPEARE's* self amidst you been,
 Friends, he had seen you melt,
 And triumphed to have seen !

And there was many an hour
 Of blended kindred fame,

When SIDDON'S auxiliar power,
 And sister magic came ;—
 Together at the Muse's side,
 Her tragic paragons had grown ;—
 They were the children of her pride,
 The columns of her throne !
 And undivided favour ran,
 From heart to heart, in their applause
 Save for the gallantry of man,
 In lovelier woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome,
 Robust and richly graced,
 Your Kemble's spirit was the home
 Of genius and of taste.
 Taste, like the silent dial's power,
 That when supernal light is given,
 Can measure inspiration's hour,
 And tell its height in heaven.
 At once ennobled and correct,
 His mind surveyed the tragic page,
 And what the actor could effect,
 The scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth ;—
 And must we lose them now !
 And shall the scene no more show forth
 His sternly pleasing brow ?
 Alas !—the moral brings a tear,—
 'Tis all a transient hour below ;
 And we that would detain thee here,
 Ourselves as fleetly go.
 Yet shall our latest age
 This parting scene renew :—
 Pride of the British stage !
 A long and last adieu !
Literary Gazette.

THE LAST TEAR.

SHE had done weeping, but her eyelash yet
 Lay silken heavy on her liliated cheek,
 And on its fringe a tear, like a lone star
 Shining upon the rich and hyacinth skirts
 O' the western cloud that veils the April even.
 The veil rose up, and with it rose the star,
 Glittering above the gleam of tender blue,
 That widened as the shower clears off from heaven.
 Her beauty woke,—a sudden beam of soul
 Flashed from her eye, and lit the vestal's cheek
 Into one crimson, and exhaled the tear.
Literary Gazette.

ADDRESS

TO THE ALABASTER SARCOPHAGUS, DEPOSITED IN THE
 BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

THOU Alabaster relic ! while I hold
 My hand upon thy sculptured margin thrown,
 Let me recall the scenes thou couldst unfold,
 Might'st thou relate the changes thou hast known;
 For thou wert primitive in thy formation,
 Launched from the Almighty's hand at the creation.

Yes—thou wert present when the stars and skies
 And worlds unnumbered rolled into their places;
 When God from chaos bade the spheres arise,
 And fixed the blazing sun upon its basis,
 And with his finger on the bounds of space
 Marked out each planet's everlasting race.

How many thousand ages from thy birth
Thou slept'st in darkness it were vain to ask,
Till Egypt's sons upheaved thee from the earth,
And year by year pursued their patient task,
Till thou wert carved and decorated thus,
Worthy to be a king's sarcophagus !

What time Elijah to the skies ascended,
Or David reigned in holy Palestine,
Some ancient Theban monarch was extended
Beneath the lid of this emblazoned shrine,
And to that subterraneous palace borne
Which toiling ages in the rock had worn.

Thebes, from her hundred portals, filled the plain,
To see the car on which thou wert upheld.
What funeral pomps extended in thy train,
What banners waved, what mighty music swelled,
As armies, priests, and crowds bewailed in chorus,
Their King—their God—their Serapis—their Orus !

Thus to thy second quarry did they trust
Thee, and the lord of all the nations round,
Grim king of silence ! Monarch of the dust !
Embalmed, anointed, jewelled, sceptered, crowned,
Here did he lie in state, cold, stiff and stark,
A leathern Pharaoh grinning in the dark.

Thus ages rolled ; but their dissolving breath
Could only blacken that imprisoned thing,
Which wore a ghastly royalty in death,
As if it struggled still to be a king ;
And each dissolving century, like the last,
Just dropped its dust upon thy lid, and passed.

The Persian conqueror o'er Egypt poured
His devastating host—a motley crew ;
The steel-clad horseman,—the barbarian horde,
Music and men of every sound and hue,
Priests, archers, eunuchs, concubines, and brutes,—
Gongs, trumpets, cymbals, dulcimers, and lutes.

Then did the fierce Cambyzes tear away
The ponderous rock that sealed the sacred tomb ;
Then did the slowly penetrating ray
Redeem thee from long centuries of gloom,
And lowered torches flashed against thy side,
As Asia's king thy blazoned trophies eyed.

Plucked from his grave, with sacrilegious taunt,
The features of the royal corse they scanned ;
Dashing the diadem from his temple gaunt,
They tore the sceptre from his graspless hand ;
And on those fields, where once his will was law,
Left him for winds to waste and beasts to gnaw.

Some pious Thebans, when the storm was past,
Upclosed the sepulchre with cunning skill,
And nature, aiding their devotion, cast
Over its entrance a concealing rill ;
Then thy third darkness came, and thou didst sleep
Twenty-three centuries in silence deep.

But he from whom nor pyramids nor sphynx
Can hide its secrecies, Belzoni came ;
From the tomb's mouth unloosed the granite links,
Gave thee again to light, and life, and fame,
And brought thee from the sands and deserts forth,
To charm the pallid children of the North !

Thou art in London, which, when thou wert new,
Was what Thebes is, a wilderness and waste,
Where savage beasts more savage men pursue ;
A scene by nature cursed,—by man disgraced,
Now—'tis the world's metropolis !—The high
Queen of arms, learning, arts and luxury !

Here, where I hold my hand, 'tis strange to think
What other hands, perchance, preceded mine ;
Others have also stood beside thy brink,
And vainly conned the moralizing line !
Kings, sages, chiefs, that touched this stone, like me,
Where are ye now ?—Where all must shortly be.

All is mutation ;—he within this stone
 Was once the greatest monarch of the hour.
 His bones are dust—his very name unknown !—
 Go, learn from him the vanity of power ;
 Seek not the frame's corruption to control,
 But build a lasting mansion for thy soul.
New Monthly Magazine.

TO THE DYING YEAR.

Thou desolate and dying year !
 Emblem of transitory man,
 Whose wearisome and wild career,
 Like thine, is bounded to a span ;
 It seems but as a little day
 Since nature smiled upon thy birth,
 And spring came forth in fair array,
 To dance upon the joyous earth.

Sad alteration !—Now how lone,
 How verdureless is nature's breast ;
 Where ruin makes his empire known,
 In autumn's yellow vesture drest :
 The sprightly bird, whose carol sweet
 Broke on the breath of early day—
 The summer flowers she loved to greet—
 The bird—the flowers—oh where are they ?

Thou desolate and dying year !
 Yet lovely in thy lifelessness,
 As beauty stretched upon the bier
 In death's clay-cold and dark caress ;
 There's loveliness in thy decay,
 Which breathes, which lingers round thee still,
 Like memory's mild and cheering ray
 Beaming upon the night of ill.

Yet—yet the radiance is not gone
Which shed a richness o'er the scene,
Which smiled upon the golden dawn
When skies were brilliant and serene—
Oh ! still a melancholy smile
Gleams upon nature's aspect fair,
To charm the eye a little while,
Ere ruin spreads his mantle there !

Thou desolate and dying year !
Since Time entwined thy vernal wreath,
How often love hath shed the tear,
And knelt beside the bed of death :
How many hearts, that lightly sprung
When joy was blooming but to die,
Their finest chords by death unstrung,
Have yielded life's expiring sigh.

And pillowed low beneath the clay,
Have ceased to melt—to breathe—to burn,
The proud, the gentle, and the gay,
Gathered unto the mouldering urn !
Whilst freshly flowed the frequent tear
For love bereft—affection fled—
For all that were our blessings here,
The loved—the lost—the sainted dead !

Thou desolate and dying year !
The musing spirit finds in thee
Lessons impressive and severe
Of deep and stern morality !—
Thou teachest how the germ of youth,
Which blooms in being's dawning day,
Planted by Nature—reared by Truth—
Withers like thee in dark decay.

Promise of youth ! Fair as the form
Of heaven's benign and golden bow,
Thy smiling arch begirds the storm,
And sheds a light on every wo :

Hope wakes for thee, and to her tongue,
A tone of melody is given,
As if her magic voice were strung
With the empyreal fire from heaven ;

And love, which never can expire,
Whose origin is from on high,
Throws o'er thy morn a ray of fire
From the pure fountains of the sky—
That ray, which glows and brightens still
Unchanged—eternal, and divine—
Where seraphs own its holy thrill,
And bow before its gleaming shrine.

Thou desolate and dying year,
Prophetic of our final fall!
Thy buds are gone,—thy leaves are sere,—
Thy beauties shrouded in the pall ;
And all the garniture that shed
A brilliancy upon thy prime,
Hath, like a morning vision, fled
To the expanded grave of Time.

**Time ! Time ! In thy triumphal flight
How all life's phantoms fleet away !
The smile of Hope—and young Delight
Fame's meteor beam—and Fancy's ray ;
They fade—and on thy heaving tide,
Rolling its stormy waves afar,
Are borne the wrecks of human pride,
The broken wrecks of Fortune's war.**

**There, in disorder dark and wild,
Are seen the fabrics once so high,
Which mortal vanity had piled
As emblems of Eternity !
And deemed the stately domes, whose forms
Frowned in their majesty sublime,
Would stand unshaken by the storms
That gathered round the brow of Time.**

Thou desolate and dying year!
 Earth's brightest pleasures fade like thine;
 Like evening shadows disappear,
 And leave the spirit to repine.
 The stream of life, that used to pour
 Its fresh and sparkling waters on—
 While Fate stood watching on the shore
 And numbered all the moments gone—

Where hath the morning splendour flown
 Which danced upon that crystal stream?
 Where are the joys to childhood known,
 When life is an enchanted dream?
 Enveloped in the starless night
 Which destiny hath overspread
 Enrolled upon that trackless flight,
 Where the dark wing of Time had sped.

Oh! thus hath life its even tide
 Of sorrow, loneliness and grief;
 And thus, divested of its pride,
 It withers like the yellow leaf!
 Oh! such is life's autumnal bower,
 When plundered of its summer bloom!
 And such is life's autumnal hour,
 Which heralds man unto the tomb.

New-York Advertiser.

THE HALL OF EBLIS.*

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

THEY took their way (Vathek and his young bride,
 The sweet Nouronihar) through summer fields
 Of flowers—by sparkling rivers—fountains that
 Splash'd o'er the turf—by palm and tamarisk trees—

* *Vide* Beckford's History of the Caliph Vathek.

And where the dark pines talked to solitudes ;
And oft beguiled the way with amorous songs ,
Kisses and looks voluptuous ; and they quaffed
At mid-day iced waters, which had grown
Cool in the valley of Roenabad :—One thing
Did intervene to mar those quiet hours ;—
Which was ambition.

But these days passed by :
And then they journeyed among perilous sands,
Which the hot blast of the desert swept at times
To figures columnar ; these subsiding, left
Open to view the wide horizon, where
Lifting their heads, like mountains, to the skies,
'Rose the dark towers of Istakar.—The moon
Hid her pale face eclipsed, and sore afraid
Lest that the baleful atmosphere might shroud
Her light for ever ; and interlunar stars
Shrank and grew dim, as when the morning shows
His gray eye in the East. Forward they passed
'Midst crumbling walls, and shaking minarets,
Where even the ivy grew not, and at last
Stood 'neath the mighty palace of those kings
Who ruled before the flood. It seemed as built
For all eternity ; and its pillars threw
On the black platform, long, large lines of shadow,
That lay upon the marble, like to things
Substantial—Countless and sky-touching towers
(' Whose architecture was unknown amidst
The records of the earth ') stood there, like that
Vast pile our ancestry once dared to raise
In old Chaldea, whence they met the wrath
Of God, and nature's own sweet language fled
The lips of men for ever. Silence reigned ;
And glimmering darkness in the middle air
Brooded, but shifting aye her shadowy wings,
Let horror creep between, and doubtful light ;
And chill, sepulchral airs, that had no sound,
Touched the pale cheek of young Nouronihar :
And Vathek felt his heart grow cold, and stayed

His breath to listen, and he grasped hard
Her trembling hand for mere companionship.

The stars now shone anew ; and right against
The palace, carved curiously, were seen
Leopards and winged hypogriffs, and shapes
Unknown but to the bottoms of the deep,
And there, by all sea-monsters that we fear,
Dreaded, and left alone ; above these forms
Were traced mysterious characters, that did yield
A welcome to the pair. Scarce had they read
When from amongst the ruins came a sound
Like anguish, and the yawning ground gave out
Blue subterranean fires, that showed a door
Whose barred labyrinths led to Hell.—There stood
The dwarfed Indian, grinning like a fiend :
' Welcome !' he cried, ' Both welcome ! Ye are come
To see the Prince of morning ! Ye deserve
To see, and ye shall see him.' Then he touched
The charmed lock, 'round which, invisibly,
A hundred watchful demons wheeled, and kept
Sacred the homes of starry Eblis.—Wide
It opened with a horrid sound, and shut
(When Vathek and his bride had entered there).
'Midst laughs, and shrieks exulting, like the noise
Of mountainous thunder, or the withering voice
Of him who from Vesuvius calls abroad
In madness, and casts out his blazing foam
Like rivers toward the sea.—

At last they saw
The Hall of Eblis: vaulted 'twas and high
So none might mark the roofs! The pillars that
Stood like supporting giants, verged away
In long innumerable avenues, but
Met at a point bright as the sun, when he
Looks flaming on the sands of Palestine.
Each column bore a different character,
And by the lambent flames that played about
Like snakes, and pointed their ethereal spires

Towards the stupendous capitals (which seemed
Wrought in the finer times of Greece, when men
Struck armed Pallas from a senseless stone
To life, and shaped those matchless Deities,
Venus, and stern Apollo, and the rest)
Strange letters might be seen—their import known
To none but the immortals.—The sad pair
Traversed a scene of luxury and wo ;
They trod on gold and flowers, while from the ground
Voluptuous odours steamed, whose breath was sweet
As her's whom story fabled once the queen
Of beauty ; there saffron, and citron boughs,
Cedar, and sweet perfuming sandal woods
Were burning ; and distilled and fragrant waters
Sparkled in crystal ;—but around them stalked
Figures like men—all silent—with despair
On every face, and each did press his hand
Against his heart, and shunned his fellow wretch.

Upon a globe of fire sat Eblis. He
Was prince of all the spirits that rebelled
'Gainst God and met perdition. He was young
Still ; and, but that some pride burned in his eye,
You might have pitied him. His flowing hair,
Streaming like sunbeams, told he must have been
An angel once, and fair, and beautiful ;
Nay, in his fallen station, he retained
A relic of his old nobility :
And though he fell, you would have said he fell
For aiming at—a world. 'Creatures,' he said,
'Creatures of clay ! I number ye amongst
My subjects and adorers : Live ye here
For ever, and for ever.'—Then his orb,
Receding from the presence of the damned,
Shrunk to a point of light, and as it shrunk
The hearts of his believers withered, and burned
Internally (as he had left behind
A portion of his fire)—and on their souls
Came darkness and dismay : and all knew then
The unconsuming flame was come ; and each

Hated himself and fellow.—Thus they lived
 For ages and for ages, a sad prey
 To fires perpetual—and endless fear—
 Sorrow although they loved not—hot desires,
 That never could be quelled—hunger and thirst—
 Fierce jealousy—and groundless doubt—and hate—
 And blasting envy—and ('midst other ills)
 Sense of contempt in others.—Thus they lived :
 And not one creature ever after knew
 What 'twas to—hope.

Literary Gazette.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF RICHMOND,
 YORKSHIRE.

BY HERBERT KNOWLES.

It is good for us to be here : if thou wilt, let us make here three
 Tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias.
 ST. MATTHEW.

METHINKS it is good to be here,
 If thou wilt let us build—but for whom ?
 Nor Elias nor Moses appear ;
 But the shadows of Eve that encompass with gloom
 The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition ? Ah no !
 Affrighted, he shrinketh away,—
 For see, they would pin him below
 In a dark narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
 To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty ? Ah no ! she forgets
 The charms, which She wielded before ;
 Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
 The skin that but yesterday fools could adore,
 For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings, which dizen the proud ?

Alas ! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed
Save the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches ? Alas, 'tis in vain ;
Who hid in their turns have been hid ;
The treasures are squandered again ;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid
Save the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures, which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer ?
Ah ! here is a plentiful board !
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love ?
Ah, no ! They have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above :
Friends, brothers and sisters, are laid side by side
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow ?—The dead cannot grieve ;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which Compassion itself could relieve.
Ah sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear,
Peace ! peace ! is the watch word, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow ?
Ah, no ! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow !
Beneath the cold head, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise !
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled ;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.
Carlisle's Grammar Schools.

THE LAST DAY.

BY WILLIAM BECKFORD, ESQ.

HARK! Heard ye not that deep, appalling sound?
 Tremble! for lo! the vexed affrighted ground
 Heaves strong in dread convulsion,—streams of fire
 Burst from the 'vengeful sky—a voice of ire
 Proclaims, 'Ye guilty wait your final doom:
 No more the silent refuge of the tomb [reigns,—
 Shall screen your crimes, your frailties.' Conscience
 Earth needs no other sceptre ;—what remains
 Beyond her fated limits, dare not tell ;—
 Eternal Justice! Judgment! Heaven! Hell!
Britton's Fonthill Abbey.

A REFLECTION.

LIKE some faint light that shines along the deep,
 Joy to the watchful—peace to those who sleep—
 Its blaze expanding, as each heart draws near
 The home where sparkles every smile that's dear,
 'Till from its splendour, welcomed in at last—
 Fades all reflection on the gloomy past!
 So in its birth glows man's pale beam of life,
 The spark of sorrow, then the flame of strife—
 Dazzling awhile, until its glare be spent
 On thoughts of madness, and of dark intent ;—
 Next,—a bright beacon on his troubled sea—
 Bursting at length into *Eternity!*

B.

THE MOSSY SEAT.

BY J. MOIR, ESQ.

THE landscape hath not lost its look ;
Still rushes on the sparkling river ;—
Nor, hath the gloominess forsook
These granite crags, that frown for ever ;
Still hangs, around, the shadowy wood,—
Whose sounds but murmur solitude ;
The raven's plaint, the linnet's song,
The stock-dove's coo, in grief repining,
In mingled echoes steal along ;
The setting sun is brightly shining,
And clouds above, and hills below,
Are burning in his golden glow !

It is not meet—it is not fit—
Though fortune all our hopes hath thwarted,
Whilst on the very stone I sit,
Where first we met, and last we parted,
That absent from my soul should be
The thought that loves and looks to thee !
Each happy hour that we have proved,
While love's delicious converse blended,
As 'neath the twilight star we roved,
Unconscious where our progress tended,—
Still brings my mind a soft relief ;
And bids it love 'the joys of grief.'

What soothing recollections throng,
Presenting many a mournful token,
That heart's remembrance to prolong,
Which then was blest—but now is broken !
I cannot—Oh ! hast thou forgot
Our early loves—this hallowed spot ?
I almost think I see thee stand !—
I almost dream I hear thee speaking !—

I feel the pressure of thy hand !
Thy living glance in fondness seeking,—
Here, all apart—by all unseen—
Thy form upon my arm to lean !

Though beauty bless the landscape still,
Though woods surround, and waters lave it,
My heart feels not the vivid thrill,
Which long ago thy presence gave it.
Mirth,—music,—friendship, have no tone
Like that, which with thy voice hath flown !
And Memory only now remains
To whisper things that once delighted ;
Still—still I love to tread these plains,—
To seek this sacred haunt benighted—
And feel a something sadly sweet
In resting on this Mossy SEAT.

Blackwood's Magazine.

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

Not love, nor war, nor the tumultuous swell
Of civil conflicts, nor the wrecks of change,
And duty struggling with afflictions strange,
Not these alone inspire the tuneful shell ;
But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,
There also is the muse not loth to range
Watching the blue smoke of the elmy grange
Skyward ascending from the twilight dell ;
Meek aspirations please her lone endeavour,
And sage content and placid melancholy,
She loves to gaze upon a chrystal river,
Diaphonous, because it travels slowly :
Soft is the music that would please for ever,
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

A FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

BY JOSEPH RITCHIE, ESQ.

THY chalky cliffs are fading from my view,
Our bark is dancing gaily on the sea,
I sigh while yet I may, and say adieu,
Albion, thou jewel of the earth, to thee,
Whose fields first fed my childish fantasy,
Whose mountains were my boyhood's wild delight,
Whose rocks, and woods, and torrents were to me
The food of my soul's youthful appetite,—
Were music to my ear, a blessing to my sight.

I never dreamt of beauty, but, behold,
Straightway thy daughters flashed upon my eye;
I never mused on valour, but the old
Memorials of thy haughty chivalry
Filled my expanding soul with ecstasy;
And when I thought on wisdom and the crown
The muses give, with exultation high,
I turned to those whom thou hast called thine own,
Who fill the spacious earth with their and thy renown.

When my young heart, in life's gay morning hour,
At beauty's summons, beat a wild alarm,
Her voice came to me from an English bower,
And English were the smiles that wrought the charm:
And if, when wrapt asleep on Fancy's arm,
Visions of bliss my riper years have cheered,
Of home, and love's fireside, and greetings warm,
For one by absence and long toil endeared,
The fabric of my hopes on thee hath still been reared.

Peace to thy smiling hearths, when I am gone;
And mayest thou still thy ancient dowry keep,
To be a mark to guide the nations on,
Like a tall watch-tower flashing o'er the deep;—

Still mayest thou bid the sorrowers cease to weep,
And dart the beams of Truth athwart the night
That wraps a slumbering world, till, from their sleep
Starting, remotest nations see the light,
And earth be blest beneath the buckler of thy might.

Strong in thy strength I go, and wheresoe'er
My steps may wander, may I ne'er forget
All that I owe to thee ; and O may ne'er
My frailties tempt me to abjure that debt !
And what, if far from thee my star must set,
Hast thou not hearts that shall with sadness hear
The tale, and some fair cheeks that shall be wet,
And some bright eyes, in which the swelling tear
Shall start for him who sleeps in Afric's deserts drear.

Yet I will not profane a charge like mine,
With melancholy bodings, nor believe,
That a voice, whispering ever in the shrine
Of my own heart, spake only to deceive ;
I trust its promise, that I go to weave
A wreath of palms, entwined with many a sweet
Perennial flower, which time shall not bereave
Of all its fragrance,—that I yet shall greet
Once more the ocean queen, and throw it at her feet.
London Magazine.

THE EXCHANGE.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

WE pledged our hearts, my love and I,—
I in my arms the maiden clasping ;
I could not tell the reason why,
But oh ! I trembled like an aspen.

Her father's love she bade me gain ;
I went and shook like any reed !
I strove to act the man—in vain !
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

ON PAINTING.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

O, thou ! by whose expressive art
Her perfect image Nature sees
In union with the Graces, start,
And sweeter by reflection please !
In whose creative hand the hues
Stolen from yon orient rainbow shine !
I bless thee, Promethéan Muse,
And hail thee brightest of the Nine !

Possessing more than mortal power !
Persuasive more than poet's tongue !
Whose lineage in a raptured hour,
From Love, the lord of Nature, sprung !
Does Hope her high possession meet ?
Is joy triumphant,—sorrow flown ?
Sweet is the trance, the tremour sweet,
When all we love is all our own.

But hush, thou pulse of pleasure dear ;
Slow, throbbing, cold, I feel thee part ;
Long absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart ;
Then for a beam of joy, to light
In Memory's sad and wakeful eye ;
To banish from the noon of night
Her dreams of deeper agony.

Shall song its witching cadence roll ;
Yea, even the tenderest air repeat,
That breathed when soul was knit to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat ;
What visions rise to charm, to melt !
The lost, the loved, the dead are near ;
Oh, hush that strain too deeply felt,
And cease that solace too severe.

But thou serenely silent art,
By heaven and love both taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart—
The sacred image of a friend ;
All is not lost if yet possess
For me that sweet memorial shine,
If close and closer to my breast
I hold the image all divine.

Or gazing through luxuriant tears,
Melt over the departed form,
Till death's cold bosom half appears
With life, and speech, and spirit warm ;
She looks, she lives, this tranced hour
Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
Or Glory's starry diadem.

Yes, Genius, yes ! thy mimic aid
A treasure to my soul has given,
When Beauty's canonized shade
Smiles through the sainted hues of heaven.
No spectre form of pleasure fled,
Thy softening, sweetening tints restore ;
For thou canst give us back the dead,
Even in the loveliest garb she wore.

Then blest be Nature's guardian muse,
Whose hand her polished grace redeems ;
Whose tablet of a thousand hues
The mirror of creation seems ;
From Love began thy high descent ;
And lovers charmed with gifts of thine,
Shall bless thee,—mutely eloquent,—
And hail thee brightest of the NINE !

Literary Gazette.

NIGHT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

NIGHT is the time for rest ;
How sweet when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose ;
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams ;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems
Blend in fantastic strife ;
Ah ! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil ;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield ;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep ;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years ;
Hopes that were Angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things on earth !

Night is the time to watch ;
On ocean's dark expanse ;
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care ;
 Brooding on hours mis-spent,
 To see the spectre of Despair
 Come to our lonely tent ;
 Like Brutus midst his slumbering host
 Started by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse ;
 Then from the eye the soul
 Takes flight, and with expanding views,
 Beyond the starry pole ;
 Descries, athwart the abyss of night,
 The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
 Our Saviour oft withdrew
 To desert mountains far away ;
 So will his follower do ;
 Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
 And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;
 When all around is peace,
 Calmly to yield the weary breath,
 From sin and suffering cease,
 Think of heaven's bliss and give the sign
 To parting friends.—Such death be mine !
Akermann's 'Forget Me Not.'

FROM THE ARABIC.

THE morn that ushered thee to life, my child,
 Saw thee in tears, whilst all around thee smiled !
 When summoned hence to thy eternal sleep,
 Oh may'st thou smile, whilst all around thee weep.

E.

ODE,

BY LORD BYRON.

Oh, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul !
Oh, shame to thy children and thee !
Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be !
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die ;
The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky ;
And proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurled
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World.

Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,
The spirit that breathed in thy dead,
When gallantry's star was the beacon before
And honour the passion that led !
Thy storms have awakened their sleep ;
They groan from the place of their rest,
And wrathfully murmur, and sullenly weep,
To see the foul stain on thy breast ;
For where is the glory they left thee in trust ?—
'Tis scattered in darkness. 'Tis trampled in dust !

Go look through the kingdoms of earth,
From Indus all round to the Pole,
And something of goodness, of honour, and worth,
Shall brighten the sins of the soul ;
But thou art *alone* in thy shame !
The world cannot liken thee there ;
Abhorrence and vice have disfigured thy name
Beyond the low reach of compare ;
Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us, through time,
A proverb, a bye-word, for treachery and crime.

While conquest illumined his sword,
While yet in his prowess he stood,

Thy praises still followed the steps of thy Lord,
 And welcomed the torrent of blood ;
 Though tyranny sat on his crown,
 And withered the nations afar,
 Yet bright in thy view was that Despot's renown,
 Till Fortune deserted his car ;
Then, back from the Chieftain thou slunkest away—
 The foremost to insult, the first to betray.

Forgot were the feats he had done,
 The toils he had borne in thy cause ;
 Thou turnedst to worship a new rising sun,
 And to waft other songs of applause ;
 But the storm was beginning to lour,—
 Adversity clouded his beam ;
 Then honour and faith were the boast of an hour,
 And loyalty's self but a dream ;
 To him thou hadst banished thy vows were restored,
 And the first that had scoffed, were the first that adored.

What tumult thus burthens the air !
 What throng thus encircles his throne ?
 'Tis the shout of delight ;—'tis the millions that swear
 His sceptre shall rule them alone.
 Reverses shall brighten their zeal ;
 Misfortune shall hallow his name ;
 And the world that pursues him shall mournfully feel
 How quenchless the spirit and flame [fire,
 That Frenchmen will breathe when their hearts are on
 For the Hero they love, and the Chief they admire.

Their hero has rushed to the field,
 His laurels are covered with shade,—
 But where is the spirit that never should yield,
 The loyalty never to fade !
 In a moment desertion and guile
 Abandoned him up to the foe ;
 The dastards that flourished and grew in his smile,
 Forsook and renounced him in wo ;

And the millions that swore they would perish to save
Behold him a fugitive, captive and slave.

The savage, all wild in his glen,
Is nobler and better than thou !

Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men !

Such perfidy blackens thy brow.

If thou wert the place of my birth,

At once from thy arms would I sever ;

I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,

And quiet thee for ever and ever ;

And thinking of thee in my long after-years,

Should but kindle my blushes and waken my tears.

Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul !

Oh, shame to thy children and thee !

Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,

How wretched thy portion shall be !

Derision shall strike thee forlorn,

A mockery that never shall die :

The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn

Shall burthen the winds of thy sky ;

And proud o'er thy ruin for ever be hurled

The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World.

Examiner.

A FRAGMENT.

Do any thing but love ; or, if thou lovest,

And art a Woman, hide thy love from him

Whom thou dost worship ; never let him know

How dear he is ; flit like a bird before him,—

Lead him from tree to tree, from flower to flower ;

But be not won, or thou wilt, like that bird

When caught and caged, be left to pine neglected,

And perish in forgetfulness.

L. E. L.

Literary Gazette.

THE PARTING.

BY THE REV. G. CROLY.

THE wind was wild, the sea was dark,
The lightning flashed above ;—the bark
That anchored in the rocky bay,
Bathed its top pennon in the spray :
Hollow and gloomy as the grave,
Rolled to the shore the mighty wave ;
Then gathering wild, with thundering sweep,
Flashed its white foam-sheet up the steep :—
The sight was terror—but behind
Shouts of pursuit were on the wind ;
Trumpet, and yell, and clash of shield,
Told where the human hunters wheeled
Through the last valley's forest glen :
Where, Bertha, was thy courage then ?
She cheered her warrior, though his side
Still with the gushing blood was dyed ;
Up the rude mountain-path, her hand
Sustained his arm, and dragged his brand,
Nor shrank, nor sighed ; and when his tread
Paused on the promontory's head,
She smiled, although her lip was pale
As the torn silver of his mail.

All there was still.—The shouts had past,
Sunk in the rushings of the blast ;
Below, the vapour's dark gray screen,
Shut out from view the long ravine ;
Then swept the circle of the hill,
Like billows round an ocean isle.
The rays the parting sunbeam flung,
In white, cold radiance on them hung ;
They stood upon that lonely brow,
Like spirits loosed from human wo,
And pausing, ere they spread the plume
Above that waste of storm and gloom.

To linger there was death,—but there
Was that, which master's death,—Despair,
And even Despair's high master,—Love.
Her heart was like her form, above
The storms, the stormier thoughts that Earth
Makes the dread privilege of birth.
Passion's wild flame was past, but he
Who pined before her burning eye,
The numbered beatings of whose heart
Told, on that summit they must part—
He was life, soul, and world to her :
Beside him, what had she to fear ?
Life had for her nor calm nor storm
While she stood gazing on that form,
And clasped his hand, though lost and lone,—
His dying hand,—but all her own.
She knelt beside him, on her knee
She raised his wan cheek silently :
She spoke not, sighed not ; to his breast,
Her own, scarce living now, was prest,
And felt,—if where the senses reel,
O'er wrought—o'er flooded—we can feel—
The thoughts, that when they cease to be,
Leave life one vacant misery.—
She kissed his chilling lip, and bore
The look, that told her all was o'er.

The echoes of pursuit again
Rolled on ;—she gazed upon the main ;
Then seemed the mountain's haughty steep
Too humble for her desperate leap ;
Then seemed the broad and bursting wave
Too calm, too shallow, for her grave.
She turned her to the dead :—his brow
Once more she gave her kiss of wo ;
She gave his cheek one bitter tear,—
The last she had for passion here—
Then to the steep!—Away! Away!
To the whirlwind's roar, and the dash of the spray.
New Times.

HERO AND LEANDER.

It is a tale that many songs have told,
And old, if tale of love can e'er be old ;
Yet dear to me this lingering o'er the fate
Of two so young, so true, so passionate !
And thou, the idol of my harp, the Soul
Of poetry, to me my hope, my whole
Happiness of existence, there will be
Some gentlest tones that I have caught from thee !
Will not each heart-pulse vibrate, as I tell
Of faith even unto death unchangeable !
LEANDER and his HERO ! They should be,
When youthful lovers talk of constancy,
Invoked. Oh, for one breath of softest song,
Such as on summer evenings floats along,
To murmur low their history ! Every word
That whispers of them, should be like those heard
At moonlight casements, when the awakened maid
Sighs her soft answer to the serenade.
She stood beside the altar, like the Queen,
The bright-eyed Queen that she was worshipping.
Her hair was bound with roses, which did fling
A perfume round, for she that morn had been
To gather roses, that were clustering now
Amid the shadowy curls upon her brow.
One of the loveliest daughters of thy land,
Divinest Greece ! that taught the painter's hand
To give eternity to loveliness ;
One of those dark-eyed maids, to whom belong
The glory and the beauty of each song
Thy poets breathed, for it was theirs to bless
With life the pencil and the lyre's soft dreams,
Giving reality to visioned gleams
Of bright divinities. Amid the crowd
That in the presence of young HERO bowed,
Was one who knelt with fond idolatry,
As if in homage to some deity,

Gazing upon her as each gaze he took
Must be the very last—that intense look
That none but lovers give, when they would trace
On their hearts' tablets some adored face.
The radiant Priestess from the temple past;
Yet there LEANDER staid, to catch the last
Wave of her fragrant hair, the last low fall
Of her white feet, so light and musical;
And then he wandered silent to a grove,
To feed upon the full heart's ecstasy:
The moon was sailing o'er the deep blue sky,
Each moment shedding fuller light above,
As the pale crimson from the west departs.
Ah, this is just the hour for passionate hearts
To linger over dreams of happiness,
All of young love's delicious loveliness!

The cypress waved upon the evening air
Like the long tresses of a beauty's hair;
And close beside was laurel, and the pale
Snow blossoms of the myrtle tree, so frail
And delicate, like woman; 'mid the shade
Rose the white pillars of the colonnade
Around the marble temple, where the Queen
Of Love was worshipped, and there too was seen,
Where the grove ended, the so glorious sea
Now in its azure sleep's tranquillity.
He saw a white veil wave,—his heart beat high;
He heard a voice, and then a low toned sigh.
Gently he stole amid the shading trees:—
It is his love—his HERO that he sees!
Her hand lay motionless upon the lute,
Which thrilled beneath the touch; her lip was mute,
Only her eyes were speaking; dew and light
There blended like the hyacinth, when night
Has wept upon its bosom; she did seem
As consciousness were lost in some sweet dream:—
That dream was love! Blushes were on her cheek,
And what, save love, do blushes ever speak?

Her lips were parted, as one moment more
And then the heart would yield its hidden store.
'Twas so at length her thought found utterance,
Light, feeling, flashed from her awakened glance ;—
She paused—then gazed on one pale star above,
Poured to her lute the burning words of love !
LEANDER heard his name ! How more than sweet
That moment, as he knelt at HERO's feet,
Breathing his passion in each thrilling word
Only by lovers said, by lovers heard.

That night they parted—but they met again.
The blue sea rolled between them—but in vain !
LEANDER had no fear—he cleft the wave.—
What is the peril fond hearts will not brave !
Delicious were their moonlight wanderings,
Delicious were the kind, the gentle things
Each to the other breathed ; a starry sky,
Music and flowers,—this is love's luxury :
The measure of its happiness is full,
When all around like it is beautiful.
There were sweet birds to count the hours ; and roses,
Like those, which on a blushing cheek reposes ;
Violets as fresh as violets could be ;
Stars over head, with each a history
Of love told by its light ; and waving trees,
And perfumed breathings upon every breeze :
These were around them when they met. And day,
Though each was from the other far away,
Had still its pleasant memories ; they might
Think what they had forgotten the last night,
And make the tender thing they had to say
More warm and welcome from its short delay.
And then their love was secret !—Oh, it is
Most exquisite to have a fount of bliss
Sacred to us alone, no other eye
Conscious of our enchanted mystery,
Ourselves the sole possessors of a spell
Giving us happiness unutterable !

I would compare this secrecy and shade
To that fair island, whither Love conveyed
His Psyche, where she lived remote from all :
Life one long, lone and lovely, festival ;
But when the charm, concealment's charm was known,
Oh then farewell to Love, for Love was flown !
Love's wings are all too delicate to bear
The open gaze, the common sun and air.

There have been roses round my lute ; but now
I must forsake them for the cypress bough :
Now is my tale of tears.—One night, the sky,
As if with passion, darkened angrily,
And gusts of wind swept o'er the troubled main
Like hasty threats, and then were calm again ;
That night, young HERO by her beacon kept
Her silent watch, and blamed the night, and wept,
And scarcely dared to look upon the sky :
Yet lulling still her fond anxiety—
With ' Surely in such a storm he cannot brave,
If but for my sake only, wind and wave.'
At length Aurora led young Day and blushed ;
In her sweet presence sea and sky were hushed.
What is there beauty cannot charm ? Her power
Is felt alike, in storm and sunshine hour ;
And light and soft the breeze, which waved the veil
Of HERO, as she wandered, lone and pale,
Her heart sick with its terror, and her eye
Roving in tearful dim uncertainty.
Not long uncertain,—she marked something glide,
Shadowy and indistinct, upon the tide—
On rushed she in that desperate energy,
Which only has to know, and, knowing, die—
It was LEANDER !

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

YE are gone to your narrow beds,
Ye forms of the martyred Brave !
The green grass sod springs o'er your heads,
And the wind blows round your grave.
But the green turf that blooms above
Is watered by the tears of love ;
And the wild wind that wanders by,
Is mingled with affection's sigh.

Oh ! When ye sank on your bed of death,
No gentle form hung over you ;
No fond eye caught your parting breath,
Or shrunk in anguish from the view !
But o'er you, in that hour of fate,
Bent the dark Gaul's revengeful form ;
And the stern glance of ruthless hate
Gleamed, dreadful, 'mid the hurrying storm.

No mourning dirge did o'er you swell,
Nor winding sheet your limbs enclosed ;
For you was tolled no passing bell ;
No tomb was raised where you reposed,
For your bed of death was the battle-ground,
'Twas there they heaped your funeral mound,
And all unhallowed was your grave,
Save by the ashes of the brave.

Then to the warriors' memory,
A monument of love we'll raise ;
And veneration's heart-felt sigh
Shall waft their fame to distant days.
Daughters of Albion ! swell the strain !
More loudly raise the funeral song,
And, wide o'er all the fatal plain,
The record of their deeds prolong !

Ye fixed, oh ye brave ! when for us ye died,
On every heart an endless claim ;
When ye sank in the battle's blood-red tide,
Ye bought by your death a deathless name ;
More great than the warriors of ages gone,—
More great than the heroes of Marathon :
They from one land, a tyrant hurled ;—
Ye crushed the tyrant of the world.
The hour that stayed your course for ever,
Checked many a gay heart's joyous swell
Sweet hopes were nipt to blossom never,
When, smote in Glory's lap, you fell.

The patriot to the hero's claim,
Bows his proud soul, with grief opprest ;
But there are those, with whom his name
Is still more loved, more fondly blest ;
For wheresoe'er we cast our eyes,
This wide extended plain around,
The Father, Brother, Husband lies
Beneath the undulating mound.

How many an eye, ye truly brave !
Has thanked you for the lives you gave !
Ye fondly loved ! how many a tear,
Has witnessed to your virtues here !
Call not the warrior's grave unblest,
Though 'mid this silent solitude,
The gray stone rise not o'er his breast,
Nor holy pile may here be viewed.

There is a charm more sweet,—more pure
Than human art has ever thrown ;
Yes, there are records more secure
Than marble bust, or sculptured stone ;—
The gentle sigh of sorrowing love,
The hapless mourner's silent tear,
Shall here that better guerdon prove,
That holier calm, shall whisper here.

When Egypt's tombs shall all be rent,
And earth's proud temples swept away,
Your *deeds*,—a deathless monument!—
Shall guard your glory from decay.

Courier.

A FAREWELL.

BY LORD BYRON.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
Yet ere I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh for those I love,
And a smile for those I hate,
And, whatever sky's above,
Here's a heart for any fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
It still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It bath springs that may be won.

Were it the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirits fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

In that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—Peace to thee and thine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

Morning Chronicle.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, ON READING ROMEO AND
JULIET.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Of love and sorrow, 'tis a peerless tale !—
Then press it softly to thy gentle breast ;
I'll share the fear that makes thy pure cheek pale ;
I'll guess the wish that may not be confessed.
Unhappy pair !—And yet to them was given
That earthly joy, which tasteth most of heaven.
Oh ! sweet and bitter, let our mixt tears flow,
Where, on the grave of Love, the drooping violets grow.

To mortals there is given a fleeting life :—
A life !—Ah ! no ; a wild, vain, hurrying dream !—
A tempest of pride—passion—sin—and strife !
A deep, dark, restless, ever-foaming stream !
When fortune lifts us high, or sinks us low,
We feel the motion—know not where we go ;
Love only, like the oil upon the sea,
Gives to man's tossing soul repose and liberty.

'Tis true, that they who love, are seldom born
To a smooth destiny.—Love buds in peace,
But foulest wizards in the air have sworn
To blast its beauty ere the leaves increase.
The lovers dare not look—fiends watch their eyes ;—
They dare not speak—fiends intercept their sighs ;—
A spell is on them—mute—o'er mastering ;— [wing.
Dumb sorrow o'er them waves her dark, depressing

But let the faint heart yield him as he may,
Danger sits powerless on Love's steady breast ;
The lovers shrink not in the evil day ;—
They are afflicted—but are not oppress.

To die together, or victorious live—
 That first and holiest vow, 'tis theirs to give ;
 United !—Though in fetters—they are free !— [be !
 They care not though the grave their bridal bed should

It may be, that if love's expanding flower
 Is forced to close before the storm's keen breath,
 That closing may protract the blooming hour,
 Which is so short in all that suffers death.
 The silence, and the sorrow, and the pain,
 May nourish that, which they attack in vain.
 The lowly flame burns longest.—Humble sadness
 Is kindlier to love's growth than free unvaried gladness.

But oh ! how glorious shone their ruling star,
 Which carried them with budding loves to heaven ;
 Whom angels welcomed in bright realms afar,
 With a full cup, which scarce to taste was given,
 While any remnant of terrestrial sin
 Had power to stain the holy draught within !
 They died :—Young love stood by them calmly sighing,
 And fanned, with his soft wing, the terrors of their dying.

Read not of Juliet, and her Romeo,
 With tragic trembling, and uplifted hair ;
 Be mild, fair maid, and gentle in thy woe,
 As in their death were that most innocent pair.
 Upon the tomb o' the Capulets there gleams
 No torch light—but a moon of tender beams.
 Then hate not love, because a Juliet died,
 But seek to sleep, like her, by a true lover's side.
Blackwood's Magazine. A. W. S.

TO THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

O, Holy Spirit ! oft when eve
Hath slowly o'er the western sky
Her gorgeous pall begun to weave
Of gold and crimson's richest dye,
I've thought the gentle gales thy breath,
The murmuring of the grove thy voice—
And heaven above, and earth beneath,
In thee seemed to rejoice.

Sweet visions then, that sleep by day,
Thy magic wand hath made mine own,
As brilliant as the clouds that play
Around the sun's descending throne ;
And I have striven in many a song
To pay my homage at thy shrine :—
A worthless offering, for a throng
Of joys, by thee made mine.

What though the idle wreath would fade
By weak, though willing fingers twined,
Soon gathered to oblivion's shade ;
Not less the task would soothe my mind.
Inspired by thee, I cease to pine,
Nor thought on aught that crossed my bliss,
And borne to other worlds of thine,
Forgot the pangs of this.

But this was all in earlier days,
When boyhood's hopes were wild and high,
And eaglet-like, I fixed my gaze
Where glory's sun blazed through the sky ;
But fate and circumstance forbade
The noble, though presumptuous flight ;
Those hopes are blasted and decayed
By disappointment's blight.

My soul is daring now, as then,
Though fate denies its strong desire—
Still, still, I hear the voice within,
The stirring voice that cries ‘aspire!’
It haunts me like the sounds that ring
In dying guilt’s distempered ear,
When round his couch, dim,—hovering,—
His crimes, like ghosts, appear.

And, aye, some demon in my sight
Displays what wreaths for others bloom,
The fame that gilds their life with light,
The halo that surrounds their tomb;
‘And gaze, presumptuous fool!’ he cries,
‘Unhonoured—blest thou ne’er shalt be—
‘But pine for ever, there to rise
‘Where springs no flower for thee.’

Oh, Poesy! thou too hast now
Withdrawn thy wonted influence,
When most I need thy tender glow
To renovate my aching sense.
No more thy dreams before me pass
In swift succession, bright and fair;
And when I would unveil thy glass,
Thou show’st me but Despair.

Whenever, now, I seek the bowers,
Where fancy led my steps to thee,
Before my eyes a desert lours,—
The cold reality I see.
My gloomy bosom’s joyless cell,
No ray of thine illumines more,
Which once could guide my spirit well
O’er every ill to soar.

By all the intense love of thee
Which fires my soul, and thrills my frame!

By tears thou giv'st thy words to be,
When struggling feelings have no name!—
Return, return! By thee upborne,
And by a yet unvanquished will,
The malice of my fate I'll scorn,—
In woe triumphant still.

Literary Gazette.

ZARACH.

EVENING.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

WHEN eve is purpling cliff and cave,
Thoughts of the heart, how soft ye flow!
Not softer on the western wave
The golden lines of sunset glow.

Then all, by chance or fate removed,
Like spirits crowd upon the eye;
The few we liked—the one we loved!
And the whole heart is memory.

And life is like a fading flower,
Its beauty dying as we gaze;
Yet as the shadows round us lour,
Heaven pours above a brighter blaze.

When morning sheds its gorgeous dye,
Our hope, our heart, to earth is given;
But dark and lonely is the eye
That turns not, at its eve, to heaven.

New Times.

THE KITTEN.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

WANTON drole, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged Crone and thoughtless Lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool ;
And maid, whose cheek outblossoms the rose,
As bright the blazing faggot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight ;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coiled, and crouching low,
With glaring eye-balls watch thy foe,
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread, or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye ;
Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round, with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide ;
Till, from thy centre starting far,
Thou sidelong rear'st, with tail in air,
Erected stiff, and gait awry,
Like Madam in her tantrums high ;
Though ne'er a Madam of them all
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
More varied trick and whim displays,
To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.

Doth power in measured verses dwell,
All thy vagaries wild to tell?
Ah, no! the start, the jet, the bound,
The giddy scamper round and round,
With leap, and jerk, and high curvet,
And many a whirling somerset,
(Permitted be the modern Muse
Expression technical to use)
These mock the deftliest rhymester's skill,
But poor in art, though rich in will.

The nimblest tumbler, stage-bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who every limb and sinew strains
To do what costs thee little pains,
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requites him oft with plaudits loud.
But, stopped the while thy wanton play,
Applauses too, *thy* feats repay:
For then, beneath some urchin's hand,
With modest pride thou takest thy stand,
While many a stroke of fondness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides;
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
And loudly sings thy busy pur;
As, timing well the equal sound,
Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose;
While softly from thy whiskered cheek
Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

But not alone, by cottage fire,
Do rustics rude, thy tricks admire;—
The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
The widest range of human lore,
Or, with unfettered fancy, fly
Through airy heights of poesy,

Pausing, smiles, with altered air,
To see thee climb his elbow chair,
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Hold warfare with his slippered toe.
The widowed dame, or lonely maid,
Who in the still, but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial, spends her age,
And rarely turns a lettered page;
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork, or paper ball,
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
The ends of ravelled skein to catch,
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her sober skill.
Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the wit of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways;
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find
That joins him still to living kind.

Whence hast thou then, thou witless puss,
The magic power to charm us thus?
Is it, that in thy glaring eye,
And rapid movements, we descry,
While we at ease, secure from ill,
The chimney corner snugly fill,
A lion, darting on the prey?
A tiger, at his ruthless play?
Or, is it, that in thee we trace,
With all thy varied wanton grace,
An emblem, viewed with kindred eye,
Of tricky, restless infancy?
Ah! many a lightly-sportive child,
Who hath, like thee, our wits beguiled,

To dull and sober manhood grown,
 With strange recoil our hearts disown.
 Even so, poor Kit ! must thou endure,
 When thou becomest a cat demure,
 Full many a cuff and angry word,
 Chid roughly from the tempting board.
 And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
 So oft our favoured playmate been,
 Soft be the change, which thou shalt prove,
 When time hath spoiled thee of our love ;
 Still be thou deemed, by housewife fat,
 A comely, careful, mousing cat,
 Whose dish is, for the public good,
 Replenished oft with savoury food.

Nor, when thy span of life be past,
 Be thou to pond or dunghill cast ;
 But gently borne on good man's spade,
 Beneath the decent sod be laid,
 And children show, with glistening eyes,
 The place where poor old Pussy lies.
Edinburgh Annual Register.

SONG.

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

The Hero may perish, his country to save,
 And he lives in the records of fame ;
 The Sage may the dungeons of tyranny brave—
 Ever honoured and blessed be his name !

But virtue that silently toils or expires,
 No wreath for the brow to entwine ;
 That asks but a smile—but a fond sigh requires—
 O Woman ! that virtue is thine.

TO THE RAINBOW.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws.

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High
Have told, why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God,

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam :
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town !
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

New Monthly Magazine.

COMPARISON.

As the rose of the valley, when dripping with dew,
Is the sweetest in odour and brightest in hue ;
So the glance of dear woman most lovely appears,
When it beams from her eloquent eye through her tears !

SAPPHO.

She was one
Whose Lyre the spirit of sweet song had hung
With myrtle and with laurel; on whose head
Genius had shed his starry glories,—transcripts
Of woman's loving heart and woman's disappointment.

SHE leant upon her harp, and thousands looked
On her in love and wonder;—thousands knelt
And worshipped in her presence;—burning tears,
And words that died in utterance, and a pause
Of breathless agitated eagerness,
First gave the full heart's homage; then came forth
A shout that rose to heaven, and the hills,
The distant valleys, all rang with the name
Of the Æolian Sappho!—Every heart
Found in itself some echo to her song.
Low notes of love, hopes beautiful and fresh,—
And some gone by for ever—glorious dreams,
High aspirations, those thrice gentle thoughts
That dwell upon the absent and the dead,
Were breathing in her music—and these are
Chords every bosom vibrates to. But she
Upon whose brow the laurel crown is placed,
Her colour's varying with deep emotion—
There is a softer blush than conscious pride
Upon her cheek, and in that tremulous smile
Is all a woman's timid tenderness.
Her eye is on a Youth, and other days
And feelings warm have rushed on her soul
With all their former influence;—thoughts that slept
Cold, calm as death, have wakened to new life;—
Whole years' existence have passed in that glance.—
She had once loved in very early days;
That was a thing gone by. One had called forth
The music of her soul.—He loved her too,
But not as she did:—she was unto him
As a young bird, whose early flight he trained,
Whose first wild songs were sweet, for he had taught

Those songs ;—but she looked up to him with all
Youth's deep and passionate idolatry ;—
Love was her heart's sole universe—he was
To her, Hope, Genius, Energy,—the God
Her inmost spirit worshipped,—in whose smile
Was all e'en minstrel pride held precious ; praise
Was prized but as the echo of his own.
But other times and other feelings came :—
Hope is love's element, and love with her
Sickened of its own vanity.—She lived
Mid bright realities and brighter dreams,
Those strange but exquisite imaginings
That tinge with such sweet colours minstrel thoughts ;
And Fame, like sunlight, was upon her path ;
And strangers heard her name, and eyes that never
Had looked on Sappho, yet had wept with her.
Her first love never wholly lost its power,
But, like rich incense shed, although no trace
Was of its visible presence, yet its sweetness
Mingled with every feeling, and it gave
That soft and melancholy tenderness,
Which was the magic of her song.—That Youth
Who knelt before her was so like the shape
That haunted her spring dreams—the same dark eyes,
Whose light had once been as the light of heaven !—
Others breathed winning flatteries,—she turned
A careless hearing ;—but when Phaon spoke,
Her heart beat quicker, and the crimson light
Upon her cheek gave a most tender answer.—
She loved with all the ardour of a heart
Which lives but in itself ; her life had passed
Amid the grand creations of the thought.
Love was to her a vision ;—it was now
Heightened into devotion.—But a soul
So gifted and so passionate as her's
Will seek companionship in vain, and find
Its feelings solitary.—Phaon soon
Forgot the fondness of his Lesbian maid ;

And Sappho knew that talents, riches, fame,
May not soothe slighted love.

There is a dark rock looks on the blue sea ;
'Twas there love's last song echoed :—there She sleeps,
Whose lyre was crowned with laurel, and whose name
Will be remembered long as Love or Song
Are sacred—the devoted Sappho !

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

SAPPHO'S SONG.

FAREWELL, my Lute !—and would that I
Had never waked thy burning chords !
Poison has been upon thy sigh,
And fever has breathed in thy words.

Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame
Thy power, thy spell, my gentle lute ?
I should have been the wretch I am,
Had every chord of thine been mute.

It was my evil star above,
Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong ;
It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song.

If song be past, and hope undone,
And pulse, and head, and heart, are flame ;
It is thy work, thou faithless one !
But, no ! I will not name thy name !

Sun-god, lute, wreath, are vowed to thee !
Long be their light upon my grave—
My glorious grave !—Yon deep blue sea !
I shall sleep calm beneath its wave !

L. E. L.

THE EGYPTIAN TOMB.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

POMP of Egypt's elder day,
Shade of the mighty passed away,
(Whose giant works still frown sublime
Mid the twilight shades of Time,)
Fanes, of sculpture vast and rude,
That strew the sandy solitude,
Lo! before our startled eyes,
As at a wizard's wand, ye rise,
Glimmering larger through the gloom!
While on the secrets of the tomb,
Rapt in other times, we gaze,
The Mother-Queen of ancient days,
Her mystic symbol in her hand,
Great Iris, seems herself to stand.

From mazy vaults, high-arched and dim,
Hark! heard ye not Osiris' hymn?
And saw ye not in order dread
The long procession of the dead?
Forms that the night of years concealed,
As by a flash, are here revealed;
Chiefs who sang the victor song,—
Sceptred Kings,—a shadowy throng,—
From slumber of three thousand years
Each, as in light and life, appears,
Stern as of yore! Yes, vision vast,
Three thousand years have silent passed,
Suns of Empire risen and set
(Whose story Time can ne'er forget,)
Time, in the morning of her pride,
Immense, along the Nile's green side,
The City* of the Sun appeared,
And her gigantic image reared.

* Thebes.

As Memnon, like a trembling string
When the Sun, with rising ray
Streaked the lonely desert gray,
Sent forth its magic murmuring,
That just was heard,—then died away;
So passed, oh ! Thebes ! thy morning pride !
Thy glory was the sound that died !
Dark city of the desolate,
Once thou wert rich, and proud, and great !
This busy-peopled isle was then
A waste, or roamed by savage men
Whose gay descendants now appear
To mark thy wreck of glory here.

Phantom of that city old,
Whose mystic spoils I now behold,
A kingdom's sepulchre,—oh say,
Shall Albion's own illustrious day,
Thus darkly close ? Her power, her fame
Thus pass away, a shade, a name ?—
The Mausoleum murmured as I spoke ;
A spectre seemed to rise, like towering smoke ;
It answered not, but pointed as it fled
To the black carcass of the sightless dead.
Once more I heard the sounds of earthly strife,
And the streets ringing to the stir of life.

Literary Gazette.

STANZAS.

I saw a falling leaf soon strew
The soil to which it owed its birth :
I saw a bright star falling too
But never reach the quiet earth.
Such is the lowly portion blest,
Such is ambition's foiled endeavour ;
The falling leaf is soon at rest,
While stars that fall, fall on for ever !

HELVELLYN.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

HELVELLYN! blue Helvellyn! Hill of hills!
Giant amongst the giants! Lift thy head
Broad in the sun-light! no loose vapour dims
Thy barren grandeur; but, with front severe,
Calm, proud, and unabashed, thou look'st upon
The heights around—the lake and meadows green,
Whereon the herded cattle, tiny things,
Like flowers upon the sunny landscape lie;
Behind thee cometh quick the evening pale,
Whilst in the west an amphitheatre
Of crags (such as the Deluge might have washed
In vain,) against the golden face of heaven
Turns its dark shoulder, and insults the day.

With no imposing air, no needless state,
Thou risest, blue Helvellyn;—no strange point
Lends thee distinction, no fantastic shape
Marks thee a thing whereon the mind must rest;
But in thine own broad height, peerless and vast,
Leviathan of mountains! thou art seen
Fairly ascending, amidst crags and hills
The mightiest one,—associate of the sky!

I see thee again, from these bleak sullen moors,
Boundless and bare,—long, dreary, wintry wastes,
Where the red waters lie stagnant, amidst
Black rocks, and treacherous moss, and rushes white
With age, or withered by the bitter blast;—
Thou lookest out on thy huge limbs that lie
Sleeping far, far beneath; and on the plains
Below, and heaven, which scarcely o'er thy head
Lifts its blue arch; and on the driven clouds
That loiter round thee, or impetuous burst
About thy summit with their stormy showers.

7*

There, in thy lonely state, thou livest on
 Through days, and years, and ages,—still the same
 Unshaken, undecaying :—not alone
 A thing material haply, for within
 Thy heart a secret spirit may now abide ;
 The same that fills thy veins in spring with green,
 And hangs around thee long the summer thyme ;
 And when the winds of Autumn moan away
 Solemn and sad, from thy supremest brow
 Poureth the white stream bright and beautiful.

The winds!—are they thy music ? (who shall say
 Thou hearest not !)—Thy echoes, which restore
 The rolling thunder fainting fast away,
 From death to a second life seem now, methinks,
 Not mere percussions of the common air,
 But imitations high of mightier sense—
 Of some communicable soul that speaks
 From the most inward earth, abroad to men
 And mountains, bird and beast, and air and Heaven.
London Magazine.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A VILLAGE SPRING.

CALM is the tenor of my way,
 Not hurried on with furious haste,
 Nor raised aloft in proud display :
 Pure too the tribute of my urn,
 With constant flow, not idle waste,
 Offering to him who sends the rain,
 By serving man, the best return.
 A course like mine thy trials o'er
 Those living waters will attain,
 Which he who drinks shall thirst no more.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

BENEATH the chancel's hallowed stone,
Exposed to every rustic tread,
To few, save rustic mourners, known,
My brother, is thy lowly bed.
Few words, upon thy rough stone graven,
Thy name—thy birth—thy youth declare—
Thy innocence—thy hopes of heaven,
In simplest phrase recorded there.
No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,
In mockery o'er my brother's grave!

The place is silent.—Rarely sound
Is heard those ancient walls around,
Nor mirthful voice of friends that meet
Discoursing in the public street ;
Nor hum of business dull and loud,
Nor murmur of the passing crowd,
Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpet's swell,
From neighbouring fort or citadel ;
No sound of human toil or strife
In death's lone dwelling speaks of life,
Or breaks the silence still and deep

Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,
Art laid in that unstartled sleep

The living eye hath never known.

The lonely sexton's footstep falls
In dismal echoes on the walls,
As, slowly pacing through the aisle,

He sweeps the unholy dust away,
And cobwebs, which must not defile

Those windows on the sabbath-day ;
And, passing through the central nave,
Treads lightly on my brother's grave.

But when the sweet-toned sabbath-chime,

Pouring its music on the breeze,
Proclaims the well known holy time
Of prayer, and thanks, and bended knees ;

When rustic crouds devoutly meet,
And lips and hearts to God are given,
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet
Of earthly ills in thoughts of heaven ;
What voice of calm and solemn tone
Is heard above thy burial stone ?
What form in priestly meek array
Beside the altar kneels to pray ?
What holy hands are lifted up
To bless the sacramental cup ?
Full well I know that reverend form,
And if a voice could reach the dead,
Those tones would reach thee, though the worm,
My brother, makes thy heart his bed.
That sire, who thy existence gave,
Now stands beside thy lowly grave.
It is not long since thou wert wont
Within these sacred walls to kneel ;
This altar, that baptismal font,
These stones, which now thy dust conceal,
The sweet tones of the sabbath bell,
Were holiest objects to thy soul ;
On these thy spirit loved to dwell,
Untainted by the world's control.
My brother, those were happy days,
When thou and I were children yet !
How fondly memory still surveys
Those scenes, the heart can ne'er forget !
My soul was then, as thine is now,
Unstained by sin, unstung by pain ;
Peace smiled on each unclouded brow—
Mine ne'er will be so calm again.
How blithely then we hailed the ray,
Which ushered in the sabbath day !
How lightly then our footsteps trod
Yon pathway to the house of God !
For souls, in which no dark offence
Hath sullied childhood's innocence,

Best meet the pure and hallowed shrine,
Which guiltier bosoms own divine.

I feel not now, as then I felt;—
The sunshine of my heart is o'er;
The spirit now is changed, which dwelt
Within me, in the days of yore.
But *thou* wert snatched, my brother, hence
In all thy guileless innocence;
One sabbath saw thee bend the knee,
In reverential piety,—
(For childish faults forgiveness crave)—
The next beamed brightly on thy grave.
The crowd, of which thou late wert one,
Now throng across thy burial stone;
Rude footsteps trample on the spot,
Where thou liest mouldering—not forgot;
And some few gentler bosoms weep,
In silence, o'er thy last long sleep.
I stood not by thy feverish bed,
I looked not on thy glazing eye,
Nor gently lulled thy aching head,
Nor viewed thy dying agony;
I felt not what my parents felt,—
The doubt—the terror—the distress;—
Nor vainly for my brother knelt;—
My soul was spared that wretchedness:
One sentence told me, in a breath,
My brother's illness and his death!

And days of mourning glided by,
And brought me back my gaiety;
For soon in childhood's wayward heart
Doth crushed affection cease to smart.
Again I joined the sportive crowd
Of boyish playmates, wild and loud;
I learnt to view with careless eye
My sable garb of misery;

No more I wept my brother's lot,—
His image was almost forgot ;
And every deeper shade of pain
Had vanished from my soul again.

The well known morn, I used to greet
With boyhood's joy, at length was beaming,
And thoughts of home and raptures sweet
In every eye but mine were gleaming ;
But I, amidst that youthful band
Of bounding hearts and beaming eyes,
Nor smiled nor spoke at joy's command,
Nor felt those wonted ecstasies !
I loved my home, but trembled now
To view my father's altered brow ;
I feared to meet my mother's eye,
And hear her voice of agony ;
I feared to view my native spot,
Where he who loved it—now *was not*.
The pleasures of my home were fled ;—
My brother slumbered with the dead.

I drew near to my father's gate ;—
No smiling faces met me now.
I entered,—all was desolate.—
Grief sat upon my mother's brow ;—
I heard her, as she kissed me, sigh ;
A tear stood in my father's eye ;
My little brothers round me pressed,
In gay unthinking childhood blest.
Long, long, that hour has passed, but when,
Shall I forget its gloomy scene !

The sabbath came—With mournful pace
I sought my brother's burial place—
That shrine, which when I last had viewed—
In vigour by my side he stood.
I gazed around with fearful eye :—
All things reposed in sanctity.

I reached the chancel,—nought was changed :—
The altar decently arranged,—
The pure white cloth above the shrine,—
The consecrated bread and wine,—
All was the same—I found no trace
Of sorrow in that holy place.
One hurried glance I downward gave,—
My foot was on my brother's grave !

And years have passed—and thou art now
Forgotten in thy silent tomb ;—
And cheerful is my mother's brow,—
My father's eye has lost its gloom,—
And years have passed—and death has laid
Another victim by thy side ;
With thee he roams, an infant shade,
But not more pure than thee he died.
Blest are ye both ! Your ashes rest
Beside the spot ye loved the best ;
And that dear home, which saw your birth,
O'erlooks you in your bed of earth.
But who can tell what blissful shore
Your angel-spirits wander o'er !
And who can tell what raptures high
Now bless your immortality !

My boyish days are nearly gone,—
My breast is not unsullied now ;
And worldly cares and woes will soon
Cut their deep furrows on my brow,—
And life will take a darker hue
From ills my brother never knew ;
And I have made me bosom friends,
And loved and linked my heart with others ;
But who with mine his spirit blends,
As mine was blended with my brother's !
When years of rapture glided by
The spring of life's unclouded weather,

Our souls were knit, and thou and I,
 My brother, grew in love together.
 The chain is broke that bound us then ;—
 When shall I find its like again !

The Etonian.

ON THE RECEIPT OF A LETTER.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

THROUGH many a year the Merchant views,
 With steady eye, his distant gains ;
 Right on, his object he pursues,
 And what he seeks, in time, obtains :
 So he some distant prospect sees,
 Who gazes on a Patron's smiles,
 And if he finds it hard to please,
 That pleasant view his cares beguiles.

Not such my fate—what years disclose,
 And piece-meal on such minds bestow,
 The lively joys, the grievous woes !
 Shall this tremendous instant show :—
 Concentred hopes and fears I feel,
 As on the verge of fate I stand,
 In sight of Fortune's rapid wheel,
 And with the ticket in my hand.

No intermediate good can rise,
 And feeble compensation make ;
 'Tis one dread blank, or one rich prize ;
 And life's grand hope is now at stake !
 Where all is lost, or all is won,
 That can distress, that can delight ;
 Oh ! how will rise To-morrow's Sun
 On him who draws his fate To-night !

Literary Gazette.

ON A CHILD PLAYING.

SWEET bud, that by and by shall be a flower ;
 Young star, that just hath broken on our eye ;
 Pure spring, ere long to grow a stream of power ;
 First dawn of Hope, that soon shall flame out high
 Into the mid arch of the golden sky ;
 I love, young fawn, to see thee sport ; and yet
 Such contemplation breeds but vain regret.

Let the proud mother smile to see thy ways,
 And once again forget herself in thee ;—
 Let the proud father eke the mother's praise ;
 But, graver, place thee fondly on his knee,
 And vainly prophecy what thou shalt be—
 Pleased with the tongueless eloquence, that lies
 Still silent, in thy clear blue laughing eyes.

Let them enjoy—whilst yet they can enjoy ;
 And, infant son of Time, do thou smile on,
 Deem not for aye to be the favourite boy ;
 Take what thou can'st, or ere thy time is gone,
 For still the darling is the youngest son ;
 And thou shalt quickly sorrow sore to see
 Another, younger still, supplanting thee.

Though many a high presage be cast upon thee,—
 Though many a mouth be diligent to praise thee,—
 Though Beauty pine until that she hath won thee,—
 Though worship, wheresoe'er thou goest, delays thee,—
 Though Fate and Fortune emulate to raise thee,—
 Yet all the thronging honours that surround thee
 Shall not avail thee, since that Care hath found thee.

Time's train is lacquyed still by weariness ;
 What boots the crownlet of o'er-flattered gold,
 Or gemmed Tiara, if they cannot bless
 Or soothe the aching brows that they enfold ?
 What boots it to wax honourably old,

If 'tis the end of every hope and vow,
To yearn to be again as thou art now !

Oh ! 'tis a thriftless bargain of a life,
To live to know that bliss is but pretence—
That gaining nothing in this earthly strife,
We only toil to forfeit innocence !—
The profit nothing, but remorse the expense !
Or that fond grief, that wearies of its state,
And pines for toys and gauds worn out of date.

Thou art an old pretender, gray-beard Age ;
Thou boasted much, and yet art but a cheat ;
And those who toil upon thy pilgrimage,
Would turn again with no unwilling feet :—
Yea, dewy clouds to evening are most meet.
If smiles be Youth's, sure tears are Age's sign,
As suns that rise in smiles, in tears decline.

Blackwood's Magazine.

T. D.

ON AN OLD ENGRAVING OF A NUN.

'Tis a most wondrous mockery of life !
A dirty scroll, and lined with dirtier ink,
Is all I gaze upon ; and yet how rife
With beauty and devotion ! One might drink
From those meek, pensive lips, and drooping eyes
Love that would lift a demon to the skies,
Or plant an Eden on Destruction's brink !
Sure, on her saintly smile we need but look
To read the entrancing promise of that Book,
Which in one hand she clasps ; and dare we think
Of virgin youth and loveliness, and bliss
Too heavenly for a world so fallen as this,—
But no—still, still be the fair fingers prest
Upon those hallowed folds that curtain her pure breast.

LORD BYRON'S LATEST VERSES.

Missolonghi, January 22, 1824.

"On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year."

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move ;
Yet though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is like to some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze :—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
Th' exalted portion of the pain,
And power of love, I cannot share ;
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not thus—it is not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul ; nor now,
Where glory seals the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around us see ;
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free.

Awake! not Greece—she is awake!
 Awake, my spirit,—think through whom
 My life-blood tracks its parent lake—
 And then strike home!

Tread all reviving passions down,
 Unworthy manhood—unto thee,
 Indifferent should the smile or frown
 Of beauty be!

If thou regret'st thy youth—why live?
 The land of honourable death
 Is here—up to the field, and give
 Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best,
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 And take thy rest.

SAPPHO.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

Look on this brow!—the laurel wreath
 Beamed on it, like a wreath of fire;
 For passion gave the living breath,
 That shook the chords of Sappho's lyre!

Look on this brow!—the lowest slave,
 The veriest wretch of want and care,
 Might shudder at the lot that gave
 Her genius, glory and despair.

For, from these lips were uttered sighs,
 That, more than fever, scorched the frame;
 And tears were rained from these bright eyes,
 That from the heart, like life-blood, came.

She loved!—she felt the lightning-gleam,
That keenest strikes the loftiest mind;
Life quenched in one ecstatic dream,
The world a waste before—behind.

And she had hope—the treacherous hope,
The last deep poison of the bowl,
That makes us drain it, drop by drop,
Nor lose one misery of soul.

Then all gave way—mind, passion, pride!
She cast one weeping glance above,
And buried in her bed, the tide,
The whole concentrated strife of Love!

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST VIEW OF FONTHILL ABBEY.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

'THE mighty master waved his wand, and lo!
On the astonished eye the glorious show
Burst like a vision! Spirit of the place!
Has the Arabian wizard with his mace
Smitten the barren downs, far onward spread,
And bade the enchanted palace rise instead?
Bade the dark woods their solemn shades extend,
High to the clouds yon spiry tower ascend?
And starting from th' umbrageous avenue
Spread the rich pile, magnificent, to view?
Enter!—From the arched portal look again
Back, on the lessening woods and distant plain!
Ascend the steps!—The high and fretted roof
Is woven by some elfin hand aloof;
Whilst from the painted window's long array
A mellow light is shed as not of day.
How gorgeous all!—O never may the spell
Be broken, that arrayed those radiant forms so well!

8*

A SKETCH.

Is not this grove
 A scene of pensive loveliness?—The gleam
 Of Dian's gentle ray falls on the trees,
 And piercing through the gloom, seems like the smile
 That Pity gives to cheer the brow of Grief;
 The turf hath caught a silvery hue of light,
 Broken by shadows, where the branching oak
 Rears its dark shade, or where the aspen waves
 Its trembling leaves. The breeze is murmuring by,
 Fraught with sweet sighs of flowers and the song
 Of sorrow, that the nightingale pours forth,
 Like the soft dirge of love.

There is oft told
 A melancholy record of this grove :
 'Twas once, they say, the haunt of young Affection—
 And now seems hallowed by the tender vows
 That erst were breathed here.

Sad is the tale
 That tells of blighted feelings, hopes destroyed ;
 But love is like the rose, so many ills
 Assail it in the bud !—The cankering blast,
 The frost of winter and the summer storm,
 All bow it down ; rarely the blossom comes
 To full maturity ; but there is nought
 Sinks with so chill a breath as Faithlessness,—
 As she could tell whose loveliness lives yet
 In village legends.—Often at this hour
 Of lonely beauty, would she list the tale
 Of tenderness, and hearken to the vows
 Of one more dear than life unto her soul ;
 He twined him round the heart, which beat with all
 The deep devotedness of early love,—
 Then left her, careless of the passion, which
 He had awakened into wretchedness.
 The blight, which withered all the blossoms love

Had fondly cherished, withered too the heart,
Which gave them birth. Her sorrow had no voice,
Save in her faded beauty ; for she looked
A melancholy, broken-hearted girl.
She was so changed, the soft carnation cloud
Once mantling o'er her cheek like that, which eve
Hangs o'er the sky, glowing with roseate hue,
Had faded into paleness, broken by
Bright burning blushes,—torches of the tomb.
There was such sadness, even in her smiles,
And such a look of utter hopelessness
Dwelt in her soft blue eye,—a form so frail,
So delicate, scarce like a thing of earth,—
'Twas sad to gaze upon a brow so fair,
And see it traced with such a tale of wo,—
To think that one so young and beautiful
Was wasting to the grave.

Within yon bower
Of honeysuckle and the snowy wealth,
The mountain-ash puts forth to welcome spring,
Her form was found reclined upon a bank,
Where nature's sweet unnurtured children bloom.
One white arm lay beneath her drooping head,
While her bright tresses twined their sunny wreath
Around the polished ivory ; there was not
A tinge of colour on her lovely face ;—
'Twas like to marble, where the sculptor's skill
Had traced each charm of beauty but the blush.
Serenity, so sweet, sat on her brow,—
So soft a smile yet hovered o'er her lips,—
At first they thought 'twas sleep,—and sleep it was,—
The cold long rest of death.

L. E. L.

Literary Gazette.

REPROACH ME NOT.

OH! gentle shade,—reproach me not,
For hours of mirth too late gone by!
Thy loveliness is ne'er forgot
However wild the revelry.
For o'er the silent goblet, thou
Art still remembered,—and a cloud,
Comes o'er my heart, and o'er my brow;
And I am lone, while all are loud.

Reproach me not,—Reproach me not
For mingling in the noisy scene!
Mine is indeed a gloomy lot,
To think on joys, which but have been;
To meditate on woes, which yet
Must haunt my life, and speed my fall!
Some minds would struggle to forget,
But mine would fain remember all.

I think on thee,—I think and sigh,—
Though thoughts are sad, and sighs are vain!
There's something in thy memory,
That gives a loveliness to pain;
But yet, ah! gentle saint, forgive
The faults this wretched breast hath known!
Had fate allowed thee but to live,
Those shadowing faults had ne'er been shown.

Thy friends are fading from my sight,
But from my mind they ne'er depart;
They leave behind them in their flight,
Their images upon my heart;—
And better 'twere that all should go
From this dark world,—since thou art gone!
I need no friend to share my wo!—
I love to weep apart,—alone.

Thy picture! It is life,—health,—love,—
 To gaze upon that eye,—that cheek,—
 Those lips, which even in fancy move,—
 Which fancy teaches even to speak.
 Oh! I have hung so long at night,
 O'er thy still semblance, charmed from pain,
 That I have thought the living light
 Came beaming from those eyes again!

In my dark heart thy image glows,
 In shape and light divinely fair;—
 Youth sketched the form, when free from woes,
 And faithful memory placed it there.
 In revelry 'tis still with me;—
 In loneliness 'tis ne'er forgot,—
 My heart beats still the same to thee:—
 Reproach me not!—Reproach me not!
St. James's Chronicle.

FROM ANACREON.

THE girls with laughing faces,
 Still harp on age's traces;
 And still they cry, grow wiser,
 Your glass be your adviser.
 See there—the locks we cherished,
 On that dear brow are perished.
 For me, nor know, nor care I,
 If they depart or tarry;
 But this I know much better,
 It suits me to the letter,
 To prize the joys remaining,
 Because those joys are waning.

C.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE,

WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;
And we heard, by the distant and random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame, fresh and gory :
 We carved not a line,—we raised not a stone,
 But left him alone in his glory.
Blackwood's Magazine.

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

BENEATH the shelter of a mighty hill,
 Whose marble peaks were garlanded with vine,
 And musical with many a sunny rill,
 That thro' its purple, clustered shades did twine,
 Bright as a summer serpent's golden spine,
 Leaned a low temple, in the sweet, gray gloom,
 Hoary with moss, like Age in calm decline.
 With, here and there, a rose's lingering bloom,
 Wreathed loving round its brow;—that temple is a tomb!

There sleeps the Mantuan ! There the subtlest hand
 That ever wakened Passion's lyre, is laid.
 Oh ! Master-genius of thy glorious Land !
 When—when shall Italy her tresses braid
 With the bright flowers, that round thy forehead played ?
 When flash to Heaven the ancient sword of Rome ?
 Come from thy rest, and call her Mighty shade !
 No ! Vice, the worm, has fed upon her bloom !
 Look not upon the slave ; sleep, Virgil, in thy tomb !
New Times.

EPITAPH,

ON AN IDEOT GIRL.

If the innocent are favourites of Heaven ;—
 And God but little asks where little's given,
 Thy great Creator hath for thee in store
 Eternal joys.—What wise man can have more ?

THE MOSLEM BRIDAL SONG.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

THERE is a radiance in the sky,
A flush of gold, and purple dye !
Night lingers in the west ; the sun
Floats on the sea.—The day's begun.
The wave, slow swelling to the shore,
Gleams on the green like silver ore ;
The grove, the cloud, the mountain's brow,
Are burning in the crimson glow ;
Yet all is silence,—till the gale
Shakes its rich pinions from the vale.

It is a lovely hour !—Though heaven
Had ne'er to man his partner given,
'That thing of beauty, fatal, fair,
Bright, fickle,—child of flame and air ;
Yet such an hour, such skies above,
Such earth below, had taught him love.

But there are sounds along the gale,—
Not murmurs of the grot or vale,—
Yet wild, and sweet, as ever stole
To soothe their twilight wanderer's soul.
It comes from yonder jasmine bower,
From yonder mosque's enamelled tower,
From yonder harem's roof of gold,
From yonder castle's haughty hold !
Oh, strain of witchery ! whoe'er
That heard thee, felt not joy was near ?
My soul shall in the grave be dim
Ere it forgets that bridal hymn.
'Twas such a morn, 'twas such a tone
That woke me ;—visions ! are you gone ?

The flutes breathe nigh,—the portals now
Pour out the train, white veiled, like snow

Upon its mountain summit spread,
 In splendour beyond man's rude tread !
 And o'er their pomp, emerging far,
 The bride, like morning's virgin star.
 And soon along the eve may swim
 The chorus of the bridal hymn ;
 Again the bright processions move
 To take the last sweet veil from Love.
 'Then speed thee on, thou glorious sun !
 Swift rise,—swift set,—be bright—and done.
Literary Gazette.

THERMOPYLÆ.

BY LORD BYRON.

THEY fell devoted, but undying ;
 The very gale their names seemed sighing ;
 The waters murmured of their name ;
 The woods were peopled with their fame ;
 The silent pillar, lone and gray,
 Claimed kindred with their sacred clay ;
 Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain ;
 Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain ;
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
 Rolled, mingled with their fame, for ever.
 Despite of every yoke she bears,
 That land is Glory's still, and their's !
 'Tis still a watch-word to the earth ;—
 When man would do a deed of worth,
 He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
 So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head ;
 He looks to her, and rushes on
 Where life is lost or freedom won.
Liberal.

BELSHAZZAR.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

Hour of an Empire's overthrow !
The Princes from the feast were gone,
The Idol flame was burning low ;—
'Twas midnight upon Babylon.

That night the feast was wild and high ;
That night was Sion's gold profaned ;
The seal was set to blasphemy ;
The last deep cup of wrath was drained.

'Mid jewelled roof and silken pall,
Belshazzar on his couch was flung ;
A burst of thunder shook the hall—
He heard—but 'twas no mortal tongue :—

' King of the East, the trumpet calls,
That calls thee to a tyrant's grave ;
A curse is on thy palace walls—
A curse is on thy guardian wave ;

' A surge is in Euphrates' bed,
That never filled its bed before ;
A surge, that, ere the morn be red,
Shall load with death its haughty shore.

' Behold a tide of Persian steel !
A torrent of the Median car ;
Like flame their gory banners wheel ;
Rise, King, and arm thee for the war !'

Belshazzar gazed ; the voice was past—
The lofty chamber filled with gloom ;
But, echoed on the sudden blast,
The rushing of a mighty plume.

He listened ; all again was still ;
He heard no chariot's iron clang ;—
He heard the fountain's gushing rill,
The breeze that through the roses sang.

He slept :—in sleep wild murmurs came ;
A visioned splendour fired the sky ;
He heard Belshazzar's taunted name ;—
He heard again the Prophet cry—

'Sleep, Sultan ! 'tis thy final sleep ;
Or wake, or sleep, the guilty dies.
The wrongs of those who watch and weep,
Around thee and thy nation rise.'

He started, 'mid the battle's yell,
He saw the Persian rushing on ;
He saw the flames around him swell :—
Thou'rt ashes ! King of Babylon.
New Times.

WITHERED VIOLETS.

BY WILLIAM READ, ESQ.

Long years have passed, pale flowers, since you
Were culled, and given in brightest bloom,
By one whose eyes eclipsed your blue,
Whose breath was like your own perfume.

Long years—but though your bloom be gone,
The fragrance, which your freshness shed,
Survives, when memory lingers on,
When all that blessed its birth have fled.

Those hues and hopes will pass away ;—
Thus youth, and bloom, and bliss, depart ;
Oh what is left when these decay !—
The faded leaf, the withered heart !
London Magazine.

THE DEAD SEA.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

THE wind blows chill across those gloomy waves ;—
 Oh ! how unlike the green and dancing main !
 The surge is foul as if it rolled o'er graves ;—
 Stranger, here lie the cities of the plain.

Yes, on that plain, by wild waves covered now,
 Rose palace once, and sparkling pinnacle ;
 On pomp and spectacle beamed morning's glow,
 On pomp and festival the twilight fell.

Lovely and splendid all,—but Sodom's soul
 Was stained with blood, and pride, and perjury ;
 Long warned, long spared, till her whole heart was foul,
 And fiery vengeance on its clouds came nigh.

And still she mocked, and danced, and, taunting, spoke
 Her sportive blasphemies against the Throne :—
 It came !—The thunder on her slumber broke :—
 God spake the word of wrath !—Her dream was done.

Yet, in her final night, amid her stood
 Immortal messengers, and pausing Heaven
 Pleading with man, but she was quite imbued,
 Her last hour waned she scorned to be forgiven !

'Twas done !—Down poured at once the sulphurous shower,
 Down stooped, in flame, the heaven's red canopy.
 Oh ! for the arm of God, in that fierce hour !—
 'Twas vain, nor help of God or man was nigh.

They rush, they bound, they howl, the men of sin ;—
 Still stooped the cloud, still burst the thicker blaze ;
 The earthquake heaved !—Then sank the hideous din !—
 You wave of darkness o'er their ashes strays.

PARIS ! thy soul is deeper dyed with blood,
 And long, and blasphemous, has been thy day ;
 And, Paris, it were well for thee that flood,
 Or fire, could cleanse thy damning stains away.
Literary Gazette.

SONG,

WRITTEN FOR AN INDIAN AIR.

BY THE LATE PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I ARISE from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are burning bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit, in my feet,
Hath led me,—who knows how!—
To thy chamber window, Sweet.

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream,
The Champak odours fail,
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart:—
As I must on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

The gentle dews of sleep
Are falling on thine eye;
And I, alas! must weep,
Thou know'st not I am nigh!
My cheek is cold and wan,
My heart beats loud and fast;—
O! press it to thine own,
Or it will break at last!

Liberal.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A LETTER.

BY ISMAEL FITZADAM.

Blest be the page affection traced !
All welcome to the wanderer's eye,
As roses springing 'mid the waste,
As rills along the desert dry.

And blest the spirit, breathing love,
That doubly every line endears,
While pensive memory pours above
The melancholy joy of tears.

Sweet messenger !—Thou com'st to bless—
To tell one heart—a homeless one—
That, in this wide world's wilderness,
It beats not—cannot break—alone.

No, not alone, nor wholly lost,
While love's fond sympathy can save ;
Still fond, but in misfortune most,
And burning brightest near the grave.

God ! is not this the very hand,
When stretched on sickness' rack I lay,
That wiped, as with a healing wand,
The bitter dews of pain away ?

That ministered the cooling cup
To my parched lip ?—No cup of glee,—
Or, wet with tears, was lifted up
To Heaven, in fervent prayer for me ?

Yes, sister of my soul ! the part
Was thine long months to watch and weep

The anguish, whose convulsive start
Still mocked and murdered struggling sleep.

Beleagured Nature's strife to view,
And every pang so keenly share,
That pity even from me was due,
Who lay the wretch of wretches there.

In that dark hour, when every tie,
When life itself was all but riven,
Thou stood'st a guardian angel by,
That loosed from earth, and led to Heaven.

Or, with unwearied labour, prest
The 'nerve where agonies were born,'
Soothing my midnights—not of rest—
Nor anxious for relief at morn.

And she—one other not less dear,
Oh! can her love forgotten be!
Who, o'er that bed—that living bier—
Shared all thy toils and tears for me.

Like chords in music's holiest mood,
Mingling, but sweeter from control,
Twin forms of mercy! there ye stood,
Breathing one fond, devoted soul!

Oh, nought of pure on earth beneath,
And scarcely aught in heaven above,
Can match the purity, the faith,
The blessing, of a sister's love!

Take thou, the fond return of mine,—
'Tis all, save verse, that's mine to give,—
Till life's last pulses cease, 'tis thine,
And life itself it must outlive.

A DRINKING SONG.

BY LORD BYRON.

FILL the goblet again, for I never before
Felt the glow that now gladdens my heart to its core !
Let us drink !—Who would not ? Since through life's varied round
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply ;
I have basked in the beam of a dark rolling eye ;
I have loved !—Who has not ?—But what tongue will declare,
That pleasure existed whilst passion was there !

In the bright days of youth—when the heart's in its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,—
I had friends !—Who has not ?—But what tongue will avow
That friends, rosy wine, are so faithful as thou !

The breast of a mistress some boy may estrange ;
Friendship shifts with the sun-beam ;—thou never can'st change !
Thou grow'st old !—Who does not ?—But on earth what appears,
Whose virtues like thine but increase with their years.

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below ;
We are jealous !—Who's not ?—Thou hast no such alloy,
For the more that enjoy thee, the more they enjoy.

Then the season of Youth and its jollities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last ;
There we find—Do we not ?—In the flow of the soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the Box of Pandora was opened on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,
Hope was left !—Was she not ?—But the goblet we kiss,
And care not for hope who are certain of bliss !

Long life to the grape ! and when summer is flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own ;
We must die !—Who shall not ?—May our sins be forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in Heaven !

EPITAPH

ON JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

If ever lot was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like the lengthened flow
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
'Twas his, who, mourned by many, sleeps below.

The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,—
The simple heart that mocks at worldly wiles;
Light wit, that plays along the calm of life;
And stirs its languid surface into smiles;

Pure charity that comes not in a shower,
Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds,
But like the dew, with gradual silent power,
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads;

The happy grateful spirit that improves,
And brightens every gift by fortune given,
That wanders where it will with those it loves,
Makes every place a home, and home a heaven.

All these were his.—Oh! thou who read'st this stone,
When for thyself, thy children, to the sky
Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone,—
That ye, like him may live, like him may die.
Morning Chronicle.

A RECOLLECTION.

BY J. MOIR, ESQ.

SHE was a thing of morn—with the soft calm
 Of summer evening in her pensive air ;—
 Her smile came o'er the gazer's heart, like balm,
 To soothe away all sorrow save despair ;
 Her radiant brow scarce wore a tint of care,—
 A sunny lake where imaged you might trace,
 Of Hope and Memory all that's bright and fair,
 Where no rude breath of passion came to chase,
 Like winds from summer waves, its heaven from that
 sweet face.

As one who looks on landscapes beautiful,
 Will feel their spirit all his soul pervade,—
 Even as the heart grows stiller by the lull
 Of falling waters, when the winds are laid,—
 So he who gazed upon that heavenly maid
 Imbued a sweetness never felt before ! [ed,
 Oh ! when with her through autumn fields I've stray-
 A brighter hue the lingering wild flowers wore,
 And sweeter was the song the small bird warbled o'er !

Then came Consumption with her languid moods,
 Her soothing whispers, and her dreams that seek
 To nurse themselves in silent solitudes ;—
 She came with hectic glow, and wasted cheek,
 And still the maiden pined more wan and weak,
 Till her declining loveliness, each day,
 Paled like the second Bow ; yet would she speak
 The words of Hope, even while she passed away
 Amid the closing clouds,—and faded ray by ray !

She died in the bud of Being,—in the spring,
 The time of flowers, and songs, and balmy air ;
 'Mid opening blossoms she was withering,—
 But thus 'twas ever with the good and fair,

The loved of Heaven, ere yet the hand of Care
 Upon the snowy brow hath set his seal,
 Or Time's hoar frost come down to blanch the hair,
 They fade away and scape what others feel,—
 The pangs that pass not by—the wounds that never heal!

They laid her in the robes that wrap the dead,
 So beautiful in rest ye scarce might deem,
 From form so fair, the gentle spirit fled,
 But only lulled in some Elysian dream;
 And still the glory of a vanished beam,
 The lingering halo of a parted ray,
 Shed o'er her lovely sleep its latest gleam;
 Like evening's rose-light when the summer day
 Hath fled o'er sea and shore and faded far away!
Constable's Edinburgh Magazine.

INSCRIPTION FOR A BUST OF TASSO.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MATTHIAS.

BY THE REV. ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

HERE in these groves, of every Muse the haunt,
 By life's rough tempests shattered and opprest,
 Torquato from his toils aspired to rest,
 And in their sheltering bowers, lone habitant,
 Has found safe refuge. Here their magic quire,
 Still, the sweet Sirens hold; and, by the side
 Of echoing streams, the swan in stately pride
 Nests 'mid the strings of the melodious lyre.

Then Stranger, whether from the icy pole—
 Buoyant of heart—or where the blazing noon
 Scorches swart Afric's race, thou sojourn'st here,
 To this bright marble bow thy reverend soul,
 And o'er the bust of Sebeth's glorious son
 Strew pious flowers, and shed the holy tear.
Literary Museum.

RICHMOND HILL.

SWEET Richmond! Like a woodland queen
Thou sittest on thy throne of green—
Smiling around, on bank and bower,
And grove, and mead, and tree, and flower;
As each presents its verdant gem
To wreath thy rustic diadem;
While Thames' soft waves, with murmurs sweet,
Lie gently at thy flower-clad feet,
And still, to leave thy beauties slow,
Flow sparkling through the vale below;
As devious in its path, and wild,
As fits old Ocean's favourite child:
But how unlike the strenuous force
With which he runs his manlier course,
What time he rushes to the Ocean tide,
And on his ample stream his country's bulwarks ride!

Sweet Richmond! In thy terraced grove
How many a flattering tale of love,
And hope, and bliss and faith sincere,
Have stolen on Beauty's listening ear!
And many a warm, impassioned vow
Been breathed by lips—cold, silent now!
And many a matron, bowed with years,
And toils and griefs, and pains and fears,
With tearful eye remember still
Past hours of joy on Richmond Hill!

The Child, in life's sweet opening day,
Bounds o'er thy meads, in antic play,
As fresh and fair as Spring's gay morn
That breaks upon thy fairy lawn;—
And youth beholds thy prospects rise,
Luxuriant woods, and splendid skies;
And lovely as thy blooming bowers,
Hope fondly paints his future hours;

All sunshine, beauty, light and love,
As Summer's rosy noon in Richmond's flowery grove.

And Manhood marks the magic scene
With thoughtful eye and serious mien,
Nor sees unmoved thy verdant crown
Exchanged for wreath of Autumn brown;
But sighs to think the hour must come,
Shall wrap thy lovely brow in gloom,
When Winter brings its hours of ill,
Alike, to life and Richmond Hill!

Then, wandering forth at evening hour,
Old Age shall view thy lonely bower,—
The frozen stream—the leafless tree—
And sigh, to deem itself like thee!
Joy, pleasure, beauty, fled and gone!—
Cold, helpless, lifeless, sad and lone!
With one sole hope, that, Winter past,
A lovelier day shall dawn at last—
And hours of bliss, and glory, still
Shall beam on man, and Richmond Hill!

Morning Herald.

W. H. M.

A SKETCH.

A DREAM of saddest beauty : one pale smile
Its light upon the blue-veined forehead shed,
As love had lingered there one little while,
Robbed the cheek of its colour, and then fled,—
Yet leaving a sweet twilight shade, which said
There had been sunshine once. Alas! the bloom,
The light, the hope, at Love's shrine offered!
Yet all in vain!—That altar is a tomb
Of broken hearts!—Its oracle but words of doom!

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

THE TOURNAMENT.

LADY, if you love to hear
Tales of lofty chivalry,
Stealing Beauty's sigh or tear ;
List not, lady sweet, to me.

But there is a gentle sight,
Roselike, always born with May,
Full of arms and glances bright,
'Tis GRANADA's holyday !

Twilight on the west was sleeping,
Stars were sliding down the sky,
Morn upon the hills was peeping
With a blue, half-opening eye.

When a silver trumpet sounded,
And, beside the castle wall,
Many a ribboned jennet bounded,—
Sparkled many a lance-head tall.

In the plain, balconies proud,
Hung with silk and flowery chain,
Like a statued temple, showed,
Rank o'er rank, the dames of Spain.

Soon the tapestried kettle-drums
Through the distant square were pealing ;
Soon was seen the toss of plumes
By the Viceroy's palace wheeling.

Then, before the portal arch,
Every horseman checked the rein,
Till the rocket for their march,
Flaming up the sky was seen.

Like a wave of steel and gold,
Swept the lovely pageant on ;
Many a champion young and bold
Bearing lance and gonfalon.

At their sight arose the roar
From the people gazing round ;—
Proudly came the squadrons four,
Prancing up the tilting ground.

First they gallop where the screen
With its silken tissue hides
Fair Valencia's jewelled Queen,—
Helmless every horseman rides !

Round the barrier then they wheel,
Troop by troop, and pair by pair ;
Bending low the lance of steel
To the bowing ladies there.

Hark ! the trumpet long and loud !—
'Tis the signal for the charge !—
Now with hoofs the earth is ploughed,—
Now are clashed the lance and targe.

Light as roe-bucks bound the steeds ;
Sunny bright the armour gleams ;
Gallant charge to charge succeeds,
Like the rush of mountain streams !

Noon has come,—the warriors rest,
Each dismounting from his barb ;
Loosening each his feathery crest,
Weighty sword, and steely garb.

Then are shown the lordly form,
Chestnut locks and eagle eyes,
Cheeks with tilting crimson warm,
Lips for lover's perjuries !

As they wander round the plain,
Sparkle cross and collar gemmed,
Sparkle knightly star and chain,
On their tunics golden-seamed.

Till again the trumpets play,
And the mail again is worn ;
And the ring is borne away,—
And the Moorman's turban torn.

Closes then the tournament ;
And the noble squadrons four,
Proudly on the banquet-tent,
March by Turia's flowery shore.

Lovely as the evening sky,
Ere the golden sun is down,
March Granada's chivalry,
Champions of the Church and Crown !

One still lingered, pale and last,
By the lonely gallery's stair,
As if there his soul had past,
Vanished with some stately fair.

Who the knight ?—To few was known.
Who his love ?—He ne'er would tell.
But her eyes were—like thine own,—
And his heart was,—Oh, Farewell !

Blackwood's Magazine.

EPITAPH.

OPHELIA was the maiden's name,
Only her beauty died ;
Envy has nothing to proclaim,
Nor Flattery to hide.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious Main!
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow coloured shells,
Bright things, which gleam unrecked of and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the Depths have more!—What wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main!
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the Depths have more!—Thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play,
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the Billows and the Depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,—
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems thou stormy grave!—
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—Those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom.
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
—But all is not thine own!

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To thee the love of woman hath gone down ;
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown !
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the Dead !
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee !—
 Restore the Dead, thou Sea !

New Monthly Magazine.

MAGDALENA.

SILENT and lone, beneath the cypress bough,
 She sat and watched the circlets of the night,
 As, imaged on the waveless stream below,
 They beamed again to heaven serenely bright !

She felt her dream of happiness was gone ;
 But Hope, still lingering, shed its heavenly ray,
 Like the fair star that in those waters shone—
 Still bright, though they were gliding fast away.

Her bosom had been stained in passion's hour,
 But she had wept on it her frailties past,
 And, like the sullied lily by the shower,
 It had been washed and purified at last.

Those long dark lashes, beaded still with tears—
 The warm rose blanched upon her sunken cheek—
 The lip, which pallid as that rose appears,
 Seemed well her silent penitence to speak.

Her's was the heart's still prayer :—her lips were sealed.
 Those meek eyes, glancing to their kindred heaven,
 In dewy orisons her soul revealed :

She asked not—but she looked to be forgiven.
Literary Gazette.

H. A. D.

ROSALIE.

A POETICAL SKETCH.

WE met in secret :—mystery is to love
Like perfume to the flower ; the maiden's blush
Looks loveliest when her cheek is pale with fear.
By moonlight still I sought my lady's bower,
And there, 'mid blossoms fragrant as her sigh,
I met the beauty that my soul adored,
And listened for the light feet, which like wind
Passed o'er the dewy turf. Oh never can
That dear step be forgotten.—It is still
Familiar as a sound of yesterday.—
Our shrine of meeting was a cypress, which
Hung o'er the rose, like Sorrow shading Love ;—
This was the temple where we called the Night
To witness gentle vows ; and when each lip
Paused in the fulness of impassioned thoughts ;—
Harkened those moonlight melodies, which came
So soothingly upon that silent time ;
The light cascade, descending, shedding round
Its silver drops upon the orange blooms,
That leant to kiss their own fair images,
Each sparkling wave a mirror, and sighed forth
Their soul of odour as they caught the dew ;
The melancholy music of that bird
Who sings but to the stars, and tells her tale
Of love, when, bosomed by the snowy clouds,
The Queen of Beauty lights her radiant lamp,
Her own soft planet.—And at times there came
Like a low echo, a faint murmur, when
A gale just laden with the rose's sigh,
Swept the Eolian lyre, and wakened sounds
Of such wild sweetness that it almost seemed
The breath of flowers made audible.—They told,
In long departed days, when every grove
Was filled with beautiful imaginings
And visioned creations, that a Nymph

Once pined with unrequited love and sighed
Away her sad existence. I could think
She left her last tone softly giving soul
To the sad of that lonely lyre ;
Or else, perchance, the spirit of some Bard,
Whose life in life was music, wandered o'er
The chords, which once with him held sympathy,
Like him neglected, but sweet breathing still.

Why dwell I on these memories ? Alas,
The heart loves lingering o'er the shadows left
By joys departed !—'Twas one summer night,
And our brief hour had passed ; I know not why,
But my soul felt disquieted within me,
And the next evening, when I sought the grove,
I had a strange foreboding sadness—none
Were there to welcome me, no silvery trace
Of fairy footsteps was upon the grass.
I waited long and anxiously :—none came.—
I wandered on ; it was not in the hope
To meet my ROSALIE ; but it was sweet
To look upon the stars, and think that they
Had witnessed our love. At once a sound
Of music slowly rose, a sad low chant
Of maiden voices, and a faint light streamed
From out the windows of a chapel near ;
I knew it well—'twas the shrine sacred to
Her patron saint, and ROSALIE had said,
If ever I might claim her as my bride
Before the face of heaven, that altar should
Be where our vows were given. I entered in,
And heard a sound of weeping, and saw shapes
Bent down in anguish ; in the midst, a bier
Was covered o'er with flowers,—sad offerings made
The dead, in vain—and one lay sleeping there,
Whose face was veiled.—I could not speak nor ask ;—
My heart was wild with fear,—I lifted up
The long white veil,—I looked on the pale cheek
Of my so worshipped ROSALIE !

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

And is our country's father fled,
His car of fire can none recall ?
Be—here—his sacred spirit shed,
Here—may his prophet mantle fall.
Fain would I fill the vacant breach,
Stand where he stood the plague to stay ;
In his prophetic spirit preach,
And in his hallowed accents pray.

It is not that on seraph's wing,
I hope to soar where he has soared ;—
This is the only claim I bring,
I love his church, I love his Lord.
I love the altar of my sires,
Firm as my country's rocks of steel ;
And as I feed its sacred fires,
The present deity I feel.

I love to know that, not alone,
I meet the battle's angry tide ;
That sainted myriads from the throne
Descend and combat by my side.
Mine is no solitary choice,—
See, here, the seal of saints impressed !
The prayers of millions swell my voice ;
The mind of ages fills my breast.

I love the ivy-mantled tower,
Rocked by the storms of thousand years ;
The Grave, whose melancholy flower
Was nourished by a martyr's tears,
The sacred Yew, so feared in war,
Which, like the sword to David given,
Inflicted not a human scar,
But lent to man the arms of heaven.

I love the organ's joyous swell,—
Sweet echo of the joyous ode !
I love the cheerful village bell,—
Faint emblem of the call of God.
Waked by the sound, I bend my feet,
I bid my swelling sorrows cease ;
I do but touch the mercy seat,
And hear the still small voice of peace.

And as the ray of evening fades,
I love amidst the dead to stand,
Where in the chancel's deepening shades,
I seem to meet the ghostly band.
One comes ;—Oh ! mark his sparkling eye !
I knew his faith, his strong endeavour ;
Another—Ah ! I hear him sigh,
Alas ! and is he gone for ever !

Another treads the shadowy aisle,
I know him—'tis my sainted sire ;—
I know his patient angel smile,
His shepherd voice, his eye of fire !—
His ashes rest in yonder urn ;—
I saw his death ;—I closed his eye ;—
Bright sparks amidst those ashes burn,
That death has taught me how to die.

Long be our Father's temple ours,—
Woe to the hand by which it falls ;
A thousand spirits watch its towers,
A cloud of angels guard its walls.
And be their shield by us possessed !
Lord, rear around thy blest abode,
The buttress of a holy breast,
The rampart of a present God !
Manchester Exchange Herald.

ADDRESS

TO THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

AND thou hast walked about—how strange a story!—

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago!

When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And Time had not begun to overthrow

Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,

Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak, for thou long enough hast acted Dummy!

Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tune!

Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, Mummy!

Revisiting the glimpses of the Moon;

Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,

But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,—

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?

Was Cheops, or Cephrenés architect

Of either Pyramid that bears his name?

Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?

Had Thebes a hundred gates as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden,

By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade,—

Then say, what secret melody was hidden

In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?

Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles

Are vain,—for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,

Hath hob-a-nobbed with Pharoah, glass to glass;

Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat;

Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass:

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled?
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develope, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green!—
Or was it then so old that History's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! Incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But, prythee, tell us something of thyself,—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits, thou hast slumbered, [ed?
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures number-

Since first thy form was in this box extended, [tions;—
We have, above-ground, seen some strange muta-
The Roman Empire has begun and ended;
New worlds have risen,—we have lost old nations;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian Conqueror, Cambyzes,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb, with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:—

A heart hath throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
 And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled.
 Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
 What was thy name, and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh!—Immortal of the dead!
 Imperishable type of evanescence!
 Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence,
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
 When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost for ever?
 O let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
 In living virtue, that when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.
New Monthly Magazine.

THE FORSAKEN HEART.

My heart is like a lonely lyre,
 Whose melody hath died away :
 The flame of a neglected fire,
 Burning away.

And thou art as the careless fingers,
 Which tore those tuneless strings away ;
 The gale, which as the last spark lingers,
 Wastes it away.

The world, the senseless world remembers,
 The music, which hath passed away :
 Its tears have steeped the cold, cold embers ;
 But thou art gay.
Literary Gazette.

GYPSIES.

BY THE REV. J. BERESFORD.

UNDERNEATH the greenwood tree,
There we dwell right inerrily,
Lurking in the grassy lane,
Here this hour—then gone again.
You may see where we have been,
By the burned spot on the green ;
By the oak's branch drooping low,
Withered in our faggot's glow ;
By the grass and hedge-row cropped,
Where our asses have been grazing ;
By some old torn rag we dropped,
When our crazy tents were raising ;—
You may see where we have been ;
Where we are—that is not seen.
Where we are,—it is no place
For a lazy foot to trace.
Over heath and over field,
He must scramble who would find us ;
In the copse-wood close concealed,
With a running brook behind us.
Here we list no village clocks ;
Livelier sound the farm-yard cocks,
Crowing, crowing round about,
As if to point their roostings out ;
And many a cock shall cease to crow,
Or ere we from the copse-wood go.

On the stream the trout are leaping ;
Midway there the pike is sleeping,—
Motionless, self-poised he lies—
Stir but the water—on he flies,
E'en as an arrow through the skies !
We could tie the noose to snare him,
But by day we wisely spare him ;—

Nets shall scour the stream at night,
 By the cold moon's trusty light ;—
 Scores of fish will not surprise her,
 Writhing with their glittering scales ;
 She'll look on, none else the wiser,
 Give us light, and tell no tales ;
 And next day the sporting squire
 Of his own trout shall be the buyer.
 Till the farmer catch us out,
 Prowling his rich barns about ;—
 Till the squire suspect the fish ;
 Till the keeper find his hares,
 Struggling in our nightly snares ;
 Till the girls have ceased to wish,
 Heedless what young lad shall be
 Theirs in glad futurity ;
 Till the boors no longer hold
 Awkwardly their rough hands out,
 All to have their fortunes told
 By the cross lines thereabout ;—
 Till these warnings, all or some,
 Raise us—(not by beat of drum—!)
 On our careless march to roam,
 The copse shall be our leafy home.
Literary Gazette.

IMPROMPTU

ADDRESSED TO THE BEAUTIFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED
 LADY C.

BY THE REV. C. COLTON.

By Nature formed, at all points, to excel,
 All things to do,—write, speak, and all things well,
 Transcendent with thy pencil as thy pen,
 With this you've conquered women, that the men ;
 Both sexes, thus, thy full dominion prove
 O'er each ;—by envy this, and this by love ;
 Both titles too thou'st won, then deign to wear,
 We see a Venus, but a Pallas hear !

JEMIMA, ROSE AND ELEANORE.

THREE CELEBRATED SCOTTISH BEAUTIES.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

ADIEU ! Romance's heroines !

Give me the nymphs who this good hour
May charm me, not in fiction's scenes,
But teach me beauty's living power ;—
My harp, that has been mute too long,
Shall sleep at beauty's name no more,
So but your smiles reward my song,
Jemima, Rose and Eleanore,—

In whose benignant eyes are beaming
The rays of purity and truth,
Such as we fancy woman's seeming,
In the creation's golden youth.
The more I look upon thy grace,
Rosina, I could look the more,
But for Jemima's witching face,
And the sweet voice of Eleanore.

Had I been Lawrence, kings had wanted
Their portraits, till I'd painted yours,
And these had future hearts enchanted,
When this poor verse no more endures ;
I would have left the Congress faces,
A dull-eyed diplomatic corps,
Till I had grouped you as the Graces,
Jemima, Rose and Eleanore.

The Catholic bids fair saints befriend him ;
Your poet's heart is catholic too ;
His rosary shall be flowers ye send him,
His saint-days when he visits you ;

And my sere laurels for my duty,
 Miraculous, at your touch would rise,
 Could I give verse one trait of beauty,
 Like that, which glads me from your eyes.

Unsealed by you, these lips have spoken,
 Disused to song for many a day ;
 Ye've tuned a harp whose strings were broken,
 And warmed a heart of callous clay ;
 So when my fancy next refuses,
 To twine for you a garland more,
 Come back again and be my Muses,
 Jemima, Rose and Eleanore.
Constable's Edinburgh Magazine.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
 And the river with the ocean ;
 The winds of heaven mix for ever
 With a sweet emotion ;
 Nothing in the world is single ;
 All things, by a law divine,
 In one another's being mingle ;—
 Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another !
 No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
 If it disdained to kiss its brother ;
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea :
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me ?

11*

THE STORM.

A FRAGMENT.

THE sun went down in beauty ;—not a cloud
Darkened its radiance,—yet there might be seen
A few fantastic vapours scattered o'er
The face of the blue heavens ; some fair and slight
As the pure lawn that shields the maiden's breast,—
Some shone like silver,—some did stream afar—
Faint and dispersed—like the Pale Horse's mane,
Which Death shall stride hereafter,—somewere glittering
Like dolphin's scales, touched out with varying hues
Of beautiful light—outvying some the rose,
And some the violet, yellow, white and blue,
Scarlet and purpling red.—One small lone ship
Was seen with outstretched sails, keeping its way
In quiet o'er the deep ; all nature seemed
Fond of tranquillity ; the glassy sea
Scarce rippled—the halcyon slept upon the wave ;
The winds were all at rest,—and in the east
The crescent moon—then seen imperfectly—
Came onwards, with the vesper star, to see
A summer day's decline.

The sun went down in beauty ;—but the eyes
Of ancient seamen trembled, when they saw
A small black ominous spot far in the distance :—
It spread and spread—larger and dark—and came
O'ershadowing the skies ;—the ocean rose ;
The gathering waves grew large, and broke in hoarse
And hollow sounds ;—the mighty winds awoke,
And screamed and whistled through the cordage ;—birds,
That seemed to have no home, flocked there in terror,
And sat with quivering plumage on the mast.
Flashes were seen, and distant sounds were heard—
Presages of a storm.—

The sun went down in beauty—but the skies

Were wildly changed.—It was a dreadful night—
No moon was seen, in all the heavens, to aid
Or cheer the loan and sea-beat mariner :—
Planet nor guiding star broke through the gloom ;—
But the blue light'nings glared along the waters,
As if the *Fiend* had fired his torch to light
Some wretches to their graves.—The tempest winds
Raving came next, and in deep hollow sounds—
Like those the spirits of the dead do use
When they would speak their evil prophecies—
Muttered of death to come ;—then came the thunder,
Deepening and crashing as 'twould rend the world ;
Or, as the Deity passed aloft in anger
And spoke to man—despair !—The ship was tossed
And now stood poised upon the curling billows,
And now midst deep and watery chasins—that yawned
As 'twere in hunger—sank.—Behind there came
Mountains of moving water,—with a rush
And sound of gathering power, that did appal
The heart to look on ;—terrible cries were heard ;
Sounds of despair,—some like a mother's anguish—
Some of intemperate, dark and dissolute joy—
Music and horrid mirth—but unallied
To joy ;—and madness might be heard amidst
The pauses of the storm—and when the glare
Was strong, rude savage men were seen to dance
In frantic exultation on the deck,
Though all was hopeless.—Hark ! the ship has struck,
And the forked light'ning seeks the arsenal !—
'Tis fired—and mirth and madness are no more !
'Midst columned smoke, deep red, the fragments fly
In fierce confusion—splinters and scorched limbs,
And burning masts, and showers of gold,—torn from
The heart that hugged it even till death. Thus doth
Sicilian Etna in her angry moods,
Or Hecla 'mid her wilderness of snows,
Shoot up its burning entrails, with a sound
Louder than e'er the Titans uttered from
Their subterranean caves, when Jove enchained

Them, daring and rebellious. The black skies
Shocked at the' excess of light, returned the sound
In frightful echoes,—as if an alarm
Had spread through all the elements :—then came
A horrid silence—deep—unnatural—like
The quiet of the grave !—
Literary Gazette.

LINES

ON LEAVING LLANDOGO, A VILLAGE ON THE BANKS
OF THE WYE.

SWEET spot ! I leave thee with an aching heart,
As down the stream my boat glides smoothly on ;
With thee, as if I were a swain, I part,
And thou the maiden that I doated on.

I ne'er shall view yon woody glen again ;
That lowly church, calm promiser of rest ;
Yon white cots, free from riches and from pain,
Fantastic gems upon the mountain's breast.

Fast, fast, thou'rt fading from my longing sight ;
The next bold turn, and thou art gone for aye,—
A dream's bright remnant on a summer night—
The faint remembrance of a love gone by.

Farewell ! and if Fate's distant unknown page
Doom me to wreck on Passion's angry sea,
I'll leave Philosophy to reasoning age,
And charm the tempest with a thought on thee.
Etonian.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH-DAY
OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

WHAT bird in beauty, flight or song,
Can with the Bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soared as strong,
As ever child of air!

His plume, his note, his form, could BURNS,
For whim or pleasure, change!
He was not one,—but all, by turns,—
With transmigration strange!—

The Blackbird, oracle of Spring,
When flowed his moral lay;—
The Swallow, wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play;—

The Humming bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm;—
The Raven in the tempest's gloom;—
The Halcyon, in the calm;—

In 'auld Kirk Alloway,' the Owl,
At witching time of night;—
By 'bonnie Doon,' the earliest fowl,
That carolled to the light.

He was the Wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein;—
At Bannockburn, the Bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train;—

The Woodlark, in his mournful hours ;
The Goldfinch, in his mirth ;
The Thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapturing heaven and earth ;—

The Swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still ;
But roused,—no Falcon in the chace
Could, like his satire, kill !—

The Linnet, in simplicity ;
In tenderness, the Dove ;—
But more than all beside, was He
The Nightingale, in love.

Oh ! had he never stooped to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had Devotion loved to name
That Bird of Paradise !

Peace to the dead !—In Scotia's choir
Of minstrels, great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The Phoenix of them all !

Sheffield Mercury.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

ERE sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came, with friendly care,
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

MARY'S MOUNT.

Who, standing on this rural spot,
With groves above, and fields around,
Would, pausing, e'er indulge the thought,
That armies thronged the lower ground?
Or image neighing steed, or fear
That trump or drum salute his ear!
Or think this leafy screen enfolded
A being of as tragic fate,
As lovely, and unfortunate,
As Nature ever moulded!

Traced like a map, the landscape lies
In cultured beauty stretching wide;
There, Pentland's green acclivities;
There, Ocean, with its azure tide;
There, Arthur's seat; and gleaming through
Thy southern wing, Dunedin blue!
While, in the orient, Lammer's daughters,
A distant giant range are seen,—
North Berwick Law, with cone of green,
And Bass amid the waters.

Wrapt in the mantle of her wo,
Here agonized Mary stood,
And saw contending hosts below,
Opposing, meet in deadly feud;
With hilt to hilt, and hand to hand,
The children of one mother land
For battle come. The banners flaunted
Amid Carberry's beechen grove;
And kinsmen, braving kinsmen, strove
Undaunting and undaunted.

Silent the queen in sorrow stood,
When Bothwell, starting forward, said,
'The cause is mine—a nation's blood,
Go, tell yon chiefs, should not be shed!

Go, bid the bravest heart advance
 In single fight, to measure lance
 With me, who wait prepared to meet him !'
 ' Fly !—Bothwell, fly !—It shall not be.'
 She wept—she sobbed—on bended knee
 Fair Mary did entreat him.

' I go,' he sighed—' the war is mine,
 A Nero could not injure thee ;—
 My lot on earth is sealed, but thine
 Shall long, and bright, and happy be !—
 This last farewell—this struggle o'er,
 We ne'er shall see each other more :—
 Now loose thy hold, poor broken-hearted !'—
 She faints—she falls—upon his roan
 The bridle reins in haste are thrown—
 The pilgrim hath departed.

Know ye the tenor of his fate ?—
 A fugitive among his own ;
 Disguised—deserted—desolate—
 A weed on Niagara thrown ;
 A Cain among the sons of men ;
 A pirate on the ocean ; then,
 A Scandinavian captive fettered
 To die amid the dungeon gloom,—
 If earthly chance, or heavenly doom
 Is dark :—but so it mattered.

Daughter of Scotland ! Beautiful,
 Beyond what falls to human lot,
 Thy breathing features rendered dull,
 The visions of a poet's thought !
 Thy voice was music on the deep,
 When winds are hushed, and waves asleep ;
 In mould and mind by far excelling,
 Or Cleopatra on the wave
 Of Cydnus vanquishing the brave,
 Or Troy's resplendent Helen !

Thy very sun in clouds arose,
 Delightful flower of Holyrood !
 Thy span was tempest-fraught ;—thy woes
 Should make thee pitied by the good.
 Poor Mary ! an untimely tomb
 Was thine ! With prison hours of gloom,
 A crown, and rebel crowds beneath thee ;
 A lofty fate—a lowly fall !
 Thou wert a woman :—and let all
 Thy faults be buried with thee !
Blackwood's Magazine.

Δ

BELLATOR MORIENS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

In the dim chamber, on his couch of Ind,
 Hung round with crest, and sword, and knightly vane,
 Was stretched a cuirassed form, that inly pined
 With memories keener than his mortal pain ;
 And oft around his darkening eyes would strain,
 As if some evil visitant were come ;
 Then press his wasted hand upon his brain,
 Mutter low words, and beckon through the gloom,
 And grasp his couch, as if he saw the opening tomb.

The fearful secret murmured from his lips—
 'Twas ' Murder ; ' but his voice was now a sigh ;
 For o'er his spirit gathered swift eclipse.
 He strove to dash the darkness from his eye,
 Then smote with nerveless hand upon his thigh ;
 But there the sword was not ; a deeper groan,—
 A start, as if the Summoner were nigh,—
 Told his last pangs ; his eye was fixed as stone :—
 There lay a livid corse, the Master of a Throne !
New Times.

THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

ART thou returned again ? The labouring breast,
The full and swelling soul, the throbbing brain,
Are signs of thee ; by these wert thou confessed
In the fierce glow of summer, in the wane
Of autumn, in the cloud and hurricane
Of winter, and the changeful dawn of spring.
Thou art returned, for fancy wakes the strain ;
And as I bend me to her summoning,
Thy spell is o'er me cast, thy visions round me cling.

Whence, and what art thou ? I have felt thy power
When my soul wished not for thee. I have sought
And found thee not. In life's aspiring hour,
Courtied and worshipped, to my youthful thought
No utterance thou gavest. I had wrought
The chaplet for my fair one ; I had strung
The rosary of hope, and love had taught
My heart love's rhetoric ; yet never hung
Thy charm upon my lips, thy numbers on my tongue.

I courted thee no longer,—for the tomb
Made havoc of my hopes, and I became
The sport and prey of sorrow ; but in gloom
And solitude, in misery and shame,
In every feeling that unnerves the frame,
Thy impulse was upon me : then arose
My first and rude attempt ; then didst thou claim
Thy long rejected suppliant, and disclose,
In simple humble strain, the descant of his woes.

I will not, cannot flee thee ! Thou must be
As present on the full and noisy mart,
As in the desert ; upon plain or sea,
On wold, or mountain, of myself be part.
I cannot flee thee ! Round this widowed heart

Cling, if thou wilt, but spare thy wearied slave !
Exert thy nobler power, thy greater heart ;
Bid the vain world resume whate'er it gave,—
But speak of brighter hopes,—of bliss beyond the grave.
London Magazine.

SONG.

THE birds have sung themselves to rest,
That flitted 'round our bower ;
The weight of the night-dew has bowed
The head of every flower ;

The ringing of the hunter's horn
Has ceased upon the hill,
The cottage windows gleam with light,
The harvest song is still ;

And safe and silent in the bay,
Is moored each fisher's prow ;
Each wearied one has sought his home,
But where, my love, art thou ?

I picked a rose, a red blush rose,
Just as the dews begun,
I kissed its leaves, but thought one kiss
Would be a sweeter one.

I kept the rose and kiss, I thought
How dear they both would be ;
But now I fear the rose and kiss
Are kept in vain for thee !

Blackwood's Magazine.

A CHURCH YARD SCENE.

BY JOHN WILSON, ESQ.

How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With reverend step, from stone to stone
In a small village church-yard lying,
O'er intervening flowers to move—
And as we read the names unknown,
Of young and old, to judgment gone,
And hear, in the calm air above,
Time onwards softly flying,
To meditate, in Christian love,
Upon the dead and dying!
Across the silence seem to go
With dream-like motion, wavery, slow,
And shrouded in their folds of snow,
The friends we loved long, long ago!
Gliding across the sad retreat,
How beautiful their phantom feet!
What tenderness is in their eyes,
Turned where the poor survivor lies,
'Mid monitory sanctities!
What years of vanished joy are fanned
From one uplifting of that hand
In its white stillness! When the shade
Doth glimmeringly in sunshine fade
From our embrace, how dim appears
This world's life through a mist of tears!
Vain hopes! Wild sorrows! Needless fears!

Such is the scene around me now:—
A little church-yard, on the brow
Of a green pastoral hill;
Its sylvan village sleeps below,
And faintly, here, is heard the flow
Of Woodburn's summer rill;
A place where all things mournful meet,
And, yet, the sweetest of the sweet!—
The stillest of the still!

With what a pensive beauty fall
Across the mossy mouldering wall
That rose-trees' clustered arches ! See
The robin-redbreast, warily,
Bright through the blossoms leaves his nest :
Sweet ingrate ! through the winter blest
At the firesides of men—but shy
Through all the sunny-summer hours,—
He hides himself among the flowers
In his own wild festivity.
What lulling sound, and shadow cool,
Hangs half the darkened church-yard o'er,
From thy green depths, so beautiful,
Thou gorgeous sycamore !
Oft hath the lowly wine and bread,
Been blest beneath thy murmuring tent ;
Where many a bright and hoary head,
Bowed at that awful sacrament.
Now all beneath the turf are laid,
On which they sat and sung and prayed.
Alone that consecrated tree
Ascends the tapering spire, that seems
To lift the soul up silently
To heaven, with all its dreams !
While in the belfry, deep and low,
From his heaved bosom's purple gleams
The dove's continuous murmurs flow,
A dirge-like song,—half bliss, half wo,—
The voice so lonely seems !
Blackwood's Magazine.

A GRECIAN EDEN.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

It is an isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as the wreck of Paradise ;
And, for the harbours are not safe and good,
This land would have remained a solitude,
But for some pastoral people, native there,
Who from the Elysian, clear, and sunny air
Draw the last spirit of the age of gold ;
Simple and generous, innocent and hold.
The blue Ægean girds this chosen home
With ever changing sound, and light and foam,
Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar ;
And all the winds, wandering along the shore,
Undulate with the undulating tide.
There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide ;
And many a fountain, rivulet and pond,
As clear as elemental diamond ;
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs ;
The light clear element, which the Isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
And falls upon the eye-lids like faint sleep ;
And from the moss, violets and jonquils peep,
That dart their arrowy odour through the brain,
Till you might faint with that delicious pain ;
And every motion, odour, beam and tone,
With that deep music is in unison,
Which is a soul within the soul :—they seem
Like echoes of an antenatal dream.
It is a favoured spot. Famine, or Blight,
Pestilence, War and Earthquake never light
Upon its mountain-peaks ; blind vultures, they
Sail onward far upon their fatal way ;
The winged storms chanting their thunder psalm,
To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
From which its fields and woods ever renew
Their green and golden immortality.

TO A CHILD.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulders round and sleek,
And soft and fair, thou urchin sly?

What boots it, who, with sweet caresses,
First called thee his, or Squire or hind?
For thou in every wight that passes,
Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave, but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall;
Thy shyness swiftly from me running;—
’Tis infantine coquetry all!

But far a-field thou hast not flown,
With mocks and threats, half-lisp’d, half-spoken;—
I feel thee pulling at my gown,—
Of right good will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh, and wrestle too,—
A mimic warfare with me waging!
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after kindness more engaging!

The wilding rose,—sweet as thyself,—
And new cropt daisies are thy treasure;—
I’d gladly part with worldly pelf,
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell of horn-book thumbing.

Well, let it be ! Through weal and woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range ;
Life is a motley shifting show ;—
And thou a thing of hope and change.
New Monthly Magazine.

VIOLA.

A FRAGMENT.

SHE had a form ; but I might talk till night,
Young as the sun is now upon our watch,
Ere I had told its beauties !—It was slight,
Even as yon willow, and like its soft stem,
Fell into thousand motions, and all lovely !
But for her cheek,—look on those streaks of rose
Tinting the white clouds o'er us ! Now and then
A flush of deeper crimson lighting up
Their wreaths, like wind kissed lilies of the vale ;—
And now and then, a long, rich, ebon tinge,
Floating between them !—There I think I see
Still,—though she's in her grave—the cheek I loved,
With the dark tress that veiled it. When I sat
Beneath her eye, I felt its splendour on me
Like a bright spell.—'Tis not the diamond's ray,
Nor vesper starlight, nor aught beautiful
In that ascending sun, or in this world,
Can bring me back its image ;—'twas a soul
That has no portraiture on earth ; a beam
As we have heard of Angels, where no lips
Are wanted to give utterance to the thought ;
Her eye was radiant thought. Yet when her voice
Spoke to me, or, at evening o'er her lute,
Breathed some old melody, or closed the day
With her due Hymn to the Virgin, I have turned,
Even from the glory of her eye, to weep,
With sudden keenness of delight. Those tears,
On earth, I weep no more.—She's in the grave !
New Times.

TO THE IVY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

OH ! how could fancy crown with *thee*
In ancient days, the God of wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine ?
Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er ;
Where song's full notes once pealed around,
But now are heard no more !

The Roman, on his battle-plains,
Where Kings before his eagles bent,
Entwined thee with exulting strains,
Around the Victor's tent ;
Yet, there, though fresh in glossy green,
Triumphally thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lov'st the silent scene,
Around the Victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
The bards and heroes of the past ;—
Where through the halls of glory gone
Murmurs the wintry blast ;
Where years are hastening to efface
Each record of the grand and fair ;—
Thou, in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb ! art there.

Thou o'er the shrines of fallen gods,
On classic plains dost mantling spread,
And veil the desolate abodes
And cities of the dead ;
Deserted palaces of Kings,—
Arches of triumph, long o'erthrown,—
And all once-glorious earthly things,
At length are thine alone.

Oh ! many a temple, once sublime
Beneath a blue, Italian sky,
Hath nought of beauty left by time,
Save thy wild tapestry !
And reared 'midst crags and clouds 'tis thine
To wave where banners waved of yore,
O'er mouldering towers by lovely Rhine
Cresting the rocky shore.

High from the fields of air, look down,
Those eyries of a vanished race,
Homes of the mighty, whose renown
Hath passed, and left no trace ;
But thou art there !—Thy foliage bright,
Unchanged, the mountain storm can brave,—
Thou that will climb the loftiest height,
And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,
That rise round grandeur's marble halls,—
The vivid hues by painting thrown,
Rich o'er the glowing walls,—
The Acanthus on Corinthian fanes,
In sculptured beauty waving fair ;—
These, perish all—and what remains ?
Thou—thou alone art there !

'Tis still the same—where'er we tread,
The wrecks of human power we see ;
The marvels of all ages fled,
Left to Decay and thee !
And still let man his fabrics rear,—
August in beauty, grace and strength,—
Days pass, thou Ivy never sere,
And all is thine at length.

Literary Gazette.

THE RETURN FROM INDIA,

WRITTEN BY AN OFFICER, LONG RESIDENT IN INDIA,
ON HIS RETURN TO ENGLAND.

I CAME, but they had passed away—
The fair in form, the pure in mind,—
And like a stricken deer I stray,
Where all are strange, and none are kind,—
Kind to the worn, the wearied soul,
That pants, that struggles for repose :
O ! that my steps had reached the goal
Where earthly sighs and sorrows close !

Years have passed o'er me like a dream,
That leaves no trace on memory's page !
I look around me, and I seem
Some relict of a former age.
Alone,—as in a stranger clime,
Where stranger voices mock my ear,—
I mark the lagging course of time,
Without a wish—a hope—a fear !

Oh I *had* hopes—but they are fled !
And I had fears, which proved too true !
My wishes too !—but they are dead,—
And what have I with life to do !
'Tis but to bear a weary load,
I may not, dare not, cast away !
To sigh for one small, still abode,
Where I may sleep as sweet as they !—

As they,—the loveliest of their race !—
Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep ;
Whose worth my soul delights to trace,—
Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep ;
To weep beneath the silent moon,
With none to chide, to hear, to see !—
Life can bestow no dearer boon,
On one whom death disdains to free.

I leave a world that knows me not,
 To hold communion with the dead ;
 And fancy consecrates the spot,
 Where fancy's softest dreams are shed.
 I see each shade, all silvery white—
 I hear each spirit's melting sigh ;
 I turn to clasp those forms of light,
 And the pale morning chills my eye.

But soon the last dim morn shall rise,—
 The lamp of life burns feebly now,—
 When stranger hands shall close my eyes,
 And smooth my cold and dewy brow.
 Unknown I live ;—so let me die ;—
 Nor stone, nor monumental cross,
 Tell where his nameless ashes lie,
 Who sighed for GOLD, and found it DROSS.
London Magazine.

SONG.

THE ring you gave, the kiss you gave,
 The curl of raven hair,—
 Pledges of truth and gifts of love,—
 Where are they now ?—Oh where !

The ring is broken,—and by whom ?
 The kiss has been profaned ;
 And many, many bitter tears
 That shining curl have stained !—

Yes, each and all are wholly changed !—
 More changed they could not be ;
 But the worst change is that, which time,
 False one ! has wrought in thee.

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

TO THE PLANET JUPITER.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

I LOOKED on thee, Jove, till my gaze
Sank, smote from the pomp of thy blaze;
For in heaven, from the sunset's red throne
To the zenith—thy rival was none.

From thy orb rushed a torrent of light,
That made the stars dim in thy sight,
And the half-risen moon seemed to die,
And to leave thee the realm of the sky.

I looked on the ocean's broad breast—
The purple was pale in the west;
But down shot thy long silver spire,
And the waves were like arrows of fire.

I turned from the infinite main,
And thy light was the light of the plain,
'Twas the beacon that blazed on the hill:—
Thou wert proud, pure, magnificent still.

A cloud spread its wing over heaven:—
By the shaft of thy splendour 'twas riven,
And I saw thy bright front through it shine
Like a God from the depth of his shrine.

But, planet of glory and awe,
It was not thy lustre I saw,
For my soul was absorbed in the night
When last I gazed on thy light.

I thought of the hand I had held,
Of the heart by that soft hand revealed,
Of the eye fixed with mine on thy beam,
And the world was forgot in my dream.

Flame on then, thou king of the sky,
For thy brightness is joy to my eye ;
For this hour thou art beaming above
The home of my wife and my love.

Literary Gazette.

STANZAS,

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

On receiving from Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, a piece of the Tree, under which William Penn made his Treaty with the Indians, converted to the purpose of an inkstand.

FROM clime to clime, from shore to shore,
The war-fiend raised his hated yell,
And 'midst the storm that realms deplore,
Penn's honoured tree of Concord fell ;
And of that tree, that ne'er again
Shall Spring's reviving influence know,
A relic o'er the Atlantic main,
Was sent—the gift of foe to foe !
But though no more its ample shade,
Wave green beneath Columbia's sky,
Though every branch be now decayed,
And all its scattered leaves be dry,
Yet 'midst the relic's sainted space,
A health-restoring blood shall spring,
In which the angel-form of Peace
May stoop to dip her dove-like wing.
So once the staff the prophet bore,
By wondering eyes again was seen
To swell with life through every pore,
And bud afresh with foliage green.
The withered branch again shall grow,
'Till o'er the earth its shade extend—
And this—the gift of foe to foe—
Becomes the gift of friend to friend.

LINES ON A SKULL.

BEHOLD this ruin!—"Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full!
This narrow cell was life's retreat;
This space was thought's mysterious seat;—
What beauteous pictures filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void,
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be for ever bright,
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern, hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise, was chained,—
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee
When death unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can nothing now avail to them;
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
 These feet the path of duty trod ?
 If from the bowers of joy they fled,
 To soothe affliction's humble bed ;
 If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
 And home to virtue's lap returned—
 These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
 And tread the palace of the sky.
Manchester Exchange Herald.

THE GROUND SWELL.*

WRITTEN ON THE BREAKWATER, PLYMOUTH SOUND.

THE Sun is high, the Atlantic is unfanned
 Even by the breathing of the gentle West ;
 And yet the broad blue flood is not at rest !
 Amid the holy calm on sea and land,
 There is a murmuring on the distant strand ;
 And silently, though ocean heaves its breast,
 The shoreward swellings wear a feathery crest,
 And meet the opposing rocks in conflict grand.
 These, ships that dare the eternal winds and seas,
 In the commotion, roll without a breeze,
 And as their sides the huge upswellings lave,
 His flagging sails the listless seaman sees,
 And wishes rather for the winds to rave,
 And, like an arrow, dart him o'er the wave.
Literary Gazette. N. T. C.

* The Ground Swell is principally occasioned by storms in the Atlantic, which agitate the sea many days after the tempests have ceased. The ocean heaves, as it were, in masses, but its surface is quite smooth, i. e. unbroken into waves, and without foam, except where it comes in contact with the coast.

MIRKWOOD MERE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LATE, when the Autumn evening fell,
On Mirkwood-Mere's romantic dell ;
The lake returned, in chastened gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam ;
Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool ;
The weather-tented rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower ;
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if they lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil and care,—
A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake !
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donned at once his sable cloak ;
As warrior at the battle cry,
Invests him with his panoply ;
Then, as the whirlwind nearer pressed,
Began to shake his foamy crest
O'er furrowed brow and blackened cheek,
And bade his surge in thunder speak.
In wild and broken eddies whirled,
Flitted that fond ideal world ;
And to the shore in tumult tost,
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.
Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change !
As warred the wind with wave and wood,
Upon the ruined tower I stood,
And felt my heart more strongly bound,
Responsive to the lofty sound ;
While joying in the mighty roar,
I mourned that tranquil scene no more.

13*

So, on the idle dreams of youth
 Breaks the loud trumpet-call of Truth,
 Bids each fair vision pass away,
 Like landscape on the lake that lay ;
 As fair, as flitting, and as frail,
 As that, which fled the Autumn gale ;
 For ever dead to Fancy's eye,
 Be each fair form that glided by ;
 While dreams of love, and lady's charms,
 Give place to honour and to arms !

Waverley.

A PRAYER.

BY WILLIAM BECKFORD, ESQ.

LIKE the low murmur of the secret stream,
 Which, through dark alders, winds its shaded way,
 My suppliant voice is heard :—Ah ! do not deem
 That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,—
 On the wild mountain,—on the verdant sod,
 Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,—
 I wander lonely, communing with God.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart,
 Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking frame,
 I turn to thee,—that holy peace impart
 Which soothes the invokers of thy awful name.

O all-pervading Spirit !—Sacred beam !
 Parent of life and light !—Eternal Power !
 Grant me, through obvious clouds, one transient gleam
 Of thy bright essence in my dying hour !
Britton's Fonthill Abbey.

THE CONTRAST,

WRITTEN UNDER WINDSOR TERRACE, 17TH FEB. 1820.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

I saw him last on this Terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness;
Begirt with his Court, and in all the crowd,
Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, and the leaves were green,—
Blithely the birds were singing;—
The cymbal replied to the tambourine,
And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier,
When not a word was spoken,
But every eye was dim with a tear,
And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour,
To the muffled drum's deep rolling;
While the minute gun, with its solemn roar,
Drowned the death-bell's tolling.

The time since he walked in his glory thus,
To the grave till I saw him carried,
Was an age of the mightiest change to us,
But to *him* a night unvaried.

We had fought the fight; from his lofty throne
The foe of our land we had tumbled,
And it gladdened each eye—save his alone
For whom that foe we humbled.

A daughter beloved—a Queen—a son—
And a son's sole child had perished ;—
And sad was each heart, save the only one
By which they were fondest cherished.

For his eyes were sealed, and his mind was dark,
And he sat in his age's lateness,
Like a vision throned,—as a solemn mark
Of the frailty of human greatness.

His silver beard, o'er a bosom spread,
Unvexed by life's commotion,
Like a yearly-lengthening snow-drift, shed
On the calm of a frozen ocean.

Still o'er him oblivion's waters lay,
Though the stream of time kept flowing ;
When they spoke of our King 'twas but to say,
That the old man's strength was going.

He is gone at length. He is laid in dust—
Death's hand his slumbers breaking,
For the coffined sleep of the good and just,
Is a sure and blissful waking.

His people's heart is his funeral urn ;
And should a sculptured stone be denied him,
There will his name be found, when in turn
We lay our heads beside him.
London Magazine.

FRAGMENT.

SEE April comes ! a primrose coronal,
Circling her sunny temples, and her vest,
Pranked with the hare-bell and the violet,
Like a young widow, beautiful in tears,
She ushers in the Spring !

BALLAD.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

OUR native land—our native vale,—
A long—a last adieu !

Farewell to bonny Teviot-dale
And Cheviot's mountains blue !

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song !
Farewell ye blithesome braes and meads,
Our hearts have loved so long !

Farewell ye broomy elfin knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow !
Farewell ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and slae !

The battle mound—the Border tower,
That Scotia's annals tell ;
The martyr's grave—the lover's bower,
To each—to all—farewell !

Home of our hearts ! Our fathers' home—
Land of the brave and free !—
The sail is flapping on the foam,
That bears us far from thee.

We seek a wild romantic shore,
Beyond the Atlantic main ;
We leave thee to return no more,
Or view thy cliffs again.

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green island of our sires.

Our native vale—our native vale—
 A long,—a last adieu !—
 Farewell to bonny Teviot-dale,
 And Scotland's mountains blue !
The Inverness Courier.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE HEBE OF CANOVA.

DIVINITY in stone ! Yet glowing
 Supremely warm, and rich, and fair ;
 Around a sense of sweetness throwing,
 As if her roses wanted there !
 Upon that brow, so pure and soft,
 Immortal Love hath set his seal ;
 And left, in kinder mood than oft,
 A sign we cannot see—but feel !

Those eyes—those full and fixed eyes,
 They cannot beam, nor glow with fire ;
 Or herald as the wishes rise,
 The thoughts the spirit would respire ;
 But, passionless themselves, they wake
 In us that feeling's tender strife,
 Of which the sister Graces make
 A busy, brilliant, span of life !

Then oh ! those lips !—Those eloquent lips !
 So full of love, and peace, and all,
 That suffered such a dark eclipse
 When erring woman doomed our fall !
 Yet knowing this, whoe'er could look
 Upon that marble, nor prefer,
 That man the fatal apple took,
 And left his heaven to live with her.
New European Magazine. B. B. W.

THE PAST.

BY JOHN WILSON, ESQ.

How wild and dim this life appears !
One long, deep, heavy sigh,
When o'er our eyes, half closed in tears,
The images of former years
Are faintly glimmering by !
And still forgotten while they go,
As on the sea-beach, wave on wave,
Dissolves at once in snow.
The amber clouds one moment lie,
Then like a dream are gone !—
Though beautiful the moonbeams play
On the lake's bosom, bright as they,
And the soul intensely loves their stay,
Soon as the radiance melts away,
We scarce believe it shone !
Heaven-airs amid the harp-strings dwell ;
And we wish they ne'er may fade—
They cease,—and the soul is a silent cell,
Where music never played !
Dream follows dream through the long night hours,
Each lovelier than the last ;—
But ere the breath of morning flowers,
That gorgeous world flies past ;
And many a sweet angelic cheek,
Whose smiles of love and kindness speak,
Glides by us on this earth ;
While in a day we cannot tell
Where shone the face we loved so well,
In sadness, or in mind !

Blackwood's Magazine.

STANZAS.

In many a strain of grief and joy,
My youthful spirit sang to thee ;
But I am now no more a boy,
And there's a gulph 'twixt thee and me.
Time on my brow has set his seal—
I start to find myself a man,
And know that I no more shall feel
As only boyhood's spirit *can*.
And now I bid a long adieu,
To thoughts that held my heart in thrall,
To cherished dreams of brightest hue,
And thou—the brightest dream of all !
My footsteps rove not where they roved,
My home is changed, and one by one,
The 'old familiar' forms I loved,
Are faded from my path—and gone.
I launch into life's stormy main,
And 'tis with tears—but not of sorrow ;
That pouring thus my parting strain,
I bid thee, as a Bride, good-morrow.
Full well thou know'st I envy not,
The heart it is thy choice to share ;
My soul dwells on thee as a thought,
With which no earthly wishes are.
I love thee as I love the star,
The gentle star that shines at even ;
That melts into my heart from far,
And leads my wandering thoughts to heaven.
'Twould break my soul's divinest dream,
With meaner love to mingle thee ;
'Twould dim the most unearthly beam,
Thy form sheds o'er my Memory.
It is my joy, it is my pride,
To picture thee in bliss divine,
A happy, and an honoured bride,—
Blest by a fonder love than mine.

Be thou to *one* a holy spell,
A bliss by day—a dream by night—
A thought on which his soul may dwell—
A cheering and a guiding light.
This be thy heart;—but, while no other
Disturbs *his* image at its core,
Still think of me as of a brother—
I'd not be loved or love thee more.
For thee each feeling of my breast,
So holy—so serene shall be,
That when thy heart to his is prest,
'Twill be no crime to think of me.
I shall not wander forth at night,
To breathe thy name—as lovers would ;
Thy form in visions of delight,
Not oft shall break my solitude ;
But when my bosom-friends are near,
And happy faces round me press ;
The goblet to my lips I'll rear,
And drain it to thy happiness.
And when at morn or midnight hour,
I commune with my God alone,
Before the throne of peace and power,
I'll blend thy welfare with mine own.
And if with pure and fervent sighs,
I bend before some loved-one's shrine,—
When gazing on her gentle eyes,
I shall not blush to think of thine,—
Then, when thou meet'st thy love's caress,
And when thy children climb thy knee,
In thy calm hour of happiness,
Then, sometimes,—*sometimes* think of me.
In pain or health—in grief or mirth,
Oh ! may it to my prayer be given,
That we may sometimes meet on earth,
And meet, to part no more, in Heaven !
Etonian.

AN ARABIAN SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

I LOVE thee, Ibla !—thou art bright
As the white snow on the hills afar ;
Thy face is sweet as the moon by night,
And thine eye like the clear and rolling star.

But the snow is poor, and withers soon,
While thou art firm and rich—in hope ;
And never (like thine) from the face of the moon
Flamed the dark eye of the Antelope.

Fine is thy shape as the Erak's bough,
And thy bosom a heaven—or, haplier, meant
(If man may guess, who crawls below,)
By Heaven for Earth's enchantment.

But the bough of the Erak in winter dies,
And the Heaven hath clouds that dim its blue ;
Thy shape is as fine when the summer flies,
And thy bosom is warm and cloudless too.

Thy hair is black as the starless sky,
And clasps thy neck as it loved its home ;
Yet it moves at the sound of thy faintest sigh,
Like the snake that lies on the white sea-foam.

Farewell ! Farewell !—Yet of thee, sweet maid,
I'll sing—in the wild woods far away ;
And I'll bear thy name on my shining blade,—
Flower of my own Arabia !

And when I return, with a Chieftain's name,
And many a plundered gem for thee,
I'll ask thee, then to share my fame
For all love's sweet eternity.

Literary Gazette.

A PORTRAIT,

FROM REAL LIFE.

At length her griefs have drawn the lines of care
Across her brow, and sketched her story there ;
And years of keenest suffering dried the stream
That lent her youthful eye its liquid beam.
A mild composure to its glance succeeds ;
Her gayest look still speaks of widow's weeds ;
Her smile is one of patience, not of ease,
An effort made to cover, not to please ;
While grief, with thorny pencil, day by day,
In silence, delves the flagging cheek away,—
Chases the bloom that peaceful thoughts bestow,
To spread instead the sallow tints of wo ;
And where the magic dimple used to start
In early wrinkles, writes—a broken heart !

Perchance the casual undiscerning gaze
That never read a history in a face,
In the gay circle might suppose her gay,
Nor mark the nascent traces of decay ;
But oh, to those whose nicer feelings take
The fine impression that a look can make,—
Who, skilled by sorrows of their own, descry
The prisoned secret speaking in the eye,—
(As weeping captives at their windows pine)
To them there is a voice in every line !
The brow, by effort raised, to seem serene ;
Round every smile the circling wrinkle seen ;
The sullen cloud that comes to pass away,
Chased by a cheerless struggle to be gay ;
At certain words or names the quick short sigh,
And when neglected long the absent eye,
That seems on images long past to fall,
Unconscious of aught else—will tell them all !

But few among the selfish,—busy,—gay,—
Permit a quiet face to stop their way ;

A face that holds no lure,—no tribute seeks,—
Demands no homage,—nothing strange bespeaks ;—
That looks as hundreds looked that they have known,
Just marked enough to call some name its own.
O, few in folly's course can check their speed,
The simple lines of character to read !
Or if they pause, the rude unfeeling eye,
The cold enquiry—contumelious sigh,
And all the world's gross pity can impart,
Are caustic to the festers of the heart.
Leeds Intelligencer.

EL HYPONDRIACO.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

Go to thy rest, thou sullen Sun,
An emblem of my weary mind,
Obscure ere half its course be done,
While Night, long Night, remains behind.

All that I loved, my pencil, pen,
That stole the time on downy wings,
When shall I feel your charm again ?
Farewell ! ye past, ye pleasant things.

Where is thy balm of care, O Sleep,
That once upon my eyelids lay ?
Now, if a slumber on me creep,
The night is wilder than the day.

I plunge in ocean,—shoot through air,—
Parch in the desert !—fly the den,—
See horrors,—wake in struggling prayer ;—
And Midnight is twice Midnight then.
New Times.

WRITTEN AT SPITHEAD.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

HARK to the knell !
It comes in the swell
Of the stormy ocean wave.
'Tis no earthly sound,
But a toll profound
From the Mariner's deep sea grave.

When the billows dash,
And the signals flash,
And the thunder is on the gale ;
And the Ocean is white
In its own wild light,
Deadly, and dismal, and pale ;

When the lightning's blaze
Smites the seaman's gaze,
And the sea rolls in fire and in foam ;
And the surges' roar
Shakes the rocky shore,
We hear the sea-knell come.

There 'neath the billow,
The sand their pillow,
Ten thousand men lie low ;
And still their dirge
Is sung by the surge,
When the stormy night-winds blow.

Sleep, warriors ! sleep
On your pillow deep
In peace ! for no mortal care—
No art can deceive,—
No anguish can heave
The heart that once slumbers there.

New Times.

A NIGHT STORM,

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF SNOWDON.

'Tis eve! The sun's last rays are glimmering still
On Snowdon's crested summit, and around
His granite rocks flows the deep bosomed rill
In solitude and loveliness. Its sound,
As with an angel voice, of peace profound
Whispers to Heaven; and see—the sultry fires
Of day more faintly yon deep crags surround;
Slowly even now each western beam retires,—
Fades,—lightens o'er the wave,—and with a smile expires.

Night, utter night succeeds.—Above—below
All deepens slowly in one blackening gloom;
Dark are the Heavens, as is the front of wo,—
Dark as the mountain prospects,—as the tomb.
Even as I slow descend, a fearful doom
Weighs heavy on my heart, the bird of night
Screams from her straw-built nest as from the womb
Of infant death, and wheels her drowsy flight,
Amid the pine-clad rocks, with wonder and affright.

The note of wo is hushed; peace reigns around
In utter solitude; the night breeze dies
Faint on the mountain ash-leaves that surround
Snowdon's dark peaks.—But hark! again the cries
Of the scared owl, loud hymning to the skies
Her tale of desolation! Fearfully
Night lengthens out the note;—the echo flies
From rock to rock; now whispering shrilly by—
Now in the distance softened, lingering mournfully.

Heaven smiles on earth again—the glimmering star
Pours in mild lustre down his full-orbed light;
And see, his mistress in her burnished car
Beams on the view!—At the refulgent sight
The clouds sail by in homage, and the night

Welcomes her as a friend ;—the heavenly train
 Of Satellites attend her in her flight
 From pole to pole ; while a full chorused strain
 Of heaven's own music swells and dies in peace again.

Brightly she moves on in her loveliness !
 The fair-haired regent of the sky !—Her smiles
 Soothe the stern horrors of the scene, and bless
 Nature's calm slumber ; o'er yon splintered piles
 Of beetling crags, how sweetly she beguiles
 Gloom of its frown ; and, see ! the glittering rill
 Heaves conscious of her presence, and reviles,
 With murmuring voice, yon proudly frowning hill,
 That scorns meek Dian's gaze, and mocks her gentle will.

A sound rolls by of horror !—On the wind
 Rides the dark bosomed Dæmon of the storm ;
 Whirlwinds, with meteor splendour, crowd behind,
 And Heaven peals out the trumpet of alarm.
 Hark ! from yon murky cloud with lightning warm,
 A voice of death proceeds !—The majesty
 Of Heaven displays around its harrowing form !—
 Hark ! God in all his power is riding by ! [sky ?
 Heard ye his chariot-wheels sweep echoing through the

He speaks ! scared nature trembles at the sound ;
 Earth, air, sky, ocean, dictate a reply ;
 The mountain-rock tolls out the voice profound,
 And woodland echo multiplies the cry :—
 Clashed with the night owl's scream, along the sky
 Rolls the live thunder ; through the forest caves,
 Dim flashes the blue lightning ;—eddyng by
 Leaps the swoll'n torrent, o'er the cataract raves
 With brutal force, and headlong flings its billowy waves.

The night-breeze sails athwart the sky—the thunder
 Has waked him from his sleep—the spirit hears
 The dæmon's call, and rudely rends asunder
 The bonds of rest : upon the cloud he rears

His deathless might, and wrathfully careers
 Round the black rocks,—dashes in vengeance down
 Their craggy summits,—damps the toil of years
 With one rude whirlwind—and, more ruthless grown,
 Heaves up the ocean waves his giant strength to crown.

And now he sinks in softness, and anon
 Rolls on the ear with desolating peal ;—
 Again the voice is silent.—It is gone,
 The darksome horrors of the night to seal?
 Forth peeps the moon ; her watery beams reveal
 The death that has been busy here ;—again
 The clouds sail round, as anxious to conceal
 The sight of desolation, but in vain—
 She walks in beauty forth, with all her starry train.
Chester Chronicle. W. F. D.

SONNET,

COMPOSED ON THE SEA COAST.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

O ! IT is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
 Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
 To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
 Or bid the easily persuaded eyes
 Own each strange likeness issuing from the mould
 Of a friend's fancy ; or, with head bowed low,
 And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
 'Twixt crimson banks, and then a traveller go
 From mount to mount o'er CLOUDLAND,—gorgeous land !
 Or listening to the tide with closed sight,
 Be that blind bard, who on the Chian stand,
 By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
 Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea !
Blackwood's Magazine.

A COUNTRY WEDDING.

Oh ! there is music in the bells,
From yonder noisy steeple pealing,
That sweetly o'er the spirit swells,
And wakes the deepest chords of feeling !

It is not that this twilight hour
Blends softly with their melting one ;
Theirs is a deeper, holier power,
Whose echo's in the heart alone.

There's music in that merry voice—
The voice of peasants, wild and high,
That bids the listener's soul rejoice,
And share in all their revelry.

It is not that those sounds proclaim
Some boastful conqueror's vain parade ;
They swell not now the pomp of fame,
They hail no gorgeous cavalcade.

But oh ! they bear a mightier charm
Than shouts of triumph can express !
They spring from hearts with feeling warm,
Each voice a voice of happiness.

There's an o'erflowing tide of gladness,
To night, in all we hear or see ;
A moment's passing dream of madness—
The heart's delirious jubilee.

Who recks amid a life like this,
Of future grief, or toil, or pain ?
To-morrow shall dissolve the bliss,
And care and reason wake again.

And may it be that yonder chime,
Which spoke to-day of hearts delighted,
May sadly tell, in after time,
That death those hearts has disunited ?

It may be—but away, away !
Forebodings dark, and dreams of sorrow ;
Let mirth and music reign to-day,
And reason's voice be heard to-morrow.

I would not, with most sage advice,
Dispel this momentary fever ;
For, oh ! the world were paradise,
Could such delirium last for ever.
Etonian.

SONNET,

TO AILSA ROCK.

BY JOHN KEATS.

HEARKEN, thou craggy ocean pyramid !
Give answer from thy voice, the sea fowls' screams,
When were thy thunders mantled in huge streams ?
When from the sun was thy broad forehead hid ?
How long is't since the mighty Power bid
Thee heave to airy sleep from fathom dreams ?—
Sleep on the lap of thunder or sun-beams,—
Or when gray clouds are thy cold coverlid !

Thou answerest not, for thou art dead asleep ;
Thy life is but two dread eternities ;
The last in air, the former in the deep,—
First with the whales, last with the eagle skies ;—
Drowned wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep,—
Another cannot bow thy giant size.

TO A GIRL THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

THY smiles, thy talk, thy aimless plays,
So beautiful approve thee,
So winning, light, are all thy ways,
I cannot choose but love thee :
Thy balmy breath upon my brow
Is like the summer air,
As o'er my cheek thou leanest now
To plant a soft kiss there.

Thy steps are dancing toward the bound
Between the child and woman ;
And thoughts and feelings more profound,
And other years are coming ;
And thou shalt be more deeply fair,
More precious to the heart ;
But never can'st thou be again,
That lovely thing thou art !

And youth shall pass, with all the brood
Of fancy-fed affection ;
And care shall come with womanhood,
And 'waken cold reflection ;
Thou'lt learn to toil, and watch, and weep,
O'er pleasures unreturning,
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep
Unto the cares of morning.

Nay, say not so ! nor cloud the sun
Of joyous expectation,
Ordained to bless the little one,
The freshling of creation !
Nor doubt that HE, who now doth feed
Her early lamp with gladness,
Will be her present help in need,
Her comforter in sadness.

Smile on, then, little winsome thing,
All rich in nature's measure ;
Thou hast within thy heart a spring
Of self-renewing pleasure ;
Smile on, fair child, and take thy fill
Of mirth, till time shall end it ;
'Tis Nature's wise and gentle will,
And who shall reprehend it ?
Knight's Quarterly Magazine.

W.

LOVE.

BY R. SOUTHEY, ESQ.

THEY sin who tell us love can die ;—
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;—
Earthly these passions as of earth,
They perish when they have their birth ;
But love is indestructible,—
Its holy flame for ever burneth,—
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth ;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest ;
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in heaven its perfect rest ;
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of Love is there.
Oh when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of wo, the anxious night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight !

TO A SISTER.

BY W. READ, ESQ.

THE soft gale of summer, though past,
Will breathe of the rose it loved last ;
Thus divided by land and by sea,
My soul whispers fondly of thee.

And to me thou art now as a star,
In the blue depths of heaven afar ;
On which, from the gloom of my lot,
I can gaze till my griefs are forgot.

And my spirit full oft when it turns
From the cold hearted crowd which it spurns,
Confesses with pain, yet with pride,
It hath found *but One* like thee beside.

I may err—and have erred,—for a mind
That finds not repose—nor can find—
All helmless and havenless tost,
Like a wreck on the ocean—is lost.

But oh ! when most wild or most weak,
Let me think of the tear on thy cheek,—
And, as one from a serpent would start,
My soul and her madness shall part.

I once sighed for the wreath that is wove
Round the brow of the blest in their love ;
And I burned for the raptures that steal
Through those hearts which are felt for, and feel ;

I once hoped the proud laurel should bloom,
Ever green on my temple, or tomb,—
And I thought round this rude harp of mine,
An amaranth leaf might entwine.

Alas! they were dreams that pass on,
Like a cloud o'er the moon, and are gone!
For the stone that may tell of my name,
Shall speak not of fortune or fame.

Yet, dear one, though hopeless I be,
Divided and distant from Thee,
My lot shall not make me repine,
Whilst thy fondness and friendship are mine.

Farewell! with thy purity blest,
Be still my own star in the west!
For thy beam has a passionate spell,
Which binds me to earth—Fare-thee-well!

Literary Gazette.

TO LOUISA.

If memory ever should whisper the name
Of one who hath loved thee not wisely, but well,
And dwelt on thy charms with that passionate flame,
Which none but the soul of a poet can tell—

Remember his heart was not tempered like those
Who have never awoke to the exquisite touch,
Which passion imparts to the bosom that glows,
Till its error in love is in loving too much.

Remember, if fondness seduced him too far,
The language that broke from thine eloquent eye;—
For who could be blind to so brilliant a star,
If it beamed but on him, though a thousand were by?

And remember, whilst others are bound by its spell,
With what ills and what anguish his spirit must cope,
Who breathes thee this wild and eternal farewell:—
They hope while they love, but he loves without hope!

Literary Gazette.

THE PAINTER.

I know not which is the most fatal gift,
Genius or Love, for both alike are ruled
By stars of bright aspect and evil influence.

HE was a lonely and neglected child ;—
His cheek was colourless, save when the flush
Of strong emotion mastered its still whiteness ;
His dark eyes seemed all heaviness and gloom,—
So rarely were they raised. His mother's love
Was for her other children ;—they were fair,
And had health's morning hues and sunny looks.
She had not seen him, when he watched the sun
Setting at eve, like an idolater,
Until his cheek grew crimson in the light
Of the so radiant heavens, and his eyes
Were eloquently beautiful, all filled
With earth's most glorious feelings. And his father,
A warrior and a hunter, one whose grasp
Was ever on the bridle or the brand,
Had no pride in a boy whose joy it was
To sit for hours by a lone fountain's side,
Listening its low and melancholy song ;
Or wander through the gardens silently,
As if with leaves and flowers alone he held
Aught of companionship. In his first years
They sent him to a convent, for they said,
Its solitude would suit with Guino's mood :
And there he dwelt, treasuring those rich thoughts
That are the food on which young genius lives.
He rose to watch the sunlight over Rome
Break from its purple shadows, making glad
Even that desolate city, whose dim towers,
Ruins and palaces, seem as they looked
Back on departed time ; then in the gloom
Of his own convent's silent burying ground,
Where, o'er the quiet dead, the cypress mourned,
He passed the noon, dreaming those dear day-dreams,

Not so much hopes as fancies ; then at eve,
When, through the painted windows, the red sun
Rainbowed the marble floor with radiant hues,
Where spread the ancient church's stately arch,
He stayed, till the deep music of the hymn,
Chaunted to the rich organ's rolling notes,
Bade farewell to the day ; then to his cell
He went, and through the casement's iron bars
The moon looked on him, beautiful as love,
Lighting his slumber. On the church's wall
There hung one lovely portrait, and for hours
Would GUIDO, in the fulness of his heart,
Kneel, watching, till he wept. The subject was
A dying Magdalene : her long black hair
Spread round her like a shroud, one pale thin hand
Pillowed a cheek as thin and pale, and scarce
The blue light of the eyes was visible,
For the death dampness on the darkened lids,
As one more effort to look on the cross,
Which seemed just falling from the fainting arm,
And they would close for ever. In that look,
There was a painter's immortality !
And GUIDO felt it deeply,—for a gift
Like his whose work that was, was given him,—
A gift of beauty and of power,—and soon
He lived but in the beautiful creations
His pencil called to life. But as his thoughts
Took wider range, he languished to behold
More of a world he thought must be so fair,
So filled with glorious shapes. It chanced that he
Whose hand had traced that pale sad loveliness,
Came to the convent ; with rejoicing wonder,
He marked how like an unknown mine, whose gold
Gathers in silence, had young GUIDO's mind
Increased in lonely richness ; every day
New veins of splendid thoughts sprang into life.
And GUIDO left his convent cell with one,
Who, like a Génie, bore him into scenes
Of marvel and enchantment. And then first

Did GUIDO feel how very precious praise
Is to young genius,—like sunlight on flowers,
Ripening them into fruit. And time passed on ;—
The lonely and neglected child became
One whom all Rome was proud of, for she gave,
At once, birth to his fame, and to himself.

There was a melancholy beauty shed
Over his pictures, as the element
In which his genius shed was sorrow. Love
He made most lovely, but yet ever sad ;
Passionate partings, such as wring the heart
Till tears are life-blood ; meetings, when the cheek
Has lost all hope of health in the long parting ;
The grave, with one mourning in solitude ;
These made his fame, and were his excellence,—
The painter of deep tears. He had just gained “
The summer of his glory and of his days,
When his remembering art was called to give
A longer memory to one whose life
Was but a thread. Her history may be told
In one word—love. And what has love e’er been
But misery to woman ? Still she wished—
It was a dying fancy which betrayed
How much, though known how false its god had been,
Her soul clung to its old idolatry,—
To send her pictured semblance to the false one.
She hoped—how love will hope !—it might recall
The young and lovely girl his cruelty
Had worn to this dim shadow,—it might wake
Those thousand fond and kind remembrances
Which he had utterly abandoned, while
The true heart he had treasured next his own
A little time, had never ceased to beat
For only him, until it broke. She leant
Beside a casement when first GUIDO looked
Upon her wasted beauty. ’Twas the brow,
The Grecian outline in its perfect grace,
That he had learned to worship in his youth
By gazing on that Magdalene, whose face

Was yet a treasure in his memory ;
But sunken were the temples,—they had lost
Their ivory roundness, yet still clear as day
The veins shone through them, shaded by the braids,
Just simply parted back, of the dark hair,
Where grief's white traces mocked at youth. A flush,
As shame, deep shame, had once burnt on her cheek,
Then lingered there for ever, looked like health
Offering hope, vain hope, to the pale lip,
Like the rich crimson of the evening sky,
Brightest when night is coming. GUIDO took
Just one slight sketch ; next morning she was dead !
Yet still he painted on, until his heart
Grew to the picture :—it became his world,—
He lived but in its beauty, made his heart
Sacred to it alone. No more he gave
To the glad canvass green and summer dreams
Of the Italian valleys ; traced no more
The dark eyes of its lovely daughters, looked
And caught the spirit of fine poetry
From glorious statues :—these were passed away.
Shade after shade, line after line, each day
Gave life to the sweet likeness. GUIDO dwelt
In intense worship on his own creation,
Till his cheek caught the hectic tinge he drew,
And his thin hand grew tremulous. One night—
The portrait was just finished, save a touch,
A touch to give the dark light of the eyes—
He painted till the lamps grew dim, his hand
Scarce conscious what it wrought ; at length his lids
Closed in heavy slumber, and he dreamt
That a fair creature came and kissed his brow,
And bade him follow her : he knew the look,
And rose. Awakening, he found himself
Kneeling before the portrait !—'twas so fair,
He deemed it lived, and pressed his burning lips
To the sweet mouth ; his soul passed in that kiss,—
Young GUIDO died beside his masterpiece !

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

TEN YEARS AGO.

Ten years ago—ten years ago—
Life was to us a fairy scene;
And the keen blasts of worldly woe
Had sere'd not then its pathway green;
Youth and its thousand dreams were ours,—
Feelings we ne'er can know again,—
Unwithered hopes—unwasted powers,
And frames unworn by mortal pain;—
Such was the bright and genial flow
Of life with us—ten years ago!

Time has not blanched a single hair,
That clusters round thy forehead now;
Nor hath the cankering touch of Care
Left even one furrow on thy brow;
Thine eyes are blue as when we met,
In love's deep truth in earlier years;
Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
Though somewhat stained by secret tears;—
But where, oh where's the spirit's glow
That shone through all—ten years ago?

I too am changed—I scarce know why;—
Can feel each flagging pulse decay,
And youth, and health, and visions high
Melt like a wreath of snow away!—
Time cannot sure have wrought the ill!
Though worn in this world's sickening strife,
In soul and form—I linger still
In the first summer month of life;
Yet journey on my path below—
Oh! how unlike—ten years ago!

But look not thus—I would not give
The wreck of hopes that thou must share,
To bid those joyous hours revive,
When all around me seemed so fair!

We've wandered on in sunny weather,
When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,
And hand in hand have kept together,
And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom,
Endeared by ties we could not know
When life was young—ten years ago!

Has fortune frowned? Her frowns were vain!
For hearts like ours she could not chill.
Have friends proved false? Their love might wane!
But ours grew fonder, firmer, still.
Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
Stedfast in calms—in tempests tried—
In concert still our fate we'll brave;
Together cleave life's fitful tide,
Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,
Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago!

Have we not knelt beside his bed,
And watched our first-born blossom die?
Hoped—till the shade of hope had fled,
Then wept till feeling's fount was dry?
Was it not sweet, in that dark hour
To think—mid mutual tears and sighs—
Our bud had left its earthly bower
And burst to bloom in Paradise?
What to the thought that soothed *that* woe
Were heartless joys—ten years ago?

Yes, it *is* sweet, when Heaven is bright,
To share its sunny beams with thee!
But sweeter far, 'mid clouds and blight,
To have thee near to weep with me.
Then dry those tears—though something changed
From what we were in earlier youth.
Time that hath friends and hopes estranged,
Hath left us love in all its truth;—
Sweet feelings we would not forego
For life's best joys—ten years ago!

February 3, 1824.

A. A. W.

LINES

SENT WITH AN HOUR GLASS TO A LADY ON NEW
YEAR'S DAY.

Yes all things fade away
That the soul cherishes and seeks on earth ;—
Fair flowers ! that do but bloom their summer's day,
And are forgot—their being and their birth.

Youth hath its favoured hour,
Of fancies, and high hopes, and dazzling dreams ;
It flies—and with it all the glittering dower
That to young bosoms the securest seems !

And Manhood's hour comes next,
Fevered and filled with the world's active thought ;
Schemes, and ambitions ;—till the spirit vexed,—
Finds that its hour hath fled—and left it nought !

Shortest and last is thine,
Wasted in vain regrets and memories—Age !
For while thy retrospects too brightly shine,
The sand ebbs out—so doth thy pilgrimage !

Thus pleasure hath its hour !
And grief and pain and peril have no more ;
Hatred, and love, but the same transient power,
Time but remains—ruling as heretofore !

On—conqueror of the earth !
And fold not yet thy world-destroying wing !
Still reign—while scattering man's work and worth,
Omnipotent ! o'er each created thing !

Thy end will come, Oh Time !
When thou, a conqueror shalt conquered be ;
Thyself, thy victories, and thy power sublime,
No more remembered—in Eternity !

Leeds Intelligencer.

M. J. J.

THE COVENANTER'S HEATHER-BED.

This poem, suggested by the picture representing the Temptation of St. Anthony, by Teniers, exemplifies the different aspect which the same subject and situation would assume when clothed in the images supplied by Scottish Puritanism.

A STORMY night and dark, had closed a gloomy day,
And couched upon the heath a Covenanter lay ;
His feet were tired and damp, with the clays of many a hill,
And in his sleeping ear the wind was roaring still ;
When the powers of darkness thronged with persevering spite,
To tempt his weary soul 'mid the visions of the night.

And first a black one came, and said, with scornful eye,
'Come, Jonathan, get up, and your merits let us try ;
If you be strong in faith, here take me by the hand,
Pull up while I draw down,—we'll see who best can stand ;—
When flames break out beneath us, and yawning earth is riven,
'Twill then be brought to proof what hold you have on heaven.

'You boldly walk by day, while sunshine warms the ground ;
The breeze cheers up your heart, and the wild bee hums around,
But when our dark hour comes, your songs and vaunts decrease,
And, trusting to your works, you fain would sleep in peace ;—
But if in works you trust, I have witnesses behind,
Who can speak of former deeds, and recall them to your mind.'

And then straightway the fiend for another fiend made room,
Who carried in his hand a sprig of yellow broom,
And said, 'This broom was cut in that glen of gowans fine,
Where you were wont in youth to drive a herd of kine ;
For its crystal brook you deemed that glen beyond compare,
But more for a blue-eyed girl, who also herded there.

'When with her you would sit, one plaid encircled both,
You called yourself her true love—to her you pledged your troth ;
But when you grew a man, and was master of some sheep,
And saw some farmers' daughters, you left her there to weep ;

Among the lonely knolls her heart sobbed out its pain,
And 'twas said her silken snood ne'er tied so well again.'

The one who next appeared, a tattered bible bore,
And said, 'when first in youth you left your mother's door,
With swimming eyes she came, this book she bade you take,
And keep it as her gift, and read it for her sake ;
But scarce two days were past, ere at a drunken fair
You lost it in the streets, to be soiled and trampled there.'

The next who came to taunt, a piece of money showed,
And said, 'When paying last a neighbour what you owed,
He was an aged man, and somewhat thick of sight,
And you therefore slid this coin among others that were bright ;
But the edge was partly worn, and the brass that glared behind
Disgraced its silver coat, like a secret sinner's mind.'

Tormented thus and stung by many a bitter word,
'The last,' he cries, 'is false !' and starts and grasps his sword.
Around on every side, his furious strokes he plies,
Among their fitting shapes, among their glaring eyes ;
But laughing at his rage, on sooty wings they fled,
And a new rattling shower assailed his heather-bed.
Blackwood's Magazine.

LOVE.

NAY, pray thee, let me weep, for tears
Are Love's most fitting offerings ;
I'll weep his smiles, I'll weep his sighs,
But, more than all, I'll weep his wings.

I'll weep his smiles, for first they taught
My young heart what his sighs could be ;
I'll weep his wings, for they have borne
Away the truth you plighted me.

Literary Gazette.

STANZAS

WRITTEN BY THE SEA SIDE.

ONE evening as the sun went down,
Gilding the mountains bare and brown,
I wandered on the shore ;
And such a blaze o'er ocean spread,
And beauty on the meek earth shed,
I never saw before !

I was not lonely ;—dwellings fair
Were scattered 'round and shining there ;—
Gay groups were on the green
Of children, wild with reckless glee,
And parents that could child-like be
With them and in that scene.

And, on the sea that looked of gold,
Each toy-like skiff and vessel bold
Glided, and yet seemed still ;
While sounds rose in the quiet air,
That mingling made sweet music there,
Surpassing Minstrel's skill !—

The breezy murmur from the shore,—
Joy's laugh re-echoed o'er and o'er
Alike by sire and child,—
The whistle shrill,—the broken song,
The far off flute-notes lingering long,—
The lark's strain rich and wild.

I looked, I listened,—and the spell
Of Music and of Beauty fell
So radiant on my heart,
That scarcely durst I really deem
What yet I would not own a dream,
Lest dream-like, it depart.

'Twas sunset in the world around ;—
 And, looking inwards, so I found
 'Twas sun-set in the soul ;
 Nor grief, nor mirth, were burning there,
 But musings sweet and visions fair,
 In placid beauty stole.

But moods like these, the human mind,
 Though seeking oft, may seldom find,
 Or, finding, force to stay ;—
 As dews upon the drooping flower,
 That having shone their little hour,
 Dry up—or fall away.

But though all pleasures take their flight,
 Yet some will leave memorials bright
 For many an after year ;
 This sunset, that dull night will shade,—
 These visions, which must quickly fade,
 Will half-immortal memory braid
 For me, when far from here !

Literary Gazette.

M. J. J.

IMPROMPTU

TO LADY HOLLAND ON NAPOLEON'S LEGACY OF A
 SNUFF BOX.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

GIFT of the Hero, on his dying day,
 To her, whose pity watched, forever nigh ;
 Oh ! could he see the proud, the happy ray,
 This relic lights up on her generous eye,
 Sighing, he'd feel how easy 'tis to pay
 A friendship all his kingdoms could not buy.

THE DYING POET'S FAREWELL.

*Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in locâ?*

O THOU wondrous arch of azure,
Sun, and starry plains immense!
Glories that astound the gazer
By their dread magnificence!—
O thou ocean, whose commotion
Awe the proudest to devotion,
Must I—must I from ye fly,
Bid ye all adieu—and die!—

O ye keen and gusty mountains,
On whose tops I braved the sky!
O ye music-pouring fountains,
On whose marge I loved to lie!
O ye posies,—lilies, roses,
All the charms that earth discloses,
Must I—must I from ye fly,
Bid ye all adieu—and die!

O ye birds, whose matin chorus
Taught me to rejoice and bless!
And ye beasts, whose voice sonorous
Swelled the hymn of thankfulness;
Learned leisure, and the pleasure,
Of the muse, my dearest treasure,
Must I—must I from ye fly,
Bid ye all adieu—and die!

O domestic ties endearing,
Which still chain my soul to earth!
O ye friends, whose converse cheering
Winged the hours with social mirth!
Songs of gladness, chasing sadness,
Wine's delight without its madness,
Must I—must I from ye fly,
Bid ye all adieu—and die!

Yes!—I now fulfil the fiction
 Of the swan that sings in death :—
 Earth, receive my benediction !
 Air, inhale my parting breath !
 Hills and valleys, forest alleys,
 Prompters of my muse's sallies ;
 Fields of green, and skies of blue,
 Take, oh take my last adieu !

Yet, perhaps, when all is ended,
 And the grave dissolves my frame,
 The elements from which 'twas blended
 May their several parts reclaim ;
 Waters flowing, breezes blowing,
 Earth, and all upon it growing,
 Still may have my altered essence
 Ever floating in their presence.

While my disembodied spirit
 May to fields Elysian soar,
 And some lowest seat inherit
 Near the mighty bards of yore ;
 Never, never to dis sever,
 But to dwell in bliss forever,
 Tuning an enthusiast lyre
 To that high and laurelled quire.

London Magazine.

H.

IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM.

I MOURN not those who have already left
 Life—the sweet light of life—and life's pure breath :—
 But, oh, I mourn their state, of Hope bereft,
 Who, living, pine in hourly dread of death,
 And dying live ;—and supplicate the gift
 Of added years to deck their wintry wreath
 Of hoary honours ;—and when years are given,
 Then pray for more—to make their peace with heaven !

THE DEAD BIRD.

A SKETCH.

'Tis her first grief!—The bird is dead.
How many a mournful word was said!
How many a tear was o'er it shed!

The anguish of the shock is past,
But Memory's thoughts those eyes o'er cast;
As, like the violet gemmed with dew,
Glitters through tears their lovely blue.

'Tis her first grief!—Motionless there
Is stretched the fondling of her care;
No longer may she hear his voice,
No longer in his sports rejoice;
And scarcely dare she lift her eyes,
To where her lifeless treasure lies.
But yesterday who could foresee
That such a change as this might be,
That she should call and he not hear,—
That bird who knew and loved her dear;
Who, when her finger touched his cage,
'Gainst it a mimic war would wage;
Who pecked the sweetmeat from her hand,
And on her ringlets took his stand!
As all these recollections rise,
Again does sorrow drown the eyes,
The little bosom swell with sighs:—
'Another bird!—No, never, never!
Empty shall be that cage for ever.'

'Tis her first grief!—And it will fade
Or ere the next sun sinks in shade.
Ah! happy age, when smile and tear
Alternate in the eyes appear;
When sleep can every care remove,
And morn's light wake to hope and love.

But Childhood flies like spring-time's hour,
 And deepening shadows o'er youth lour !
 Even thou, fair girl, must one day know
 Of life the painfulness and wo,
 The sadness that sleep cannot cure,
 Grievs that through nights and days endure ;
 Those natural pangs to mortals given, [heaven.
 To wean us from this earth, and lead our thoughts to
Literary Gazette. ISABEL.

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN THE WOODS OF BOLTON ABBEY.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

THERE is no lovelier scene in all the land !—
 Around me far a green enchantment lies,
 Fed by the weeping of these April skies.
 And touched by Fancy's great 'all charming wand,'
 Almost I expect to see a lightsome band
 Come stealing through the hazel boughs, and cross
 My path—or half asleep upon the moss,
 Some Satyr with stretched arm, and clenched hand.
 It is a place of beauty !—Here, half hid
 By yellowing ash and drooping aspens, run
 The river waters—as to meet the sun ;
 And in the distance, boiling in its might,
 The fatal fall is seen—the thundering *Strid* ;—
 And over all the morning blue and bright.
London Magazine.

THE LAST MAN.

BY T. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality !
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time !
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,—
The Earth with age was wan,—
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ;
In plague and famine some ;
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
And ships were drifting with the dead,
To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by ;
Saying,—we're twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;

And arts that made fire, flood and earth,
The vassals of his will ;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day !
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
In piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain, anew to writhe ;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire ;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost !

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,

Who captive led captivity,
 Who robbed the grave of Victory,
 And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
 On Nature's awful waste,
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste—
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
 On Earth's sepulchral clod;
 The darkening universe defy
 To quench his Immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God!

New Monthly Magazine.

THE GENIUS OF SPAIN.

BY LORD HOLLAND.

Paz con Inglaterra, con todo el mundo Guerra.

ON that steep ridge beyond Bayonna's bold,
 Methought a giant figure did appear,
 Sunburnt and rough!—He on his limbs did wear
 Bright steel and raiment fairer than of old,
 But yet uncouth in speech—'I nothing fear
 Yon braggart threats,' quoth he in accents bold,
 'Let recreant France her fine-spun plots unfold,
 And come with train barbarian in her rear,
 Croat or Muscovite!—My native pride
 Withered such hosts, when mightier captains led:
 Cæsar, Napoleon, ill with me have sped!
 And shall I crouch now Freedom is my bride!
 No!—the young offspring of that heavenly bed,—
 Stand England firm,—shall 'gainst the World make head.'

Morning Chronicle.

A FAREWELL.

BY ISMAEL FITZADAM.

FARE thee well, land of my birth,
That spot the most sacred on earth !—
At last I have broken the spell
That bound my heart to thee,—farewell !

Away idle sorrows, that wet
My cheek with unbidden regret !—
I leave no fond sympathy here
That asks, at my parting, one tear.

With a love that scarce death could remove,
Have I clung to thee, land of my love !
Yet found but such fostering and rest
As the babe at its dead mother's breast.

Lift the sail.—The lone spirit that braves
The loud going forth of the waves
Wherever they cast him, will find
A country, and bosoms, more kind.

Lift the sail—all remembrances sleep
In the rush and the roar of the deep,
As its tide blots the lines, which the hand
Of childhood had etched on the sand.

Denied to my chance-kindled fire
The wreath that belongs to the lyre,
Yet my good sword the battle shall join,
And chivalry's garland be mine.

Or victory, torn from the brow
Of the Paynim, shall hallow my vow,—
Or fallen in the strife of the brave,
Young Glory shall beam on my grave !

Fare thee well, land of my birth,
 The one spot most sacred of earth!—
 At last I have burst through the spell
 That bound my heart to thee!—Farewell!
Literary Gazette.

LINES, .

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS IN AMPHILL PARK.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

Out upon time.—LORD BYRON.

BRIGHTLY the moon-beams slept amid
 Chambers 'mid rifled ruin hid;
 For the alder rankled at the door,
 And thistles grew on the chill damp floor;
 And proudly the flourishing ivy wound
 Pillar and column and roof around!
 The vacant and desolate windows now
 Waving grass and herbage flout;
 And from the night raven's sheltering bough,
 At times the howling fox looks out;
 And each massy court and tower sublime,
 Is eat by the silent tusk of TIME!
 O, how unlike their years of prime,
 By chieftains visited!—OUT UPON TIME!
 RUIN, and ravin, and wild decay,
 Herald him on his blighting way!
 Where points his finger,—lours the storm;
 Where his eye fixes—feeds the worm;
 Where treads his step,—there glory lies;
 Where breathes his breath,—there beauty dies.
 He breaks the oppressor's iron rod;
 Crumbles the robes of the Priest of God;
 On the palace of kings and the peasant's cot,
 He turns his visage and they—*are not*!
 Even lofty song and the magic of rhyme
 Yield at length to his power!—OUT—OUT UPON TIME!
Leeds Intelligencer.

THE HAPPY ISLE.

THERE was a light upon the stream,
Just one pale and silent beam
From the moon's departing car,
From the setting morning star,
Like Hope asking, timidly,
Whether it must live or die ;
But that twilight pause is past !—
Crimson hues are colouring fast,
All the eastern clouds that fly,
Banners spread triumphantly.
The moon is but a speck of white,
The sun has looked away her light ;
Farewell Night, thy shadowy gleams,
Dewy flowers, gentle dreams !
Be thy starry pinions furled,—
Day has blushed upon the world.
Never day-beam hath shone o'er
Lovelier or wilder shore !

THE MICHELMAS DAISY.

LAST smile of the departing year,
Thy sister sweets are flown !
Thy pensive wreath is far more dear
From blooming thus alone !

Thy tender blush, thy simple frame,
Unnoticed might have passed ;
But now thou com'st, with softer claim,
The loveliest and the last.

Sweet are the charms in thee we find,—
Emblem of Hope's gay wing ;
'Tis thine to call past bloom to mind,
To promise future spring.

Literary Gazette.

L.

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 The one spot most sacred of earth!—
 At last I have burst through the spell
 That bound my heart to thee!—Farewell!
Literary Gazette.

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 For the alder rankled at the door,
 And thistles grew on the chill damp floor;
 And proudly the flourishing ivy wound
 Pillar and column and roof around!
 The vacant and desolate windows now
 Waving grass and herbage float—
 And gaze on the fair-bosomed daughters of earth,
 'Tis to turn to thy beauties—of beauty the Queen!
 And if from man's dwelling to Nature I flee,
 Glen—mountain—and ocean—seem breathing of thee.

When a soft soothing glance from the eye of affection
 Breaks my midnight of gloom with its halo divine,
 How surpassingly sweet is the bright recollection
 Of the passionate love ever beaming from thine!—
 'Twill beam on me no more!—Yet though death has bereft me
 Of a form such as Seraphs from heaven might adore,—
 In this image—thy features of beauty are left me,
 And the lines of thy soul in my heart's core of core!
 Then reproach me not, sweet one! for time shall not see
 The hour that estranges one deep thought of thee.
Literary Gazette.

A. A. W.

THE HAPPY ISLE.

THERE was a light upon the stream,
Just one pale and silent beam
From the moon's departing car,
From the setting morning star,
Like Hope asking, timidly,
Whether it must live or die ;
But that twilight pause is past !—
Crimson hues are colouring fast,
All the eastern clouds that fly,
Banners spread triumphantly.
The moon is but a speck of white,
The sun has looked away her light ;
Farewell Night, thy shadowy gleams,
Dewy flowers, gentle dreams !
Be thy starry pinions furled,—
Day has blushed upon the world.
Never day-beam hath shone o'er
Lovelier or wilder shore !
Half was land, and half was sea,
Where the eye could only see
The blue sky for boundary.
From the green woods sounds are ringing,
For the wakened birds are singing
To the blossoms where they slept,
Thanks for the sweet watch they kept.
Here stand tall and stately trees ;
Others, that the slightest breeze
Bows to earth, and from their bloom
Shakes and rifles the perfume :
Like woman, feeble but to bless,
Sweetest in weak loveliness !
Music is upon the air,—
Azure wings are waving there ;
Music is on yonder hill,
A low song from its bright rill,
Where the water lilies float,
And the Indian Cupid's boat,

The red Lotus ; while above
Hang the Grecian flowers of love,
Roses—leading soft and bright,
Lives, half perfume and half light ;
In their leaves the honey bee
Lulled to sleep, voluptuously.
There are shades, which the red sun
Never yet has looked upon ;
Where the moon has but the power
Of a cool and twilight hour.
By the sea are sparry caves,
Where the music of the waves
Never ceases, and the walls
Are hung with the coronals
Left by Sea-maids, when they wring
Pearls, which in their wet hair cling.
'Tis a land of fruit and flowers,
Silver waters, sunny hours ;
Human foot has never prest
Its so sweet and silent rest.
But a bark is on the sea,
And those in that bark will be
Soon upon the island shore,
And its loneliness is o'er !
Oh, if any dare intrude
On the lovely solitude !
If there be that need not fear
Breaking the sweet quiet here !
If there should be those, for whom
Leaves expand and flowers bloom,
Birds breathe song,—oh, if there be,
Surely, Love, it is for thee !
Lover's step would softly press
Flowers with its light caress ;
Lover's words would have atone
With each song in unison !
Lover's smiles would be as fair
As the sunniest day-beam there ;

And no roses would be sweet
As the sighs when lovers meet.
The slight bark came o'er the sea,
Two leant in it mournfully :—
One who left her convent cell
With the youth she loved so well ;
One who left his native land
For the sake of that dear hand.
Shine and storm they had sailed through—
What is there love dare not do ?
Her arm round his neck was thrown,
His was round her like a zone,
Guarding with such anxious fear
All it had in love most dear.
Pale her cheek, and the sea spray
Dashed upon it, as she lay
Pillowed on her lover's arm ;
But her lip still kept the charm
(Fondly raised to his the while)
Of its own peculiar smile,
As with him she had no fear
Of the rushing waters near ;
And the youth's dark flashing eye
Answered her's, so tenderly,
So wildly, warmly, passionate,
As she only were his fate.
But Hope rises from her grave,
There is a land upon the wave :
What are toils or perils past
Reached is the bright isle at last,
Free from care or earthly thrall,
For Love's own sweet festival !

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

THE FALLING LEAF.

A REVERIE AT MATLOCK, IN DERBYSHIRE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

WERE I a trembling leaf
On yonder stately tree,
After a season gay and brief,
Condemned to fade and flee,—

I should be loth to fall
Beside the common way,
Weltering in mire, and spurned by all,
Till trodden down to clay.

I would not choose to die
All on a bed of grass,
Where thousands of my kindred lie,
And idly rot in mass.

Nor would I like to spread
My thin and withered face,
In *hortus siccus*, pale and dead,
A mummy of my race.

No,—on the wings of air
Might I be left to fly,
I know not, and I heed not where,
A waif of earth and sky!

Or, cast upon the stream,
Curled like a fairy-boat,
As through the changes of a dream,
To the world's end I'd float.

Who, that hath ever been,
Could bear to be no more?
Yet who would tread again the scene
He trod through life before!

On, with intense desire,
Man's spirit will move on ;
It seems to die, yet like heaven's fire
It is not quenched, but gone.
London Magazine.

SONG.

BY JOSIAH CONDER, ESQ.

'Twas not when early flowers were springing,
When skies were sheen,
And wheat was green,
And birds of love were singing,
That first I loved thee, or that thou
Didst first the tender claim allow.

For when the silent woods had faded
From green to yellow,—
When fields were fallow,
And the changed skies o'ershaded,—
My love might then have shared decay,
Or passed with summer songs away.

'Twas winter,—cares and clouds were 'round me,
Instead of flowers
And sunny hours,
When Love unguarded found me :—
'Mid wintry scenes my passion grew,
And wintry cares have proved it true.

Dear are the hours of summer weather,
When all is bright,
And hearts are light,
And Love and Nature joy together ;—
But stars from night their lustre borrow,—
And hearts are closer twined by sorrow.
London Magazine.

TO LADY HOLLAND,

ON THE SNUFF-BOX BEQUEATHED TO HER BY BONAPARTE.

BY THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

LADY, reject the gift! 'tis tinged with gore!
Those crimson spots a dreadful tale relate:
It has been grasped by an infernal Power;
And by that hand which sealed young Enghien's fate.

Lady, reject the gift; beneath its lid
Discord and Slaughter, and relentless War,
With every plague to wretched man lie hid—
Let not these loose to range the world afar.

Say, what congenial to his heart of stone,
In thy soft bosom could the Tyrant trace?
When does the dove the eagle's friendship own,
Or the wolf hold the lamb in pure embrace?

Think of that pile,* to Addison so dear,
Where Sully feasted, and where Rogers' song
Still adds sweet music to the perfumed air,
And gently leads each Grace and Muse along.

Pollute not, then, these scenes—the gift destroy:
'Twill scare the Dryads from that lovely shade;
With them will fly all rural peace and joy,
And screaming fiends their verdant haunts invade.

That mystic Box hath magic power to raise
Spectres of myriads slain, a ghastly band;
They'll vex thy slumbers, cloud thy sunny days,
Starting from Moscow's snows or Egypt's sand.

* Holland House.

And ye who, bound in Verdun's treacherous chains,
Slow pined to death beneath a base control,
Say, shall not all abhor, where Freedom reigns,
That petty vengeance of a little soul?

The warning Muse no idle trifler deem:
Plunge the cursed mischief in wide Ocean's flood;
Or give it to our own majestic stream—
The only stream he could not dye with blood.

SONNET,

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET KEATS.

And art thou dead? Thou very sweetest bird
That ever made a moonlight forest ring!
Its wild unearthly music mellowing!
Shall thy rich notes no more, no more be heard?
Never! Thy beautiful romantic themes,
That made it mental heaven to hear thee sing,
Lapping the enchanted soul in golden dreams,
Are mute! Ah! vainly did Italia fling
Her healing ray around thee—blossoming
With blushing flowers, long wedded to thy verse!
Those flowers, those sunbeams, but adorn thy hearse;
And the warm gales, that faintly rise and fall,
In music's clime—themselves so musical, [ball.
Shall chaunt the minstrel's dirge far from his father's

A FAREWELL.

O, FARE thee well ! the bitter hour is past,
And the dread conflict of my fate is o'er ;
Of thy loved voice mine ear hath heard its last,
And thy bright form I now may see no more.

Yet wilt thou sigh for days for ever gone,
When hope was young, and mutual faith secure ;
And thy pale cheek that inward smart shall own,
Which thy false bosom must, perforce, endure.

The frown of friends estranged,—Hate's pointed sneer,—
Untempted Virtue's pharisaic scorn,—
All that an erring heart could feel or fear,
Hath mine almost without a murmur borne.

For thou wert all my lonely hope and pride,—
My polar star when sorrow darkly frowned !—
On thy loved breast life's darkest ills defied,
I nestled safe from storms that raged around.

The lonely shepherd, by his native stream,
Sees a young wave along its surface gliding,—
Now sparkling in the summer's genial beam,
And now amid the shady willows hiding ;—

Till sudden down the cataract's headlong steep,
Hurled 'mid the mass of waters' deafening roar,
It bounds to the vast chasm, gloomy and deep,
Sparkles, to spray,—shines—and is seen no more !

I am that wave,—and thus it fares with me !
Ruined and lost, what more have I to tell !
What but to offer from my heart to thee,
Its warmest prayer, in one wild word,—FAREWELL !

PALMYRA.

SAD city of the silent place !
Queen of the dreary wilderness,
No voice of life, no passing sound
Disturbs thy dreadful calm around ;
Save the wild desert-dweller's roar,
Which tells the reign of man is o'er,
Or winds that through thy portals sigh
Upon their night course fitting by !

The eternal ruins frowning stand,
Like giant spectres of the land ;
Or o'er the dead like mourners hang,
Bent down by speechless sorrow's pang ;
Where time and space, and loneliness,
All, o'er the saddened spirit press,
Around in leaden slumbers lie
The dread wastes of infinity,
Where not a gentle hill doth swell,
Where not a hermit shrub doth dwell ;
And where the song of wandering flood
Ne'er voiced the fearful solitude.

How sweetly sad our pensive tears
Flow o'er each broken arch that rears
Its gray head through the mists of years !
And where are now the dreams of Fame,
The promise of a deathless name ?
Alas ! the deep delusion's gone !
And all, except the mouldering stone,
The wreath that decked the victor's hair,
Hath, like his glory, withered there.
And Time's immortal garlands twine
O'er desolation's mournful shrine,
Like youth's embrace around decline.

O'er Beauty's dark and desert bed
Ages of dreamless sleep have fled,

And in the domes where once she smiled,
 The whispering weeds are waving wild;
 The prince's court is the jackall's lair,
 He peeps through Time's cold windows there;
 Broken the harp, and all unstrung,
 Perished the strains the minstrel sung,
 The moss of ages is their pall,
 And dull oblivion hides them all!

Yet there, though now no mortal eye
 Looks forth upon the earth and sky,
 The evening star steals out as mild,
 Above the lone and mighty wild,
 As when young lovers hailed its light,
 Far in the dark-blue fields of night;
 And dew as brightly gem the ground,
 As when a garden smiled around.

Go read thy fate, thou thing of clay,
 In wrecks of ages rolled away;
 Read it in this dread book of doom,
 A city crumbled to a tomb!
 Where the lorn remnants of the past
 Shed deeper sadness o'er the waste,
 Where Melancholy breathes her spell,
 And chroniclers of ruin dwell.

Constable's Edinburgh Magazine.

L.

IMPROMPTU

ON THE BLINDNESS OF MILTON.

WHEN Milton's eye ethereal lights first drew,
 Earth's gross and cumberous objects checked his view ;—
 Quick, to remove these barriers from his mind,
 Nature threw wide the expanse and struck him blind.
 To him a nobler vision then was given !—
 He closed his eyes on earth, to look on heaven !

Brighton Gazette.

G. P. B.

DREAMS.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Oh, man ! before thy feverish brain
What thousand visions rise !
Like colours on the evening main,
Each loveliest, till it dies.
First bends the burning heart of youth
Before some heart untried ;
Deems like its own, a stranger's truth,
And scorns the world beside !
Then life is one enchanted dream !
The hours too swift roll on ;
The heart is on the fatal stream,
We haste to be undone ;
Pray but for life our faith to prove,
And call the early folly—Love !

But soon life's dangerous morn is past,
And well for us 'tis so—
And well if o'er its sun be cast
No cloud of lasting woe.
Then tears must fall, as sad as vain,
The homage to our pride ;
Yet, broken once the worthless chain,
That bond no more is tied.
We wake,—the light is round us shed,—
The prized are prized no more ;
The passion of the hour has fled,—
The fondness, frenzy, o'er ;
In wisdom we our idol fly,
And this is called—Inconstancy !

Then worldly dreams the spirits sway,
And still the waking's pain ;
And hopeless still we turn away,
And hopeless turn again :

And faster, as the phantoms fly,
Pursues their willing slave ;
And while their lustre fills the eye,
O'erlooks the opening grave.
But years will stoop the brow at last,—
The wintry hour will come ;
Then, remnant, ruin of the past,
And trembling o'er her tomb,
To heaven,—a last resource—we fly,
And dare to call it—Piety !

The Graces.

HELEN.

THE CHARM.

FROM THE SPANISH.

WIND the shell, bind the spell ;—
What is in it ? Fond farewell !
Wreathed with drops from azure eyes,
Twilight vows and midnight sighs.

Bind it on the maiden's soul !
Suns may set, and years may roll ;
Yet, beneath the tender twine
All the spirit shall be thine.

Oceans may between you sweep,
But the spell's as strong and deep !
Anguish, distance, time are vain—
Death alone can loose the chain.

Literary Gazette.

STANZAS.

I KNEW not that the world contained
 A form so lovely as thine own ;
 Nor deemed that where such beauty reigned
 Humility would fix her throne ;
 For I had marked, where eyes were bright,
 Too well their owners knew their power,
 And armed them with that dazzling light
 The sun emits at noontide's hour ;—
 Too proud to veil a single ray,
 Or one effulgent glance surrender,
 And glittering with the blaze of day,
 And scorning twilight's softer splendour.

I knew not, where the form displayed
 Such symmetry and grace as thine,
 That intellect would lend its aid,
 And sentiment there raise her shrine ;
 For I had marked where form and face
 Had beauty's varied charms combined,
 There oft was wanting feeling's trace—
 The beam of soul—the ray of mind !
 And vain has been each studied art,
 And futile every cold endeavour !—
 The light that comes not from the heart
 A moment shines—then fades forever.

But I, at last, have turned from those
 Whom once I knew, to gaze on thee,—
 On thee, whose cheek's divinest glows
 Reveal thy bosom's purity !
 The summer sky is calm—serene—
 The summer-ocean mildly fair,
 As if some bright—some heavenly scene
 In beauty were reflected there ;—
 And thus when on thy brow I gaze,
 And view the lights around it gleaming,
 They seem to be the living rays
 From heart, and soul, and spirit beaming.

London Magazine. V. D.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

'Twas eve. The lengthening shadows of the oak
And weeping birch, swept far adown the vale;
And nought upon the hush and stillness broke,
Save the light whispering of the spring-tide gale,
At distance dying; and the measured stroke
Of woodmen at their toil; the feeble wail
Of some lone stock-dove, soothing as it sank
On the lulled ear its melody that drank.

The sun had set; but his expiring beams
Yet lingered in the west, and shed around
Beauty and softness o'er the woods and streams,
With coming night's first tinge of shade embrowned.
The light clouds mingled, brightened with such gleams
Of glory, as the seraph-shapes surround,
That in the visions of the good descend,
And o'er their couch of sorrow seem to bend.

There are emotions in that grateful hour
Of twilight and serenity, which steal
Upon the heart with more than wonted power,
Making more pure and tender all we feel,—
Softening its very core, as doth the shower
The thirsty glebe of summer.—We reveal
More in such hours of stillness, unto those
We love, than years of passion could disclose.

The heavens look down on us with eyes of love,
And earth itself looks heavenly; the sleep
Of nature is around us, but above
Are beings that eternal vigils keep.
'Tis sweet to dwell on such, and deem they strove
With sorrow once, and fled from crowds to weep
In loneliness, as we perchance have done;
And sigh to win the glory they have won!

'Tis sweet to mark the sky's unruffled blue
 Fast deepening into darkness, as the rays
 Of lingering eve die fleetly, and a few
 Stars of the brightest beam illumine the haze,
 Like woman's eye of loveliness, seen through
 The veil that shadows it in vain ;—we gaze
 In mute and stirless transport, fondly listening,
 As there were music in its very glistening.

'Tis thus in solitude ; but sweeter far
 By those we love, in that all-softening hour,
 To watch with mutual eyes each coming star, [er
 And the faint moon-rays streaming through our bow-
 Of foliage, wreathed and trembling, as the car
 Of night rolls duskier onward, and each flower
 And shrub that droops above us, on the sense
 Seems dropping fragrance more and more intense !

Oh Love ! undying and ethereal Love !
 Thou habitant of heaven strayed to earth !
 Or boon of the Beneficent above
 To worlds, that void of thee, were worlds of dearth !
 Soft as thy Cytherean mother's dove—
 As thine own Psyche bright-eyed from thy birth,
 Poets might feign, or priests of old conceive thee,
 And heathen maids delightedly believe thee !

Not in the leafy haunts and hushed retreats
 Enthusiasts fondly consecrate as thine ;
 Not where, with smile and sparkle, nature greets
 The adoring gaze, alone is reared thy shrine :—
 Lips cling to lips—the full heart fondly beats—
 From Ajut's icy regions to the Line—
 Roam where we may, thy rapt emotions start,
 The bliss to meet !—the agony to part ! J. G. G.

THE NORTHERN STAR.

WRITTEN AT TYNEMOUTH, NORTHUMBERLAND.

'THE Northern Star
Sailed o'er the Bar,
 Bound to the Baltic Sea :
In the morning gray
She stretched away—
 'Twas a weary day to me.

'And many an hour,
In sleet and shower,
 By the light-house rock I stray,
And watch till dark
For the winged bark
 Of him that's far way.

'The Church-yard's bound
I wander round,
 Among the grassy graves ;
But all I hear
Is the North wind drear,
 And all I see, the waves !'

Oh roam not there,
Thou mourner fair,
 Nor pour the fruitless tear !
Thy plaint of wo
Is all too low—
 The dead, they cannot hear.

The Northern Star
Is set afar,
 Set in the raging sea ;
And the billows spread
O'er the sandy bed,
 That holds thy love from thee !

Newcastle Courant.

THE INCOGNITA.

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN
LADY.

UPON her cheek the eye may trace
The lineaments of heavenly grace ;
A tender blush of rosy light,
That wins and then detains the sight.
It is not brilliant ;—no, nor gay ;—
It is not pleasure's dazzling ray ;—
It does not wildly flash and burn,
Like rich wines in a sparry bowl ;
But softly beams and shines, as roll
Sweet waters from a crystal urn.
It makes, albeit he strive, in vain,
The gazer turn to gaze again.
It seems to speak in pensive tone,
Of childhood's happier moments flown ;
Of loss of hopes too dearly prized,
Dreams of delight unrealized,
And all the warring fears that wring
A woman's heart in love's first spring !

On her smooth brow her chestnut hair
Descends, and makes a twilight there !
As softly shadowed and as sweet,
As that when light and darkness meet.
On that pure tablet Grief hath laid
Her hand, but not one furrow made ;
On that unsullied page as yet,
No impress of her seal is set.
From those rich tresses to the view
That dark eye takes a darker hue ;
Full—glassy—brilliant—there the mind
Sits like a Deity enshrined ;
Within its pupil works a spell
Which fills the mind, we know not why,

With scenes on which our thoughts would dwell
 Of vanished hours of—bliss gone by.
 We gaze and grieve, and still we gaze,
 Upon that soul-appealing token ;
 And mourn, that Time can never raise
 One flower like that his touch has broken.
Leeds Intelligencer. B. B. W.

TO A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

CREATURE of air and light !
 Emblem of that which may not fade or die,
 Wilt thou not speed thy flight
 To chase the south-wind through the sunny sky ?
 What lures thee thus to stay
 With Silence and Decay,
 Fixed on the wreck of dull Mortality ?

The thoughts once chambered there,
 Have gathered up their treasures, and are gone !
 Will the dust tell us where
 They that have burst the prison-house are flown ?
 Rise, nursling of the Day,
 If thou wouldst trace their way !—
 Earth has no voice to make the secret known.

Who seeks the vanished bird,
 By the forsaken nest and broken shell ?
 Far thence, he sings unheard,
 Yet free and joyous 'midst the woods to dwell.
 Thou, of the sunshine born,
 Take the bright wings of morn !—
 Thy hope calls heavenward from yon ruined cell.
Literary Gazette.

WHERE IS HE ?

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

‘ Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?’

“AND where is he?” Not by the side
Of her whose wants he loved to tend ;
Not o’er those valleys wandering wide,
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend !
That form beloved he marks no more ;
Those scenes admired no more shall see ;—
Those scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair,—but where is he ?

No, no, the radiance is not dim,
That used to gild his favourite hill ;
The pleasures that were dear to him,
Are dear to life and nature still ;
But, ah ! his home is not as fair,
Neglected must his garden be,
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, where is he ?

His was the pomp, the crowded hall !
But where is now the proud display ?
His—riches, honours, pleasures, all
Desire could frame ;—but where are they ?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seemed proudly strong,—and where is he ?

The church-yard bears an added stone,
The fire-side shows a vacant chair ;
Here sadness dwells, and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there ;
The life has gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been, no more shall be ;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
O where are they, and where is he ?
New European Magazine.

THE WAR OF THE LEAGUE.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !
 And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre !
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land
 of France !

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre.

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land !
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand ;
 And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
 And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood ;
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
 To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King has come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
 Down all our line, a deafening shout, ' God save our Lord the
 King.'

' An if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,—
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
 Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
 And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre.'

Hurrah ! the foes are moving ! Hark to the mingled din,
 Of life, and steed, and trumpet, and drum, and roaring culverin !

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
 Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies now,—upon them with the lance !
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest ;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours ! Mayenne hath turned his
 rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail ;
 And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
 'Remember St. Bartholomew,' was passed from man to man ;
 But out spake gentle Henry, 'No Frenchman is my foe :
 Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.'
 Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
 As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre !

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ! Ho ! matrons of Lucerne !
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
 Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp's monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
 souls !

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright !
 Ho ! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night !
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
 Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are ;
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

Knight's Quarterly Magazine.

T. M.

STANZAS.

BY LORD BYRON.

Oh! had my fate been joined with thine
As once this pledge appeared a token;
These follies had not then been mine,
For then my peace had not been broken.

To thee these early faults I owe,
To thee—the wise and old reproving:—
They know my sins, but do not know
’Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For, once, my soul like thine was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But, now, thy vows no more endure,
Bestowed by thee upon another.

Perhaps, his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet, let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then, fare thee well, deceitful maid,
’Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid;
But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,—
This tiresome round of palling pleasures,—
These varied loves,—these matron fears,—
These thoughtless strains to Passion’s measures.

If thou wert mine, had all been hushed ;
 This cheek, now pale from early riot,
 With Passion's hectic ne'er had flushed,
 But bloomed in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,—
 For Nature seemed to smile before thee ;
 And once my breast abhorred deceit,—
 For then it beat but to adore thee.

But, now, I seek for other joys ;—
 To think, would drive my soul to madness !—
 In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,
 I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet, even in these, a thought will steal,
 In spite of every vain endeavour ;
 And fiends might pity what I feel,
 To know that thou art lost for ever.
Hours of Idleness.

RECONCILEMENT.

ALTHOUGH the tear-drop gliding
 Makes thee lovelier than before,
 Yet weep not at my chiding,—
 I'll never chide thee more.

Let thy lip no longer quiver,
 Let thy bosom's heaving cease,
 Though they lend more bliss than ever
 To the long, long kiss of peace.

Could my lips with scorn deceive thee,
 I might boast our broken tie ;
 But to lose thee, and to leave thee,
 Were to part with peace and die.
New Monthly Magazine.

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

BY MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

How many lift the head, look gay, and smile,
Against their consciences.

WHEN hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close concealed,
We shrink lest looks or words impart,
What must not be revealed.

'Tis hard to smile, when one could weep ;
To speak, when one would silent be ;
To wake, when one should wish to sleep,
And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast,
Who wander in this world of care,
And bend beneath the bitter blast,
To save them from despair.

But Nature waits her guests to greet,
Where disappointment cannot come ;
And Time guides with unerring feet,
The wearied wanderer home.
Constable's Edinburgh Magazine.

COMPARISON.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

MARKED you her cheek of roscate hue !
Marked you her eye of radiant blue !
That eye in liquid circles moving,
That cheek abashed at man's approving,
The one Love's arrows darting round,
The other blushing at the wound ?

A POETICAL SKETCH.

THERE is a feeling in his heart,
A feeling, which it well might spare,
That will not break it and depart,
But ever dwells and rankles there :—
Nor music, mirth, nor rosy wine,—
Friendship, nor woman's smiles divine,
Nor sanctity of prayer,—
Nor aught that holy men may say,
Can scare that ravening fiend away !

A sickness of the soul, the balm
Of Hope can neither soothe nor slake ;—
A serpent that no spell can charm,
With eye eternally awake ;—
A glance of fire, a tongue of flame,
That Time can neither tire nor tame,
Nor music's voice disarm ;—
A living sense of lasting wo,
That poisons every bliss below !

It was not always thus.—He danced
The earlier hours of life away,
And snatched at joy where'er it chanced
To blossom on his lonely way !
Then Hope was young, and bright, and fair,—
He knew nor wo nor wasting care,
But, innocently gay,
Deemed—reckless of the debt it owed—
'T would always flow as then it flowed !

As Childhood ripened into Youth,
Those feelings fled :—he drank the springs
Of Knowledge, and the source of Truth,
(What the sage writes the poet sings)
And read in Nature's varying forms,
Her shifting shades of sun and storms,

Unutterable things,—
And wrought, unweariedly, to cull
All that was wild and wonderful !

But even then, at times, would roll,
Unbidden and profoundly deep,
An awful silence o'er his soul
That hushed all other sense to sleep ;
And then he saw, too near, the springs
And wild realities of things,
And only waked to weep
That man should be cut off from bliss,
And exiled to a world like this !

He loved—I will not say *how* true—
The faithless tongue perchance might lie ;—
He did not love as others do,
Nor cringe, nor flatter, whine nor sigh !
Look on his inmost heart, and trace,
What time may deepen, not efface,
So firmly wrought the die
That did her lovely image bear,
And warm and glowing stamp it there.

His hopes were crushed ;—he strove to hide
The past, by mingling with mankind ;
And left the maid he deified
Idols elsewhere to find.
Now, from Love's sanctuary hurled,
He roves an outcast through the world,
Nor evermore may find—
Wreck of the past—his future stay—
The bonds that have been wrenched away !

He stands as stands a ruined Tower
Which Time in triumph desolates ;
The ivy wreath that scorns his power,
A melancholy gloom creates.

What though it shine in light while yet
 The summer suns—its fibres fret
 The stone it decorates;—
 So, smiles upon his pallid brow
 But wring the ruined heart below!

B. B. W.

SUNSET THOUGHTS.

How beautiful the setting sun reposes o'er the wave!
 Like Virtue, life's drear warfare done, descending to the grave;
 Yet smiling with a brow of love, benignant, pure and kind,
 And blessing, ere she soars above the realms she leaves behind.

The cloudlets, edged with crimson light, veil o'er the blue serene,
 While swift the legions of the night, are shadowing o'er the scene;
 The sea-gull, with a wailing moan, up starting, turns to seek
 Its lonely dwelling-place, upon the promontory's peak.

The heaving sea,—the distant hill,—the waning sky,—the woods—
 With melancholy musing fill the swelling heart that broods
 Upon the light of other days, whose glories now are dull,
 And on the visions Hope could raise, vacant, but beautiful!

Where are the bright illusions vain, that fancy boded forth!
 Sunk to their silent caves again, Auroræ of the North?
 Oh! who would live those visions o'er, all brilliant though they
 seem,

Since Earth is but a desert shore, and Life a weary dream!
Blackwood's Magazine. Δ

THERE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF.

THERE is a tongue in every leaf,—
A voice in every rill ;—
A voice that speaketh every where,
In flood and fire, through earth and air !
A tongue that's never still !

'Tis the Great Spirit, wide diffused
Through every thing we see,
That with our spirits communeth
Of things mysterious—Life and Death,
Time and Eternity !

I see him in the blazing sun,
And in the thunder cloud ;
I hear Him in the mighty roar
That rusheth through the forests hoar,
When winds are piping loud.

I see Him, hear Him, *every where*,
In *all things*—darkness, light,
Silence and sound ; but, most of all,
When slumber's dusky curtains fall,
At the dead hour of night.

I *feel* Him in the silent dew,
By grateful earth betrayed ;
I feel Him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine, and the shade.

And yet (ungrateful that I am !)
I've turned in sullen mood
From all these things, whereof He said,
When the great whole was finished,
That they were 'very good.'

My sadness on the loveliest things
 Fell like unwholesome dew ;—
 The darkness that encompassed me,
 The gloom I felt so palpably,
 Mine own dark spirit threw.

Yet was he patient—slow to wrath,
 Though every day provoked
 By selfish, pining discontent,
 Acceptance cold or negligent,
 And promises revoked ;

And still the same rich feast was spread
 For my insensate heart !—
 Not always so—I woke again,
 To join Creation's rapturous strain,
 ' O Lord, how good Thou art !'

The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,
 The glorious sun broke out,
 And love, and hope, and gratitude,
 Dispelled that miserable mood
 Of darkness and of doubt.

Blackwood's Magazine.

C.

FROM THE ARABIC.

Oh ! ask me not—oh ! task me not
 Her monument to see,
 For doubly blest is there the rest,
 Which never comes to me.

Oh ! say not so—you may not so
 All powerful Love inhume ;
 For in your breast, while life's a guest,
 The heart's her real tomb.

STANZAS

BY LORD BYRON.

THERE was a time I need not name,
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,
When all our feelings were the same,
As still my soul hath been to thee!

And from that hour when first thy tongue
Confessed a love, which equalled mine,—
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
Unknown, and thus unfelt by thine,—

None, none hath sunk so deep as this,—
To think how soon that love hath flown!
Transient as every faithless kiss,
But transient in thy breast alone!

And yet my heart some solace knew,
When late I heard thy lips declare,
In accents once imagined true,—
Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes! my adored! yet most unkind!
Though thou wilt never love again,
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes! 'tis a glorious thought to me,
Nor longer shall my soul repine,
Whate'er thou art, or e'er shalt be,
Thou *hast* been, dearly, solely, mine!

MUSIC.

Oh yes, the sounds were sweet as those
That die away at Evening's close,
And gentle as the tones that fall
From waters wildly musical.
But Music is not dear to me,
It wakes too much of memory ;—
There is a spell in Music's sigh
That breathes too much of days gone by ;—
The silver tone, the sweet voiced shell,
To me are as the sad farewell
Of parting lovers. Music wakes
The wildest throbs, and Music takes
Each shape of fancy ; but it brings
To me the shades of lovely things
Past, and for ever,—hopes deferred,
Or, like the song of the spring bird,
Dying when sweetest. Music's sigh
First taught me love's idolatry,
Waked my young heart to find (too late)
It might be left all desolate ;
To curse the dream-like life before,
To love the once loved song no more ;
To know, hope, genius, spirit fled,
Soul-sickness, feeling withered !—
Rather be mine the heartless smile,
A flower upon the lava ; while
Beneath its flame and barrenness,
The colours do not glow the less.
I bade my heart once be my world,
And dreamed it could ; but I was hurled
From my enchanted pinnacle
Of hope, of joy, of trust, to dwell
Mid those stern truths, which chilled that heart ;
- And bade youth's fairy lights depart.
And Music has to me a tone
Sacred to thoughts, to feelings gone,

When love was faith, or ere I knew
Its altar frail, its sigh untrue,—
That it was like the hues that spring
Upon the rainbow's wandering.
But, now, those feelings cannot be ;—
Their echo is too sad for me ;
For what can Music breathe me now ?—
The blighted hope, the broken vow !

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

SONNET,

ON CONTEMPLATING THE MINIATURE OF A DECEASED
FRIEND.

Yes ! I have felt of life that weariness
Which will, at times, steal o'er a hapless few,
Crushing all hopes of bliss ;—but, while I press
Thine image to my heart, I can review
My sad career with smiles, to think how true
To friendship thou did'st prove, even in the hour
When darkest frowned my fate, and fiercest blew
Misfortune's bitter storm ! I lack the power
To thank thee as I wish.—Peace to thy shade !
Thou died'st at distance from me, and thy grave
Rises on foreign shores ;—yet, oft conveyed
Thither in Fancy's magic car, I lave
With burning tears the spot, and sighing, say,—
Would with thy life mine own had passed away !

Literary Gazette.

YOUTH.

‘There’s not a joy the world can give, like that it takes away.’

Oh Youth ! in such a world as this,
Why doth thy morning-ray,
Thy pure and ‘natural blessedness,’
So early fade away ?
That lustre of the cloudless soul,
Seen dawning in thine eye ;
Those thoughts that spring without control,
As young birds flutter by ;
Hopes, that bloom like flowers unbid,
And dew-drop tears, that leave no stain ;—
Emotions, not a moment hid,
And joy, without its *after* pain ;
And guilelessness, faith, fervour, all,
Like the blossoms in the wind ;
Why fall !—or leave not *when* they fall,
Maturing fruit behind ?

Oh Manhood ! with the busy brow !
Age ! with the ‘world-worn’ heart !
Where rests Remembrance oftenest now,
Reviewing life’s past part ?
Say, on ambition’s proudest hour ?
Fame’s, fortune’s hard-won steep ?
On the wild stir of this world’s power,
That dark, unfathomed deep,
Where human passions, human pride,
To fury lash its form,
Till peace, hope, virtue, all allied,
Sink helpless in the storm ?
Beyond *these* scenes,—beyond, how far !—
Their memories both will turn
To those which, distant as a star,—
As radiant too,—still burn.

Each eye will turn to *Childhood's* years,
 ' Each heart be inly stirred,
' And the same sounds be in his ears,
 ' As in those days he heard ;'
While simple feelings, guileless thought,
 Affections, long grown dim,
Return, with all the freshness fraught,
 They bore in youth for him.
First friendships rising on his soul,
 As once they rose before ;
Then shed awhile the sweet control
 They now can shed no more !
And so will manhood's brow be calm,
 And age's heart be light ;
For these are memories ' breathing balm ;'
 These, memories ever bright.

Oh Youth ! thou spring of human life,
 First, fairest of our dreams !
How lovely, 'midst this world's dire strife,
 Thy rainbow-beauty, seems !
The unworn soul, all dewy-bright,
 And opening like a flower !
But ah ! it droops and closes quite,
 In age's evening hour !
Frail, fair possession !—Yet I know
 Thy frailty wisely given ;—
For beings *always young* below,
 Would never seek for heaven !

M. J. J.

A FAREWELL.

If e'er by words can be expressed
 The mind of man when broken hearted,
Or sighs or tears console the breast
 From what it loves for ever parted ;
Then every grief I have to tell,
 'Mid sighs just breathed and tears just started,
Read thou in this wild word Farewell !

DUTY AND PLEASURE.

BY MRS. PIOZZI.

DUTY and Pleasure, long at strife,
Crossed in the common walks of life ;—
'Pray don't disturb me, get you gone,'
Cries Duty, with a serious tone :
Then, with a smile ; 'keep off, my dear,
Nor force me thus to be severe.'

'Dear Sir,' cries Pleasure, 'you're so grave ;
You make yourself a perfect slave :
I can't think why we disagree ;
You may turn Methodist for me :
But, if you'll neither laugh nor play,
At least don't stop me on my way ;
Yet sure one moment you might steal,
To see the lovely Miss O'Neil :
One hour to relaxation give ;
Oh ! lend one hour from life—to live !
And here's a bird, and there's a flower ;—
Dear Duty, walk a little slower.'

'My morning's task is not half done,'
Cries Duty with an inward groan ;
'False colours on each object spread,
I know not whence, or where, I'm led !
Your boasted Pleasures mount the wind,
And leave their venom'd stings behind.
Where are you flown ?'—Voices around
Cry, 'Pleasure long hath left this ground ;
Old Age advances ; haste away !
Nor lose the light of parting day.
See Sickness follows ; Sorrow threatens ;—
Waste no more time in vain regrets :—
O Duty ! one more effort given
May reach perhaps the gates of heaven,
Where, only, each with each delighted,
Pleasure and Duty live united !'

Literary Gazette.

ELLEN!

A FRAGMENT.

Is she not beautiful, although so pale?
The first May flowers are not more colourless
Than her white cheek; yet I recall the time
When she was called the rosebud of our village.
There was a blush, half modesty, half health,
Upon her cheek, fresh as the summer morn
With which she rose;—a cloud of chestnut curls,
Like twilight, darkened o'er her blue-veined brow;
And through their hazel curtains, eyes, whose light
Was like the violet's, when April skies
Have given their own pure colour to the leaves,
Shone sweet and silent, as the twilight star.
And she was happy:—innocence and hope
Make the young heart a paradise for love.
And she was loved, and loved. The youth was one
That dwelled on the waters. He had been
Where sweeps the blue Atlantic, a wide world;—
Had seen the sun light up the flowers, like gems,
In the bright Indian isles;—had breathed the air
When sweet with cinnamon, and gum, and spice.
But he said that no air brought health, or balm,
Like that on his own hills, when it had swept
O'er orchards in their bloom, or hedges, where
Blossomed the hawthorn and the honeysuckle;
That, but one voyage more, and he would come
To his dear Ellen and her cottage home—
Dwell there in love and peace. And then he kissed
Her tears away, talked of the pleasant years
Which they should pass together—of the pride
He would take in his constancy. Oh, hope
Is very eloquent! and as the hours
Passed by their fireside in calm cheerfulness,
Ellen forgot to weep.

At length the time
Of parting came ; 'twas the first month of Spring ;—
Like a green fan spread the horse-chestnut's leaves,
A shower of yellow bloom was on the elm,
The daisies shone like silver, and the boughs
Were covered with their blossoms, and the sky
Was like an augury of hope, so clear,
So beautifully blue. Love ! oh young love !
Why hast thou not security ! Thou art
Like a bright river, on whose course the weeds
Are thick and heavy : briars are on its banks,
And jagged stones and rocks are mid its waves.
Conscious of its own beauty, it will rush
Over its many obstacles, and pant
For some green valley, as its quiet home.
Alas ! either it rushes with a desperate leap
Over its barriers, foaming passionate,
But prisoned still ; or, winding languidly,
Becomes dark, like oblivion ; or, else wastes
Itself away.—This is love's history.

They parted one spring evening ; the green sea
Had scarce a curl upon its wave ; the ship
Rode like a queen of ocean. Ellen wept,
But not disconsolate, for she had hope ;—
She knew not then the bitterness of tears.
But night closed in, and with the night there came
Tempest upon the wind ; the beacon light
Glared like a funeral pile ; all else was black
And terrible as death. We heard a sound
Come from the ocean :—one lone signal gun,
Asking for help in vain—followed by shrieks,
Mocked by the ravening gale ; then deepest silence.
Some gallant souls had perished. With the first
Dim light of morn, they sought the beach ; and there
Lay fragments of a ship, and human shapes,
Ghastly and gashed. But the worst sight of all—
The sight of living misery met their gaze.
Seated upon a rock, drenched by the rain,

Her hair torn by the wind, there Ellen sat,
Pale, motionless. How could love guide her there?
A corpse lay by her; in her arms its head
Found a fond pillow, and o'er it she watched,
As the young mother watches her first child.—
It was her lover.—

Ackerman's 'Forget me not.'

L. E. L.

SONG,

OF A GERMAN TROBADOUR.*

TRANSLATED BY W. ROSCOE, ESQ.

THERE sat upon the linden tree
A bird, and sang its strain;
So sweet it sang, that as I heard
My heart went back again.
It went to one remembered spot,
It saw the rose-trees grow,
And thought again the thoughts of love,
There cherished long ago.

A thousand years to one it seems,
Since by my fair I sat;
Yet thus to be a stranger long,
Is not my choice, but fate;
Since then I have not seen the flowers,
Nor heard the bird's sweet song:
My joys have all too briefly past,
My griefs been all too long.

* From Mr. T. Roscoe's Translation of Sismondi's *Literature of the South of Europe*.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

THE music ceased, the last quadrille was o'er,
And one by one the waning beauties fled ;
The garlands vanished from the frescoed floor,
The nodding fiddler hung his weary head.

And I—a melancholy single man—
Retired to mourn my solitary fate.—
I slept awhile ; but o'er my slumbers ran
The sylph like image of my blooming Kate.

I dreamt of mutual love, and Hymen's joys,
Of happy moments and connubial blisses ;
And then I thought of little girls and boys,
The mother's glances, and the infant's kisses.

I saw them all, in sweet perspective sitting
In winter's eve around a blazing fire,
The children playing and the mother knitting,
Or fondly gazing on the happy Sire.

The scene was changed.—In came the Baker's bill :
I stared to see the hideous consummation
Of pies and puddings that it took to fill
The bellies of the rising generation.

There was no end to eating :—legs of mutton
Were vanquished daily by this little host ;
To see them, you'd have thought each tiny glutton
Had laid a wager who could eat the most.

The massy pudding smoked upon the platter,
The ponderous sirloin reared its head in vain ;—
The little urchins kicked up such a clatter,
That scarce a remnant e'er appeared again.

Then came the School bill :—Board and Education
So much per annum ; but the extras mounted

To nearly twice the primal stipulation,
And every little bagatelle was counted !

To mending tuck ;—A new Homeri Ilias ;—
A pane of glass ;—Repairing coat and breeches ;—
A slate and pencil ;—Binding old Virgilius ;—
Drawing a tooth ;—An open draught and leeches.

And now I languished for the single state,
The social glass, the horse and chaise on Sunday,
The jaunt to Windsor with my sweetheart Kate,
And cursed again the weekly bills of Monday.

Here Kate began to scold,—I stamp and swore,
The kittens squeak, the children loudly scream ;
And thus awaking with the wild uproar,
I thanked my stars that it was but a dream.
Literary Gazette.

TIME'S SWIFTNESS.

BY THE HON. R. W. SPENCER.

Too late I staid ;—forgive the crime,—
Unheeded flew the hours ;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers !

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbings of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
Which dazzle as they pass ?

Oh ! who to sober measurement
Time's happy fleetness brings,
When Birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings !

LINES,

WRITTEN BENEATH A BUST OF SHAKSPEARE.

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

HIS was the master-spirit ;—at his spells
 The heart gave up its secrets ;—like the mount
 Of Horeb, smitten by the Prophet's rod,
 Its hidden springs gushed forth. Time, that gray rock
 On whose bleak sides the fame of meaner bards
 Is dashed to ruin, was the pedestal
 On which his genius rose ; and, rooted there,
 Stands like a mighty statue, reared so high
 Above the clouds and changes of the world,
 That heaven's unshorn and unimpeded beams
 Have round its awful brows a glory shed,
 Immortal as their own. Like those fair birds
 Of glittering plumage, whose heaven-pointing pinions
 Beam light on that dim world they leave behind,
 And while they spurn, adorn it ;* so his spirit,
 His 'dainty spirit' while it soared above
 This dull, gross compound, scattered as it flew
 Treasures of light and loveliness.

And these
 Were 'gentle Shakspeare's' features !—This the eye
 Whence Earth's least earthly mind looked out and flash-
 Amazement on the nations !—This the brow [ed
 Where lofty thought majestically brooded,
 Seated as on a throne ! And these the lips

* In some parts of America, it is said, there are birds which, when on the wing, at night, emit so surprising a brightness, that it is no mean substitute for the light of day. Among the whimsical speculations on Fontelle, is one, that in the Planet Mars, the want of the moon may be compensated by a multiplicity of these luminary aeronauts.

That warbled music stolen from heaven's own choir
When seraph harps rang sweetest! But I tempt
A theme too high, and mount like Icarus,
On wings that melt before the blaze they worship.
Alas! my hand is weak, my lyre is wild!
Else should the eye, whose wondering gaze is fixed
Upon this breathing bust, awaken strains
Lofty as those the glance of Phœbus struck
From Memnon's ruined statue; the rapt soul
Should breathe in numbers, and in dulcet notes,
'Discourse most eloquent music.'

Literary Gazette.

SONNET.

BY CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

THEY talk of time, and of time's galling yoke,
That like a mill-stone on man's mind doth press,
Which only works and business can redress:
Of divine leisure such foul lies are spoke,
Wounding her fair gifts with calumnious stroke.
But might I, fed with silent meditation,
Assoiled live from that fiend Occupation—
Improbis labour, which my spirits hath broke—
I'd drink of time's rich cup and never surfeit,
Fling in more days than went to make the gem
That crowned the white-top of Methusalem,
Yea, on my weak neck take, and never forfeit,
Like Atlas bearing up the dainty sky,
The heaven-sweet burthen of eternity.
London Magazine.

THE DAISY IN INDIA.

Supposed to be addressed by the Rev. Dr. Carey, the learned and illustrious Baptist Missionary at Serampore, to the first plant of this kind, which sprang up, unexpectedly, in his garden, out of some English earth, in which other seeds had been conveyed to him from this country. The subject was suggested by reading a letter from Dr. Carey to a botanical friend in England.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Thrice welcome ! little English Flower !

My mother-country's white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread !
Transplanted from thine island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome little English Flower !

Whose tribes beneath our natal skies
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower ;
But when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabashed but modest eyes
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !

To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant-offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year :
Thou, only Thou, art *little* here,
Like worth unfriended or unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone !

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !

Of early scenes beloved by me,

While happy in my father's bower,
 Thou shalt the blithe memorial be !
 The fairy sports of infancy,
 Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
 Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee
 Are mine in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
 I'll rear thee with a trembling hand :
 O for the April sun and shower,
 The sweet May-dews of that fair land,
 Where Daisies, thick as starlight, stand
 In every walk !—that here might shoot
 Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
 A hundred from one root !

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
 To me the pledge of Hope unseen !
 When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
 For joys that were, or might have been,
 I'll call to mind, how—fresh and green,
 I saw thee waking from the dust,—
 Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
 And place in God my trust.

London Magazine.

SILENT LOVE.

Oh, I could whisper thee a tale
 That surely would thy pity move ;
 But what would idle words avail
 Unless the heart might speak its love !

To tell that tale my pen were weak ;—
 My tongue its office too denies ;
 Then mark it on my varying cheek,
 And read it in my languid eyes !

W.

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The pleasure we felt on discovering the Southern Cross, was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas, we hail a star, as a friend from whom we have been long separated. Among the Portuguese and Spaniards, peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling : a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recalls the sign of the faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the new world. The two great stars, which mark the summit and the foot of the cross, having nearly the same right ascension, it follows hence, that the constellation is almost perpendicular, at the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to every nation that lives beyond the tropics, or in the southern hemisphere. It has been observed at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the cross of the south is erect or inclined. It is a time-piece that advances very regularly nearly four minutes a day, and no other group of stars exhibits, to the naked eye, an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim in the savannas of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'midnight is past, the cross begins to bend.'

DE HUMBOLDT'S TRAVELS.

In the silence and grandeur of midnight I tread,
Where savannas in boundless magnificence spread ;
And bearing sublimely their snow-wreaths on high,
The far Cordilleras unite with the sky.

The Fern-tree waves o'er me ; the fire-fly's red light,
With its quick-glancing splendour illumines the night ;
And I read, in each tint of the skies and the earth,
How distant my steps from the land of my birth.

But to thee, as thy lode-stars resplendently burn,
In their clear depths of blue, with devotion I turn,
Bright Cross of the South ! and beholding thee shine,
Scarce regret the loved land of the Olive and Vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er the main,
My fathers unfolded the streamer of Spain,
And planted their faith in the regions that see
Its unperishing symbol emblazoned in thee.

How oft, in their course over oceans unknown,
 Where all was mysterious and awfully lone, [deep
 Hath their spirit been cheered by thy light, when the
 Reflected its brilliance, in tremulous sleep!

As the vision that rose to the Lord of the world,*
 When first his bright banner of faith was unfurled;
 Even such, to the heroes of Spain, when their prow
 Made the billows the path of their glory, wert thou!

And to me, as I traverse the world of the west,
 Through deserts of beauty, in stillness that rest,
 By forests and rivers untamed in their pride,
 Thy beams have a language, thy course is a guide.

Shine on! my own land is a far distant spot,
 And the stars of thy sphere can enlighten it not;
 And the eyes, which I love, though e'en now they may be
 O'er the firmament wandering, can gaze not on thee!

But thou to my thoughts art a pure blazing shrine,
 A fount of bright hopes and of visions divine;
 And my soul, as an eagle exulting and free,
 Soars high o'er the Andes, to mingle with thee!

Literary Gazette.

WITH A WHITE ROSE,

FROM A LOVER OF THE HOUSE OF YORK TO HIS
 MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER.

If this pale rose offend thy sight,
 Go place it in thy bosom fair,
 'Twill blush to find itself less white,
 And turn Lancastrian there.

* Alluding to the Vision of Constantine the Great.

STANZAS.

BY J. H. REYNOLDS, ESQ.

'—— And muttered, lost ! lost ! lost !'

SIR W. SCOTT, BART.

'Tis vain to grieve for what is past,
The golden hours are gone ;
My own mad hand the die hath cast,
And I am left alone :
'Tis vain to grieve—I now can leave
No other bliss—yet still I grieve.

The dreadful silence of this night
Seems breathing in my ear ;
I scarce can bear the lonely light
That burns oppressed and near ;
I stare at it while half reclined,
And feel its thick light on my mind.

The sweetest fate have I laid waste
With a remorseless heart ;
All that was beautiful and chaste,
For me seemed set apart ;
But I was fashioned to defy
Such treasure, so set richly by.

How could I give up HER, whose eyes
Were filled with quiet tears,
For many a day,—when thoughts would rise,
Thoughts darkened with just fears,
Of all my vices !—Memory sees
Her eye's divine remonstrances.

A wild and wretched choice was mine,—
A life of low delight ;
The midnight rounds of noise and wine,
That vex the wasted night ;

The bitter jest, the wearied glee,
The strife of dark society.

To those who plunged me in the throng
Of such disastrous joys,
Who led me by low craft along,
And stunned my mind with noise,—
I only wish they now could look
Upon my life's despoiled book.

When midnight finds me torn apart
From vulgar revelry,
The cold, still, madness of the heart
Comes forth, and talks with me ;
Talks with me, till the sky is gray
With the chill light of breaking day.

My love is lost ;—my studies marred ;
My friends disgraced and changed ;
My thoughts all scattered and impaired ;
My relatives estranged ;
Yet can I not by day recall
My ruined spirit from its thrall.

Peter Corcoran's Memoirs.

EPITAPH.

SHE lived ;—what further can be said
Of all the generations dead ?
She died ;—what more can be foretold
Of all the living, young or old ?
She lived with death before her eye,
As one who did not fear to die ;
She died as one exchanging breath,
For immortality in death.
Her dust is here—her spirit there—
Eternity ! O tell me where ?

THE BANKS OF THE ESK.

BY J. RICHARDSON, ESQ.

THERE's hardly motion in the air,
To waft the floating gossamer ;
Along the placid azure sky,
The clouds in fleecy fragments lie,
Like the thin veil o'er beauty's face,
Conferring more endearing grace.
Again I gaze upon thy stream,
Loved scene of many a youthful dream,
Where rosy Hope, with syren tongue,
Carolled her fond alluring song,
And led my raptured soul along.—
Why is thy murmur to my ear,
So full of sorrow, yet so dear !
Why does the rustling of thy woods,
The roll of thy autumnal floods,
Re-echoed by a hollow moan,
Sounds so peculiarly thine own,
Awake in strange alternate measure,
Thoughts of wo, and thoughts of pleasure ?
'Tis, that, once more, thy scenes can give
Times that in memory hardly live,
And youth again, with angel smile,
A fleeting moment can beguile ;
And bid, as in the wizard's glass,
His shadowy visions gleam, and pass,
Till quick returns the present doom,
Involving all in double gloom.

English Minstrelsy.

THINGS TO COME.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

THERE are murmurs on the deep,
There are thunders on the heaven ;
Though the ocean billows sleep,
Though no cloud the sign has given ;
Earth that sudden storm shall feel,
'Tis a storm of man and steel.

Tribes are in their forests now,
Idly hunting ounce and deer ;
Tribes are crouching in their snow
O'er their wild and wintry cheer,
Doomed to swell that tempest's roar,
Where the torrent-rain is gore.

War of old has swept the world,
Guilt has shaken strength and pride ;
But the thunders, feebly hurled,
Quivered o'er the spot, and died ;
When the vengeance next shall fall,
Woe to each, and woe to all.

Man hath shed Man's blood for toys,
Love and hatred, fame and gold ;
Now, a mightier wrath destroys ;
Earth in cureless crime grows old ;
Past destruction shall be tame
To the rushing of that flame.

When the clouds of Vengeance break,
Folly shall be on the wise,
Frenzy shall be on the weak,
Nation against nation rise,
And the worse than Pagan sword
In Religion's breast be gored.

Then the Martyr's solemn cry,
That a thousand years has rung,
Where their robes of crimson lie
Round the 'Golden Altar' flung,
Shall be heard,—and from the 'throne'
The trumpet of the 'Judgment' blown.

'Wo to Earth, the mighty, wo !'
Yet shall Earth her conscience lull,
Till above the brim shall flow
The draught of gall.—The cup is full.
Yet a moment !—Comes the ire,—
Famine, bloodshed, flood and fire.

First shall fall a Mighty one !
Ancient crime had crowned his brow,
Dark Ambition raised his throne—
Truth his victim and his foe.
Earth shall joy in all her fear
O'er the great Idolater.

Then shall rush abroad the blaze
Sweeping Heathen zone by zone ;
Afric's tribe the spear shall raise,
Shivering India's pagod throne :
China hear her Idol's knell
In the Russian's cannon-peal.

On the Turk shall fall the blow
From the Grecian's daggered hand !
Blood like winter-showers shall flow,
Till he treads the Syrian land !
Then shall final vengeance shine,
And all be sealed in Palestine !

Literary Gazette.

NIGHT.

BY E. ELLIOTT, ESQ.

NIGHT ! thou art silent ; thou art beautiful ;
Thou art majestic ; and thy brightest moon
Rides high in heaven, while on the stream below,
Her image, glimmering as the waters glide,
Floats at the feet of Boulten. There no more
The green graves of the pestilence are seen ;
O'er them the plough hath passed, and harvests wave
Where haste and horror flung the infectious corpse.
Grey Wharnccliffe's rocks remain, still to out-live
Countless editions of the Autumn leaf.
But where are now their terrors ? Striga's form
Of largest beauty, wanders here no more ;
No more her deep and mellow voice awakes
The echoes of the forest ; and a tale
Of fear and wonder, serves but to constrain,
Around the fire of some far moorland farm,
The speechless circle, while the importunate storm,
O'er the bowed roof, growls with a demon's voice.
The poacher whistles in 'the Dragon's den ;'
Nor fiend, nor witch fears he. With felon foot
He haunts the wizard wave, and makes the rock,
Where spirits walk, his solitary seat ;
The unsleeping gale moves his dark curls ; the moon
Looks on his wild face ; at his feet, his dog
Watches his eye ; and while no sound is heard,
Save of the booming Don, or whirling leaf,
Or rustling fern, he listens silently,
But not in fear.—At once, he bounds away ;
And the snared hare shrieks, quivers, and is still.
Sheffield Iris.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

O DAUGHTER dear, my darling child,
Prop of my mortal pilgrimage,
Thou who hast care and pain beguiled,
And wreathed with Spring my wintry age!—
Through thee a second prospect opes
Of life, when but to live is glee,
And jocund joys, and youthful hopes,
Come thronging to my heart through thee.

Backward thou lead'st me to the bowers
Where love and youth their transports gave;
While forward still thou strewest flowers,
And bid'st me live beyond the grave;
For still my blood in thee shall flow,
Perhaps to warm a distant line,
Thy face, my lineaments shall show,
And e'en my thoughts survive in thine.

Yes, daughter, when this tongue is mute,
This heart is dust—these eyes are closed,
And thou art singing to thy lute
Some stanza by thy Sire composed,
To friends around thou may'st impart
A thought of him who wrote the lays,
And from the grave my form shall start,
Embodied forth to fancy's gaze.

Then to their memories will throng
Scenes shared with him who lies in earth;
The cheerful page, the lively song,
The woodland walk, or festive mirth;
Then may they heave the pensive sigh,
That friendship seeks not to control,
And from the fixed and thoughtful eye,
The half unconscious tears may roll;—

Such now bedew my cheek—but mine
Are drops of gratitude and love,
That mingle human with divine,
The gift below, its source above.—
How exquisitely dear thou art
Can only be by tears expressed,
And the fond thrillings of my heart,
While thus I clasp thee to my breast !
New Monthly Magazine.

STANZAS.

THOU art not lost.—Thy spirit giveth
Immortal peace, and high it liveth !
Thou art not mute.—With angels' blending,
Thy voice is still to me descending !

Thou are not absent.—Sweetly smiling,
I see thee yet, my griefs beguiling !
Soft, o'er my slumbers, art thou beaming,
The sunny spirit of my dreaming !

Thine eyelids seem not yet concealing
In death their orbs of matchless feeling ;
Their living charms my heart still numbers ;—
Ah ! sure they do but veil thy slumbers !

As kind thou art ;—for still thou'rt meeting
This breast, which gives the tender greeting !
And shall I deem thee altered ?—Never !
Thou'rt with me waking—dreaming—ever !
Observer.

STANZAS,

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

FAREWELL!—You have banished me then
From my home, and the language of men
Must come foreign and chill to my heart!—
But you scorned—and 'twas time to depart.

I go, like the shadow that flies,
When night and her darknesses rise,
And there is not a star in the sky,
To light me on—even to die.

You have slighted me, cruel, and yet
I cannot disdain or forget,
For in hate you still keep your control,
And it lies like a chain on my soul.

And now for the storm and the breeze,
And the music that lives on the seas,
And the ever-green valleys that lie
(Midst the Alps) in the smile of the sky!

I shall stand on the mountain, and shout
To the stars as they wander about,
And perhaps THEY may stop at my call—
But thou wilt be brighter than all.

Oh! then why do I strive to remove
Thee? I lived on the thought of thy love
Once, and ever must think ('tis my fate)
Of Thee—though I think of thy hate.

Farewell! Thou hast struck in thy pride
A heart that for Thee would have died!
Yet I bear the reproach, as I go,
Of filling thy bosom with wo.

No matter !—I have, and 'tis well,
A spirit that nothing shall quell !
And I know that, whatever my doom,
The laurel must spring from my tomb.
Literary Gazette.

ON AN IVY LEAF,

BROUGHT FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGIL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

AND was thy home, pale withered thing,
Beneath the rich blue southern sky !
Wert thou a nursling of the Spring,
The winds and suns of glorious Italy ?

Those suns, in golden light, e'en now,
Look o'er the Poet's lovely grave !
Those winds are breathing soft, but Thou
Answering their whisper, there no more shalt wave !

The flowers o'er Posilippo's brow
May cluster in their purple bloom ;
But, on the mantling ivy-bough,
Thy breezy place is void, by Virgil's tomb.

Thy place is void !—Oh ! none on earth,
This crowded earth, may so remain,
Save that, which souls of loftiest birth
Leave, when they part their brighter home to gain.

Another leaf ere now hath sprung
On the green stem, which once was thine ;—
When shall another strain be sung
Like *his*, whose dust hath made that spot a shrine !
Literary Gazette.

THE SIGH.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

WHEN youth its fairy reign began,
Ere sorrow had proclaimed me man ;
While peace the present hour beguiled,
And all the lovely prospect smiled ;
Then, Mary, 'mid my lightsome glee,
I heaved a painless sigh for thee !

When tossed upon the waves of wo,
My harassed heart was doomed to know
The frantic burst, the outrage keen,
And the slow pang that gnaws unseen ;
Then, shipwrecked on life's stormy sea,
I heaved an anguished sigh for thee.

But soon Reflection's power impressed,
A stiller sadness on my breast ;
And sickly hope with waning eye,
Was well content to droop and die ;
I yielded to the stern decree,
Yet heaved a languid sigh for thee.

And though in distant climes to roam,
A wanderer from my native home,
I fain would soothe the sense of care,
And lull to sleep the joys that were !
Thine image may not banished be,
Still, Mary, still I sigh for thee !

1794.

THE FOUNTAIN.*

BY SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

It was a well
Of whitest marble, white as from the quarry ;
And richly wrought with many a high relief,—
Greek sculpture ;—in some earlier day perhaps
A tomb, and honoured with a hero's ashes.
The water from the rock filled, overflowed it ;
Then dashed away, playing the prodigal,
And soon was lost—stealing, unseen, unheard,
Through the long grass, and round the twisted roots
Of aged trees—discovering where it ran
By the fresh verdure. Overcome with heat,
I threw me down, admiring, as I lay,
That shady nook, a singing-place for birds,
That grove so intricate, so full of flowers,
More than enough to please a maid a-Maying.

The sun was down, a distant convent-bell
Ringing the *Angelus* ; and now approached
The hour for stir and village gossip there,
The hour *Rebekah* came, when from the well
She drew with such alacrity to serve
The stranger and his camels. Soon I heard
Footsteps ; and, lo, descending by a path
Trodden for ages, many a nymph appeared,—
Appeared and vanished, bearing on her head
Her earthen pitcher. It called up the day
Ulysses landed there ; and long I gazed,
Like one awaking in a distant time.
At length there came the loveliest of them all,
Her little brother dancing down before her ;
And ever as he spoke, which he did ever,
Turning and looking up in warmth of heart
And brotherly affection. Stopping there
She joined her rosy hands, and, filling them
With the pure element, gave him to drink ;

* Near Mola di Gaeta, in the kingdom of Naples.

And, while he quenched his thirst, standing on tiptoe,
Looked down upon him with a sister's smile,
Nor stirred till he had done,—fixed as a statue.

Then, hadst thou seen them as they stood, *Canova*,
Thou hadst endowed them with eternal youth ;
And they had evermore lived undivided,—
Winning all hearts—of all thy works the fairest.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE.

AWAY! away, thou Summer Bird,
For Autumn's moaning voice is heard,
In cadence wild and deepening swell,
Of Winter's stern approach to tell!
Away! for vapours, damp and low,
Are wreathed around the mountain's brow ;
And tempest clouds their mantles fold
Around the forest's russet gold!
Away! away! o'er earth and sea,
This land is now no home for thee!
Arise, and stretch thy soaring wing,
And seek, elsewhere, the smiles of Spring!
The wanderer now, with pinions spread,
Afar to brighter climes has fled,
Nor casts one backward look, nor grieves
For those dear groves whose shade he leaves.
Why should he grieve ;—the beam he loves
Shines o'er him still, where'er he roves,
And all those early friends are near
Who made his Summer-home so dear?
Oh! deem not that the tie of birth
Endears us to this spot of earth ;
For, wheresoe'er our steps may roam,
If friends are near, that place is home :—
No matter where our fate may guide us,
If those we love are still beside us.

Literary Gazette.

F. B.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT OF THE UNFORTUNATE
QUEEN OF FRANCE, TAKEN ON THE LAST EXAMI-
NATION PREVIOUS TO HER EXECUTION.

BY MISS HOLFORD.

And this was she! The peerless and the bright,
The false world's darling! she who did possess,
(And held awhile in Europe's dazzled sight,
Glorious in majesty and loveliness,
The Heaven-lent power to ruin or to bless!
Yes,—this was she!—But mark ye, I beseech,
Who love the world,—mark this mute wretchedness,
And grave it on your hearts, for it doth reach
To regions unexplored by eloquence of speech!

Nature gave loveliness, and fate gave power,
And millions lavished incense,—poets hung
Their amaranth garlands o'er the royal bower,—
For Gallia's lily every lyre was strung;
Pride of all eyes, and theme of every tongue:—
Love, awe and wonder, were her ministers;
Life, and its hours, upon her fiat hung;
She held in poise a nation's hopes and fears:— [her's!
Dominion, beauty, pomp, and the world's shout, were

Gracious and mighty. Yet there came an hour
Of desolation; and away it swept,
In one rude whirlwind, empire, pomp and power!
O'er the fair brow the hoary winter crept
Of sorrow,—not of time.—Those eyes have wept
Till grief had done with tears, and calm and cold,
Tired with its own excess; in stupor slept,
Or gazed in frozen wonder to behold
The black and hideous page of destiny unrolled.

Yet trace these faded lines ; for they impart
 A tale, may do your careless bosoms good !
 Muse o'er the fragments of a mighty heart,
 Broken by sorrow,—ye whose jocund mood,
 Insatiate feeds on pleasure's tempting food ;
 Look here !—It will not harm ye, though your thought
 Leave its gay flight to melt in pity's flood !
 To each light heart, home be the lesson brought,
 With what enduring bliss the world's fair smile is
 fraught !

And is this all ? No ;—ye may learn beside,
 That *all*, which fate can threaten *may* be borne ;
 To see life's blessings, one by one, subside,
 Its wild extremes from tenderness to scorn,
 But as the changes of an April morn !
 For still she was a Queen !—and majesty
 Survived, though she, deserted and forlorn,
 Save Heaven, had ne'er a friend to lift her eye ;— [die !
 But Heaven returned the glance, and taught her how to
Poems edited by Miss Baillie.

SONNET.

CHOSEN of thee, henceforth I consecrate
 Whate'er of life remains to soothe thy grief ;
 And I will weep with thee like a fond mate,
 With tears to sorrow ministering relief :—
 And, if it please thee, I will change the measure
 To joy—and playfully I'll while away
 Thy care, and bid a sunny smile to play
 Upon thy cheek, suffused once more with pleasure :—
 I'll ever watch thine unconfessed desires,
 Fondly to do their import—and I'll blend
 The varied duties, as thy mood requires,
 Of wife, or mistress, sister, servant, friend—
 This—this I'll do—and in thine arms resign
 All other glory, save—that thou art mine !—

C.

STANZAS TO AN OLD FRIEND.

COME, here's a health to thee and thine !
 Trust me, whate'er we may be told,
 Few things are better than old wine,
 When tasted with a friend that's old.
 We're happy yet ; and, in our track
 New pleasures if we may not find,
 There is a charm in looking back
 On sunny prospects left behind.

Like that famed hill in western clime,
 Through gaudy noontide dark and bare,
 That tinges still, at vesper time,
 With purple gleam the evening air ;
 So there's a joy in former days,
 In times, and scenes, and thoughts gone by,
 As beautiful their heads they raise,
 Bright in Imagination's sky.

Time's glass is filled with varied sand,
 With fleeting joy and transient grief ;
 We'll turn, and with no sparing hand,
 O'er many a strange fantastic leaf ;
 And fear not—but, 'mid many a blot,
 There are some pages written fair,
 And flowers that time can wither not,
 Preserved, still faintly fragrant there.

As the hushed night glides gentlier on,
 Our music shall break forth its strain,
 And tell of pleasures that are gone,
 And heighten those that yet remain ;
 And that creative breath divine,
 Shall waken many a slumbering thrill,
 And call forth many a mystic line
 Of faded joys remembered still.

Again, the moments shall she bring,
When youth was in his freshest prime ;
We'll pluck the roses that shall spring
Upon the grave of buried time.
There's magic in the olden song ;—
Yea, e'en ecstatic are the tears,
Which steal a-down, our smiles among,
Roused by the sounds of other years.

And, as the mariner can find
Wild pleasure in the voiced roar
Even of the often-dreaded wind,
That wrecked his every hope before ;
If there's a pang that lurks beneath—
For youth had pangs—oh ! let it rise !
'Tis sweet to feel the poet breathe
The spirit of our former sighs.

We'll hear the strains we heard so soft,
In life's first, warm, impassioned hours,
That fell on our young hearts so soft
As summer dews on summer flowers !
And as the stream, where'er it hies,
Steals something in its purest flow,
Those strains shall taste of ecstasies
O'er which they floated long ago.

Even in our morn, when fancy's eye
Glanced, sparkling o'er a world of bliss,
When joy was young, and hope was high,
We could not feel much more than this :
Howe'er, then, time our day devours,
Why should our smiles be overcast ?
Why should we grieve for fleeting hours ?
We find a future in the past.

Blackwood's Magazine.

T. D.

AN ARABIAN SONG.

FOUNDED ON AN ANECDOTE RELATED BY AN ORIENTAL TRAVELLER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

AWAY ! though still thy sword is red,
With life-blood from my sire ;
No drop of thine may now be shed,
To quench my spirit's fire,
Though on my heart, 'twould fall more blest,
Than dews upon the desert's breast.

I've sought thee 'midst the haunts of men,—
Through the wide city's fanes ;
I've sought thee by the lion's den,
O'er pathless, boundless plains ;
No step that tracked the burning waste,
But I its lonely course have traced.

Thy name hath been a baleful spell,
O'er my dark bosom cast ;
No thought may dream, no words may tell
What there unseen hath passed :—
This hollow cheek, this faded eye,
Are seals of thee—behold, and fly !

Haste thee, and leave my threshold-floor,
Inviolat and pure ;
Let not thy presence tempt me more—
Man may not thus endure.
Away ! I bear a fettered arm,—
A heart that burns—but must not harm !

Hath not my cup for thee been poured,
Beneath the palm-tree's shade !
Hath not soft sleep thy frame restored,
Within my dwelling laid !

What though unknown—yet who shall rest
Secure—if not the Arab's guest ?

Begone ! outstrip the fleet Gazelle !
The wind in speed subdue ;
Fear cannot fly so swift, so well,
As vengeance shall pursue !
And hate, like love—in parting pain,
Smiles o'er *one* hope—we meet again.

To-morrow—and the avenger's hand,
The warrior's dart is free ;
E'en now, no spot in all the land,
Save *this*, had sheltered thee :—
Let blood the monarch's hall profane,
The Arab's tent must bear no stain !

Fly ! may the desert's fiery blast
Avoid thy sacred way,
And fettered, till thy steps be past,
Its whirlwinds sleep to-day :—
I would not, that thy doom should be
Assigned by Heaven, to aught but me.
Literary Gazette.

A PERSIAN PRECEPT.

BY HERBERT KNOWLES.

FORGIVE thy foes ;—nor that alone ;
Their evil deeds with good repay ;
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.

So does the fragrant Sandal bow
In meek forgiveness to its doom ;
And o'er the axe at every blow,
Sheds in abundance rich perfume !

SONG OF THE ZEPHYRS.

O'er the lofty swelling mountain,—
O'er the dancing summer fountain,—
By the towering forest waving,—
By the brook, the willows laving,
Wafting odorous airs along,
We pour the mellow-breathing song.

Little wanton, winged rovers,
Oft we tend the walks of lovers ;
Witness smiles with passion glowing,
Souls with tenderness o'erflowing,
Vows, that, fainting on the tongue,
Mingle with our breezy song !

Oft we fan the flame that rushes
O'er the maiden's cheek, in blushes :
Softly to her swain revealing
All the luxury of feeling,
In her bosom—though so strong—
Gentle as our airy song !-

Oft we, in our sportive duty,
Kiss the dimpling cheek of beauty,—
And on soft ethereal winglets
Wanton in her sunny ringlets,—
Breathing, as we dance along,
Liquid notes of rapturous song !

When Care's ever-rising bubble
Clouds the wanderer's soul with trouble,
We—sweet Pleasure's viewless minions—
Fan his brow with balmy pinions,
Chasing sorrow's shades along,
With our spirit-soothing song.

While the sweets of eve diffusing,
Oft we meet the poet musing,

Mark his eye sublimely glancing,
With erratic thought entrancing !
Catching inspiration strong,
From our soul-enchancing song.

Oft we waft the pious whispers
Of the saint's low-breathing vespers—
Sighs of love,—and tears of sorrow,—
For our sweetest strains we borrow ;—
Bearing on our wings along,
All the ecstasy of song.

New Monthly Magazine.

J. L. W.

STANZAS,

ON BURNING A PACKET OF LETTERS.

COLD is the hand that gives thee to the flame,
Sweet source of pleasure in my early years !
But, O ye friends ! to me impute no blame,
I mark its quick destruction through my tears.

Cold was the hand that at one cast destroyed
Sweet friendship, which, upon that crackling scroll,
Depicted was ; even where, with skill employed,
Her pen had traced the kindness of her soul.

Ah ! why the proof of former joy preserve !
A present grief 'twere folly to retain ;
Years to increase the change would only serve ;
And every change would add severer pain.

MELANCHOLY.

BY J. MOIR, ESQ.

THE sun of the morning,
Unclouded and bright,
The landscape adorning
With lustre and light,
To glory and gladness
New bliss may impart ;—
But, oh ! give to sadness
And softness of heart
A moment to ponder, a season to grieve,
The light of the moon, or the shadows of eve !

Then soothing reflections
Arise on the mind ;
And sweet recollections
Of friends who were kind ;
Of love that was tender,
And yet could decay ;
Of visions whose splendour
Time withered away ;
In all that for brightness or beauty may seem
The painting of fancy—the work of a dream !

The soft cloud of whiteness,
The stars beaming through,
The pure moon of brightness,
The deep sky of blue ;—
The rush of the river,
Through vales that are still,
The breezes that ever
Sigh lone o'er the hill,
Are sounds that can soften, and sights that impart
A bliss to the eye, and a balm to the heart.
Constable's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE PASSAGE THROUGH THE DESERT.

CALL it not Loneliness, to dwell
In woodland shade, or hermit dell,—
To pierce the forest's twilight maze,
Or from the Alpine summit gaze ;
For Nature there all joyous reigns,
And fills with life her wild domains :
A bird's light wing may break the air,
A fairy stream may murmur there,
A bee the mountain-rose may seek,
A chamois bound from peak to peak,
An eagle, rushing to the sky,
Wake the deep echoes with its cry ;
And still some sound, thy heart to cheer,
Some voice, though not of man, is near.

But he, whose weary step has traced
Mysterious Afric's awful waste,
Whose eye Arabia's wilds hath viewed,
Can tell thee what is Solitude !
It is, to traverse lifeless plains
Where everlasting stillness reigns,
And billowy sands, and dazzling sky,
Seem boundless, as Infinity !
It is, to sink with speechless dread
In scenes unmeet for mortal tread ;
Severed from earthly being's trace,
Alone amidst unmeasured space.

'Tis noon,—and fearfully profound
Silence is on the desert 'round.
Supreme she reigns, above, beneath,
With all the attributes of Death !
No bird the blazing heaven may dare ;
No insect 'bide the scorching air ;
The ostrich, though of sun-born-race,
Seeks a more sheltered dwelling-place ;

The lion slumbers in his lair ;
 The serpent shuns the noontide glare ;
 But slowly winds the patient train
 Of camels, o'er the blasted plain,
 Where they and man may brave alone
 The terrors of the burning zone.

Faint not, oh Pilgrims! though on high
 As a volcano flame the sky!
 Shrink not, though, as a furnace glow,
 The dark red seas of sand, below!
 Though not a shadow, save your own,
 Across the dread expanse is thrown ;
 Mark, where your feverish lips to lave,
 Wide spreads the fresh transparent wave!
 Urge your tired camels on, and take
 Your rest beside yon glistening lake ;
 Thence, haply, cooler gales may spring,
 And fan your brows with lighter wing.
 Lo! nearer now, its glassy tide
 Reflects the date-tree on its side ;
 Speed on ! pure draughts and genial air,
 And verdant shade await you there.
 Oh ! glimpse of heaven ! to him unknown
 That hath not tracked the burning zone !
 —Forward they press—they gaze dismayed—
 The waters of the desert fade !
 Melting to vapours, that elude
 The eye, the lip, their brightness wooed.*

What meteor comes !—A purple haze
 Hath half obscured the noontide rays !
 Onward it moves in swift career,
 A blush upon the atmosphere ;—
 Haste, haste ! avert the impending doom,
 Fall prostrate !—'tis the dread Simoom !
 Bow down your faces—till the blast
 On its red wing of flame hath past,

* The *mirage*, or nitrous sand assuming the appearance of water.

Far bearing o'er the sandy wave,
The viewless angel of the grave.

It came—'tis vanished—but hath left
The wanderers even of hope bereft ;*
The ardent heart, the vigorous frame,
Pride, courage, strength, its power could tame ;
Faint with despondence, worn with toil,
They sink upon the burning soil ;
Resigned, amidst those realms of gloom,
To find their death-bed and their tomb.

But onward still !—Yon distant spot
Of verdure can deceive you not.
Yon palms, which tremulously seemed
Reflected as the waters gleamed,
Along the horizon's verge displayed,
Still rear their slender colonade,
A landmark, guiding o'er the plain,
The Caravan's exhausted train.

Fair is that little Isle of Bliss,
The desert's emerald Oasis !
A rainbow on the torrent's wave,
A gem, embosomed in the grave,
The sunbeam of a stormy day,
Its beauty's image might convey ;
Beauty, in horror's lap that sleeps,
While silence round her vigil keeps.

Rest, weary Pilgrims ! calmly laid
To slumber in the Acacia-shade ;
Rest, where the shrubs your camels bruise
Their aromatic breath diffuse ;
Where softer light the sunbeams pour,
Through the tall palm and sycamore,

* The extreme languor and despondence produced by the Si-moom, even when its effects are not fatal, have been described by many travellers.

And the rich date luxuriant spreads
Its pendant clusters o'er your heads.
Nature, once more, to seal your eyes,
Murmurs her sweetest lullabies ;
Again each heart the music hails,
Of rustling leaves and sighing gales ;
And oh !—to Afric's child how dear !—
The voice of fountains gushing near !

Sweet be your slumbers, and your dreams,
Of waving groves and rippling streams !
Far be the serpent's venom'd coil
From the brief respite won by toil !
Far be the awful shades of those
Who deep beneath the sands repose,
The hosts, to whom the desert's breath
Bore swift and stern the call of death !
Sleep ! may no scorching blast invade
The freshness of the Acacia-shade ;
But gales of heaven your spirits bless
While life's best balm—forgetfulness ;
Till night from many an urn diffuse
The treasures of her world of dews.

The day hath closed.—The moon on high
Walks in her cloudless majesty.
A thousand stars to Afric's heaven
Serene magnificence have given ;
Pure beacons of the sky, whose flame
Shines forth eternally the same !
Blest be their beams ! whose holy light
Shall guide the camel's footsteps right,
And lead, as with a torch divine,
The Pilgrim to his Prophet's shrine.

—Rise ! bid your Isle of Palms adieu ;
Again your lonely march pursue,
While winds of night are freshly blowing,
And heavens with softer beauty glowing.

—Tis silence all.—The solemn scene
Wears, at each step, a ruder mien ;
For giant rocks, at distance piled,
Cast their deep shadows o'er the wild.
Darkly they rise !—What eye hath viewed
The caverns of their solitude ?
Away !—within those awful cells,
The savage lord of Afric dwells !
Heard ye his voice ?—The Lion's roar
Swell's as when billows break on shore ;
Well may the camel shake with fear,
And the steed pant :—his foe is near.
Haste ! Light the torch—bid watch-fires throw
Far o'er the waste a ruddy glow ;
Keep vigil—guard the bright array
Of flames that scare him from his prey !
Within their magic circle press,
Oh wanderers of the wilderness !
Heap high the pile, and, by its blaze,
Tell the wild tales of elder days ;
Arabia's wondrous lore that dwells
On warrior deeds and wizard spells ;
Enchanted domes, 'mid scenes like these,
Rising to vanish with the breeze ;
Gardens whose fruits are gems, that shed
Their light where mortal may not tread ;
And genii, o'er whose pearly halls,
The eternal billow heaves and falls.
With charms like these, of mystic power,
Watchers ! beguile the midnight hour.

Slowly that hour hath rolled away,
And star by star withdraws its ray :
Dark children of the sun ! again
Your own rich Orient hails his reign.
He comes, but veiled ; with sanguine glare,
Tinging the mists that load the air ;
Sounds of dismay, and signs of flame,
The approaching hurricane proclaim.

'Tis death's red banner streams on high.—
 Fly to the rocks for shelter!—Fly!
 Lo! darkening o'er the fiery skies
 The pillars of the desert rise!
 On, in terrific grandeur wheeling,
 A giant host, the heavens concealing,
 They move like mighty genii-forms,
 Towering immense midst clouds and storms!
 Who shall escape! With awful force
 The whirlwind bears them on their course.
 They join—they rush resistless on—
 The landmarks of the plain are gone!
 The steps, the forms, from earth effaced
 Of those who trod the boundless waste!
 All whelmed!—All hushed!—None left to bear
 Sad record how they perished there!
 No stone their tale of death shall tell,—
 The desert guards its mysteries well!
 And o'er the unfathomed sandy deep
 Where now their nameless relics sleep,
 Oft shall the future Pilgrim tread,
 Nor know his steps are on the dead!
Constable's Edinburgh Magazine.

FROM PLATO.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

WHY dost thou gaze upon the sky?
 Oh! that I were that spangled sphere,
 And every star should be an eye
 To wonder on thy beauties here!
 In life thou wert my morning star,
 But now that death hath stolen thy light,
 Alas! thou shinest dim and far,
 Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

THE BROKEN HEART.

——— And what's her history?

A blank, my Lord.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Yes!—I remember well how beautiful
I used to think her, as she lay in slumber,
In the cool evening hour upon her couch,
Before the open lattice, which the vines
Half veiled with drooping wreaths—how like an angel
She looked—with those soft glossy ringlets,
And slight arched brow, and cheek of ivory,
Tinged with a blush of rose, bright, delicate
As that, which paints the unfolded apple-blossom.

And yet, at times, what heavy sighs she breathed
In that so beautiful sleep! and from her eye-lids
Have wandered tears, like morning dew on roses.
'Twas sadness she was dying of!—deep—deep—
For which, on this earth, grew no healing balm.
And they had brought her from her ruder clime
To that sweet spot, where ever cloudless skies,
Pure gales, and smiling scenes, their influence shed,—
But not for her this influence:—she was then
'Past hope—past cure.'

They said her heart was broken;—but a child,
I knew not, *then*, the meaning of that speech—
Yet never word, or murmur of regret,
Lingered upon that gentle lip. The spirit
Was weaned from this world, and it looked on high
In humble faith. The grave no terrors had
For one to whom existence had no charms.

Music alone still held its witching o'er her;
And she would dwell for hours on the rich tones
She knew so well to draw forth from her lute,
As in the stillness of the night she loved
To mingle with them her soft voice, when all

But ceaseless, life-consuming sorrow, slept.
And, at those hours, how often used I wake
From my light sleep, and to the casement steal ;
Then as the moon beam glittered on the Rhone,
The music of that voice and lute arose
In sighs of fragrance, and across the wave
Rung in strange sounds of harmony, as though [there,
Some Spirit of Heaven his midnight hymn breathed
All on his angel watch as lone he lingered.
I do remember it well—though long, long past ;
And—whether it was young imagination,
Or the enchantment of the scene and time,—
Such strains as those I never after heard.

She died :—and died unknown to all around,
Though many a look of fondness rested on her.
It was but a short moment fled—her eyes
Had in expressive silence gazed upon
The glorious sun, that from a sky of gold
Went down in Majesty.—Her earnest glance
Still lingered on its last light—(she then knew
The setting sun would rise for her—no more.)—
That last light faded,—vanished,—and she closed
Her heavy eyes, and back reclined her head,
As in soft sleep :—’twas an eternal sleep,
For she had died—unconscious all,—had died.
And there she lay, like some fair sculptured form,
Lovely and pure, and pale and motionless.

Literary Gazette.

ISABEL.

TO A DYING INFANT.

SLEEP, little baby ! Sleep !
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

Yes—with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be !
Oh ! many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light,
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee little tender nursling !
Flee to thy grassy nest ;
There the first flowers shall blow,
The first pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace ! Peace ! The little bosom
Labours with shortening breath :—
Peace ! Peace ! That tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh !—
Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee ;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful, as now,
Baby, thou seem'st to me !

Thine up-turned eyes glazed over,
Like hare-bells wet with dew ;
Already veiled and hid
By the convulsed lid,
Their pupils darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half-open—
Thy soft lip quivering,
As if like summer air
Ruffling the rose leaves, there
Thy soul was fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence !
Young spirit, haste, depart !—
And is this death !—Dread Thing ?
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art !

Oh ! I could gaze forever
Upon that waxen face :
So passionless, so pure !—
The little shrine was sure
An Angel's dwelling place.

Thou weepest, childless Mother !
Aye, weep—'twill ease thine heart ;—
He was thy first-born Son,
Thy first, thine only one,
'Tis hard from him to part !

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp cold earth,—
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again, in slumber,
His small mouth's rosy kiss ;
Then, wakened with a start
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss !

To feel (half conscious why,)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,

Till memory on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate !

And then to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight ;—

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty, playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,—
And all his little wiles !

Oh ! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling,—
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond Mother !
In after years, look back,
(Time brings such wondrous easing)
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.—

Thou'lt say—' My first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart
When thou wert forced to go !
And yet, for thee, I know,
'Twas better to depart.

' God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb, untasked, untried ;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified !

'I look around and see
 The evil ways of men ;
 And oh ! Beloved child !
 I'm more than reconciled
 To thy departure then.

'The little arms that clasped me,
 The innocent lips that pressed,—
 Would they have been as pure
 Till now, as when of yore,
 I lulled thee on my breast ?

'Now, like a dew-drop shrined
 Within a crystal stone,
 Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove !
 Safe with the Source of Love,
 The Everlasting One.

'And when the hour arrives
 From flesh that sets me free,
 Thy spirit may await
 The first at heaven's gate,
 To meet and welcome me.'

Blackwood's Magazine.

C.

EPIGRAM,

FROM THE GREEK OF JULIAN.

As a garland once I made,
 In a bed of roses laid,
 Love I found ; with eager joy
 By his wings I seized the boy ;
 Crowning then an ample cup,
 In a bumper drank him up.
 Now along my veins he swims,
 Fluttering, tickling through my limbs.

TO HELEN.

I've whirled o'er leagues of plain and hill,
And like its gusts have swept the sea,
Yet one deep dream is on me still,
Sweet Helen, it is all of thee.
Back wings the heart, plain, hill and tide,
And loves, and lingers at thy side.

I see thee give the parting flower,
Whose very touch was like a spell ;
And startle at its sudden power,
When deadly paleness on me fell ;
And see thy guileless beauty bend
In blushing pity o'er thy friend.

My simple Helen ! How that heart
Shall feel,—once conscious that it feels !
What crimson to thy cheek shall dart
When the first vision o'er it steals,
What tears shall weep Love's madness, folly,
Thou child of Love and Melancholy.

I've seen it in that eye of blue,
Wild wandering over earth and sky,
I've seen it in that cheek's deep hue,
When some sublimer fantasy
Wrought in thee like an infant Muse ;—
But these were passion's tears and hues.

I've seen thee press the rose to lips
That might have given it richer red,
And where the western sunbeam dips
Its radiance, gaze till all was fled :—
Helen !—when once thy hour is nigh,
Thy lot is bliss—or misery !

Who tells thee this ? A silent one,
Who loved thee, as thou lov'dst the flower,

With passion to himself unknown,
And hovered round thee hour by hour,
And saw thee but a lovely child,
Nor woke till all his soul was wild.

Child as thou wert—yet didst thou ne'er
Think who he was that loved thee so?
Did thy heart never thrill, to hear
His tone, so strange, and sad, and low?
The glance so raised, so sunk again,—
Was not the fearful secret plain?

Yet I have torn myself from thee!
This hour the surge is at my feet,
That bears me, ah!—how gloomily!—
Where thou and I shall never meet!
Aye, 'tis a fitting hour to tell
The heart's deep history.—Fare thee well!
Literary Gazette.

SONG.

'Twas sweet to look upon thine eyes,
As they looked answering to mine own;
'Twas sweet to listen to thy sighs,
And hear my name on every tone.

'Twas sweet to meet in yon lone glen
While smiles the heart's best sunshine shed;
'Twas sweet to part, and think again
The gentle things that each had said.

But all this sweetness was not worth
The tears that dimmed its after light!
Love is a sweet star at its birth,
But one that sets in deepest night. L. E. L.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE SIGHT OF SOME LATE AUTUMN
FLOWERS.

THOSE few pale autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are !
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far !

And why ?—They are the last !
The last ! the last ! the last !
Oh ! by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirred ;
That sister of the past !

Pale flowers ! Pale perishing flowers !
Ye're types of precious things ;
Types of those bitter moments,
That flit like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
(That time the fastest spends)
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half uttered,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day,
The last day spent with one
Who, e'er the morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye ?

Oh, precious, precious moments !
Pale flowers ! ye're types of those ;
The saddest ! sweetest ! dearest !
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers ! Pale perishing flowers !

I woo your gentle breath—

I leave the summer rose

For younger, blither brows ;

Tell me of change and death.

Blackwood's Magazine.

C.

TO THE MEMORY OF COWPER.

BY MRS. HUNTER.

'Tis not thy Muse, though tuneful is her song,
That draws me, Cowper, weeping to thy tomb ;
Nor could thy Grecian lore thy fame prolong
In memory, through time's revolving gloom,
Were not thy gifts of nature, and of art,
Joined to the treasure of a feeling heart.

Formed for each dear delight by man enjoyed,
For love, for friendship, and each social tie,
The nipping blast of fate thy hopes destroyed,
And in the bud thy rose was doomed to die :
Friendship remained, and there thy lot was blessed,
Of every heart, as soon as known, possessed.

O soul of tenderness ! though thou art flown,
Still shall thy fair example teach the age,
That gentle sympathies perform alone
More than e'er wit or wisdom taught the sage :—
They bind in bonds of love the captive will,
In sickness, sorrow, death, unchanging still !
English Minstrelsy.

STANZAS

ON THE LOSS OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP SALDANAH.

BY THOMAS SHERIDAN, ESQ.

'BRITANNIA rules the waves !'
Heard'st thou that dreadful roar ?
Hark ! 'tis bellowed from the caves
Where Lough-Swilly's billow raves,
And three hundred British graves
Taint the shore.

No voice of life was there !
'Tis the dead that raise that cry ;
The dead, who raised no prayer
As they sunk in wild despair,
Chaunt in scorn that boastful air,
Where they lie.

'Rule Britannia' sung the crew
When the stout Saldanah sailed ;
And her colours, as they flew,
Flung the warrior-cross to view,
Which in battle to subdue
Ne'er had failed.

Bright rose the laughing morn,
(That morn that sealed her doom ;)
Dark and sad is her return,
And the storm-lights faintly burn,
As they toss upon her stern
Mid the gloom.

From the lonely beacon's height,
As the watchmen gazed around,
They saw their flashing light

Drive swift athwart the night ;
Yet the wind was fair, and right
To the Sound.

But no mortal power shall now
That crew and vessel save ;—
They are shrouded as they go
In a hurricane of snow,
And the track beneath her prow
Is their grave.

There are spirits of the deep,
Who, when the warrant's given,
Rise raging from their sleep
On rock, or mountain steep,
Or 'mid thunder-clouds that keep
The wrath of heaven.

High the eddying mists are whirled
As they rear their giant forms ;
See! their tempest flag's unfurled,—
Fierce they sweep the prostrate world,
And the withering lightning's hurled
Through the storms.

O'er Swilly's rocks they soar,
Commissioned watch to keep ;
Down, down, with thundering roar,
The exulting demons pour.—
The Saldanah floats no more
O'er the deep!

The dreadful hest is past!—
All is silent as the grave ;
One shriek was first and last—
Scarce a death sob drunk the blast,
As sunk her towering mast
Beneath the wave.

‘Britannia rules the waves’—
 O vain and impious boast !
 Go mark, presumptuous slaves,
 Where He, who sinks or saves,
 Scars the sands with countless graves
 Round your coast.

Album.

AN APOLOGUE.

BY T. GASPY, ESQ.

’Twas eight o’clock, and near the fire
 My ruddy little boy was seated ;
 And with the titles of a sire,
 My ears expected to be greeted.
 But vain the thought ! By sleep oppressed,
 No father there the child descried ;
 His head reclined upon his breast,
 Or nodding, rolled from side to side.

‘Let this young rogue be sent to bed,’—
 More I had not had time to say,
 When the poor urchin raised his head
 To beg that he might longer stay.
 Refused ; away his steps he bent,
 With tearful eye and aching heart ;
 But claimed his playthings ere he went,
 And took up stairs his horse and cart.

Still for delay, though oft denied,
 He pleaded ;—wildly craved the boon ;—
 Though past his usual hour, he cried
 At being sent to bed so soon !
 If stern to him, his grief I shared,
 (Unmoved who sees his offspring weep ?)
 Of soothing him I half despaired,
 When all his cares were lost in sleep.

24*

'Alas poor infant!' I exclaimed,
'Thy father blushes now to scan
In all that he so lately blamed
The follies and the fears of man.
The vain regret—the anguish brief—
What thou hast known sent up to bed,
Pourtrays of man the idle grief
When doomed to slumber with the dead.'

And more I thought—when up the stairs
With longing, lingering looks, he crept;
To mark of man the childish cares,
His playthings carefully he kept.
Thus mortals in life's later stage,
When nature claims their forfeit breath,
Still grasp at wealth, in pain and age,
And cling to golden toys in death!

'Tis morn, and see my smiling boy
Awakes to hail returning light;
To fearless laughter, boundless joy!
Forgot the tears of yesternight!
Thus shall not man forget his wo,—
Survive of age and death the gloom,
Smile at the cares he knew below,
And, renovated, burst the tomb?

Literary Gazette.

EPIGRAM,

FROM THE GREEK.

ON marble tombs let no rich essence flow,
No chaplet bloom—no lamp suspended glow;
Vain cost! while yet I live, these honours pay,
Wine can but moisten ashes into clay.

THE SHIP.

HER mighty sails the breezes swell,
And fast she leaves the lessening land,
And from the shore the last farewell
Is waved by many a snowy hand ;
And weeping eyes are on the main,
Until its verge she wanders o'er ;
But, from that hour of parting pain,
Oh ! she was never heard of more !

In her was many a mother's joy,
And love of many a weeping fair ;
For her was wafted, in its sigh,
The lonely heart's unceasing prayer ;
And oh ! the thousand hopes untold
Of ardent youth, that vessel bore ;
Say, were they quenched in ocean cold,
For she was never heard of more ?

When on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation, doomed to flee,
Say, sank she 'mid the blinding wrath
Of racking cloud and rolling sea ?
Or, where the land but mocks the eye,
Went drifting on a fatal shore ?
Vain guesses all !—Her destiny
Is dark :—she ne'er was heard of more.

The moon hath twelve times changed her form,
From glowing orb to crescent wan ;
'Mid skies of calm, and scowl of storm,
Since from her port that ship hath gone ;
But ocean keeps its secret well ;
And though we know that all is o'er,
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell
Her fate :—she ne'er was heard of more !

Oh! were her tale of sorrow known,
'Twere something to the broken-heart,
The pangs of doubt would then be gone,
And Fancy's endless dreams depart!
It may not be:—there is no ray
By which her doom we may explore;
We only know she sailed away,
And ne'er was seen nor heard of more.
Constable's Edinburgh Magazine.

LOVE.

IN FIVE SONNETS.

I.

THERE is an hour, when all our past pursuits,
The dreams and passions of our early day,
The unripe blessedness that dropped away
From our young tree of life,—like blasted fruits,—
All rush upon the soul: some beauteous form
Of one we loved and lost, or dying tone,
Haunting the heart with music that is flown,
Still lingers near us, with an awful charm!
I love that hour,—for it is deeply fraught
With images of things, no more to be;—
Visions of hope, and pleasure madly sought,
And sweeter dreams of love and purity;—
The poesy of heart, that smiled in pain,
And all my boyhood worshipped—but in vain!

II.

We met in secret,—in the depth of night,
When there was none to watch us, not an eye,
Save the lone dweller of the silent sky,
To gaze upon our love and pure delight!
And in that hour's unbroken solitude,
When the white moon hath robed her in its beam,
I've thought, some vision of a blessed dream,

Or spirit of the air, before me stood,
And held communion with me. In mine ear
Her voice's sweet notes, breathed not of the earth ;
Her beauty seemed not of a mortal birth ;
And in my heart, there was an awful fear,
A thrill, like some deep warning from above,
That soothed its passion to a spirit's love !

III.

She stood before me,—the pure lamps of heaven
Lighted her charms, and those soft eyes, which turned
On me with dying fondness.—My heart burned,
As tremblingly with her's my vows were given.
Then, softly ! 'gainst my bosom, beat *her* heart !
These loving arms around her form were thrown,
Binding her heavenly beauty, like a zone ;
While from her ruby, warm lips, just apart,
Like bursting roses, sighs of fragrance stole ;
And words of music, whispering in mine ear,
Things pure and holy, none but mine should hear.
For they were accents uttered from her soul ;
For which, no tongue her innocence reproved.
And breathed for one who loved her—and was loved !

IV.

She hung upon my bosom—and her sighs,
Fragrant and fast, were warm upon my cheek ;
And they were all her suffering heart could speak,
Save the soft language of her eloquent eyes,
Which the night hid not, for her soul was there,
In starry brightness,—tempered by distress,—
All softened down with love's own tenderness ;
And some wild tokens of her heart's despair
Were trembling o'er her beauty. There was one
Who would not have exchanged that sorrowing hour,
For all that he had dreamed in rapture's bower.
In the wide world there was one heart alone,
That blessed him with its love, and truth, and charms,—
And it was beauty, now, within his arms !

V.

They loved for years with growing tenderness.
 They had but one pure prayer to waft above,
 One heart,—one hope,—one dream,—and that was love;
 They loved for years, through danger and distress,
 Till they were parted, and his spotless fame
 Became the mark of hate and obloquy;
 'Till the remembering tear that dimmed her eye,
 Was dried on blushes of repentant shame.
 While he—oh God!—in raptured vision sweet,
 Would walk alone beneath the evening star,
 Watching the light she loved, and dream of her,
 And of the hour, when they again should meet!
 They met at last;—but love's sweet vision fled
 Forever from his heart,—for she was wed!—
Dublin Magazine.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

WHERE are ye with whom in life I started,
 Dear companions of my golden days?
 Ye are dead, estranged from me, or parted;
 Flown like morning clouds, a thousand ways.

Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother?
 Yea in my soul, my friend and brother still!
 Heaven received thee, and on earth none other
 Can the void in my lorn bosom fill.

Where is she whose looks were love and gladness?
 Love and gladness I no longer see;
 She is gone, and since that hour of sadness
 Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

Where am I? Life's current faintly flowing,
 Brings the welcome warning of release;
 Struck with death; ah! whither am I going?
 All is well, my spirit parts in peace.
Polyhymnia.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE PLATFORM AT BERNE.

BY MISS PORDEN.

THREE days of chequered smiles and tears,
Such changeful cheer as Autumn wears,
Still have I sought this spot to gaze
On yon rich work of Gothic days,—
That proud Cathedral, perfect still ;
Or, fairer yet, this noble hill,
Whose ridge patrician mansions crown,
And terraced gardens sloping down,
Where murmuring in its rapid flow
Broad winds the clear blue Aar below.
Nor deemed I aught might hence be seen
Beyond that swelling slope of green !
But now what vision mocks my sight ?
Those summits of eternal white,
More than the eye may count around,
Stretched to the horizon's farthest bound.
See Him* whose fine and painted horn
Rises to meet the earliest morn,
And bask in day, while deepest night
Still blackens each surrounding height ;—
And She† whose glittering dells are known
To sprites of middle-air alone,—
The virgin on whose frozen breast
A shadowy eagle loves to rest,
And spreads his mighty pinions dun
To shield her from the amorous sun,
When all the lingering beam he throws,
She blushes through her waste of snows,
And all her brother Alps around
Are with a roseate glory crowned.

* The Finster-Aar-Horn, the highest of the Bernese Alps.

† The Jungfrau, or Virgin's Horn, so called from the belief that it is inaccessible.

All save the Shreckhorn's dreadful-peak,
For ever black, and bare, and bleak ;
For not a sprite that comes to throw
The soft and velvet veil of snow,
That dresses other heights, will dare
To plant his venturous footsteps there !
Ye mountains ! have your peaks sublime
Scorned all the wasting power of time,
Unchanged since first the world began,
'Mid all the changing fates of man.
Eagles of Austria, Rome and Gaul,
Lour ! for these heights have mocked you all.
Ye thought these realms an easy spoil ;
They foiled you, and shall ever foil ;
For freedom lives her flag to rear
Where hills are proud and steeps are clear.
And who that knows these velvet vales,
These pine-clad steeps—these healthful gales,
These glittering peaks to conqueror's hand
Will ever yield the lovely land ?

Helvetia, trust the prophet prayers,
A sister spirit breathes and shares ;
Albion, though distant, still allied
By kindred feelings, kindred pride,—
Where winds beneath the solar course
Blow with unerring, changeless force ;
The slave may fear a tyrant's nod,
The humbled soul may kiss the rod,
But here, our spirits more sublime,
Are, like our seasons, unconfined ;
There's vigour in the changing clime,
And freedom breathes in every wind.

Literary Gazette.

THE SPARTAN'S MARCH.

It was at once a delightful and terrible sight to see the Spartans marching on to the tunes of their flutes, without ever troubling their order, or confounding their ranks ; their music leading them into danger with a deliberate hope and assurance, as if some Divinity had sensibly assisted them.

PLUTARCH.

'Twas morn upon the Grecian hills,
Where peasants dressed the vines ;
There was sun-light on Cithaeron's rills,
Arcadia's rocks and pines ;

And brightly through his reeds and flowers
Eurotas wandered by,
When a sound arose from Spartan towers
Of solemn harmony.

Was it the shepherd's choral strain
That hymned the forest-God ?
Or the virgins as to Pallas' fane
With their full-toned lyres they trod ?

But helms were glancing on the stream,
Spears ranged in close array,
And shields flung back a glorious beam
To the morn of a fearful day ;

And the mountain echoes of the land
Swelled through the deep blue sky,
While to soft strains moved forth a band
Of men that moved to die.

They marched not with the trumpet's blast,
Nor bade the horn peal out ;
And the laurel woods as on they passed,
Rung with no battle shout !

They asked no clarion's voice to fire
 Their souls with an impulse high !
 But the Dorian reed and the Spartan lyre,
 For the sons of liberty !

And still sweet flutes their path around,
 Sent forth Eolian breath ;
 They needed not a sterner sound
 To marshal them for death.

So moved they calmly to their field,
 Thence never to return,
 Save bearing back the Spartan's shield,
 Or on it proudly borne.
Constable's Edinburgh Magazine.

SONG.

THE lights are fair in my father's hall,
 The red wine is bright to see ;
 But I'll flee like a bird and leave them all,
 My Ocean Love ! for thee.

There is gold around my silken robe,
 And white pearls are in my hair :
 And they say that gems and the broidered vest
 Are woman's chiefest care ;

But dearer to me is one silent smile
 Of thine eagle eye than them all ;
 And dearer the deck of thy bark to me
 Than my father's lighted hall.

I have no home now but thy arms,
 And they are the world to me ;
 And be thou but true, I'll never regret
 All, dear love ! I have left for thee.

L. E. L.

LINES

ON A PORTRAIT, SUPPOSED TO BE THAT OF NELL
GWYN, BY SIR PETER LELY, IN THE POSSESSION
OF R. CRACROFT, ESQ.

BEAUTIFUL and radiant girl !
I have heard of teeth of pearl,—
Lips of coral,—cheeks of rose,—
Necks and brows, like drifted snows,—
Eyes, as diamonds sparkling bright,
Or the stars of summer's night,—
And expression, grace and soul,
Softly tempering down the whole :—
But a form so near divine,
With a face so fair as thine,—
And so sunny bright a brow,—
Never met my gaze till now !
Thou wert Venus' sister twin
If this shade be thine, NELL GWYN !

Cast that carcanet away,
Thou hast need of no display—
Gems, however rare, to deck
Such an alabaster neck !
Can the brilliant's lustre vie
With the glories of thine eye ?
Or the ruby's red compare
With the two lips breathing there ?
Can they add a richer glow
To thy beauties ? No, sweet, no !
Though thou bearest the name of one
Whom 'twas virtue once to shun,—
It were sure to Taste a sin,
Now to pass thee by—NELL GWYN !

But they've wronged thee ;—and I swear
By that brow, so dazzling fair,—

By the light subdued that flashes
 From thy drooping 'lids' silk lashes,—
 By the deep blue eyes beneath them,—
 By the clustering curls that wreath them,—
 By thy softly blushing cheek,—
 By thy lips, that more than speak,—
 By thy stately swan-like neck,
 Glossy white without a speck,—
 By thy slender fingers fair,—
 Modest mien, and graceful air,
 'Twas a burning shame and sin,
 Sweet, to christen thee—**NELL GWYN!**

Wreath for aye thy snowy arms,
 Thine are, sure, no Wanton's charms!
 Like the fawn's—as bright and shy—
 Beams thy dark, retiring eye ;—
 No bold invitation's given
 From the depths of that blue heaven ;—
 Nor one glance of lightness hid
 'Neath its pale, declining lid !
 No, I'll not believe *thy* name
 Can be aught allied to Shame.
 Then let them call thee what they will,
 I've sworn and I'll maintain it still,
 (Spite of Tradition's idle din,)
 Thou art not—canst not be—**NELL GWYN!**
A. A. W.

TO JESSY.

BY LORD BYRON.

THERE is a mystic thread of life
So dearly wreathed with mine alone,
That Destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight ;
By day that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture through my breast,
I would not hear a seraph choir
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek ;
But pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip, which mine hath prest,
And none had ever prest before,
It vowed to make me sweetly blest,
That mine might only press it more.

There is a bosom—all my own—
Hath pillowed oft this aching head ;
A mouth that smiles on me alone,
An eye whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet,
That, pulse to pulse responsive still,
They both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two souls whose equal flow,
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—They part?—Ah, no!
They cannot part!—Those souls are one!
Literary Panorama.

THE NYMPH OF THE STREAM.

BY MRS. HUNTER.

NYMPH of the mountain-stream, thy foaming urn
Wastes its pure waters on the rock below ;
There no green herbage shall a leaf return,
No plant can flourish and no flower can blow ;—
Stern Solitude, whose frown the heart appals,
Dwells on the heath-clad hills around thy waterfalls.

Yet not in vain thy murmuring fountain flows,—
It cheers the wanderer in the dreary waste,
Awakes dull Silence from her deep repose,
And charms the eye, the ear, the soul, of taste ;—
For this the grateful muse in fancy twines
Around thy urn, the rose and waving wild woodbines.

And when far distant from the glowing scene
Of castles, winding straths, and tufted woods,
From Lomond's fairy banks, and islands green,
His cloud-capt mountains, and his silver floods,
Memory shall turn in many a waking dream,
To meet thee, lonely Nymph ! beside thy mountain-
stream.
English Minstrelsy.

ITALY.

A FRAGMENT.

EARTH's loveliest land, I behold thee in dreams,
All gay in the summer, and drest in sun-beams,
In the radiance, which breaks on the purified sense
Of the thin-bodied ghosts that are flitting from hence.
The blue distant Alps, and the blue distant main,
Bound the far varied harvests of Lombardy's plain ;
The rivers are winding in blue gleaming lines,
Round the ruins of old, round the hill of the vines,—
Round the grove of the orange—the green myrtle bower,
By castle and convent—by town and by tower.
Through the bright summer azure, the north breezes flow,
That are cooled in their flight over regions of snow ;
Or westerly gales, on whose wandering wings,
The wave of the ocean its silver dew flings.
Bright—bright is the prospect, and teeming the soil,
With the blessings of promise—with corn, wine and oil ;
Where the cypress and myrtle, and orange combine,
And around the dark olive gay wantons the vine.
Woods leafy and rustling, o'ershadow the scene,
With their forests of branches, and changes of green ;
And glossy their greenness, where sunshine is glistening,
And mellow their music, where SILENCE is listening ;
And the streamlets glide through them with glassier hue,
And the sky sparkles o'er them with heavenlier blue.
How deep and how rich is the blush of the rose,
That spreading and wild o'er the wilderness grows !—
What waftures of incense are filling the air,
For the bloom of a summer unbounded is there !

The soft and voluptuous spirit of love,
Rules in earth and in ether—below and above !—
In the blue of the sky—in the glow of the beam,
In the sigh of the wind, and the flow of the stream !

At his presence the rose takes a ruddier bloom,
And the vine-bud exhales a more wanton perfume ;
Even the hoarse surging billows have softened their roar,
And break with a musical fall on the shore.

Blackwood's Magazine.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light
Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight—
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown ;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown ;
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion ;
How sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,

And walked with inward glory crowned—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure :
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are ;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away this life of care,
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan ;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not, and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

INSCRIPTION

ON A NATURAL GROTTTO, NEAR A DEEP STREAM.

HEALTH, rose-lipped cherub, haunts this spot :—
She slumbers oft in yonder nook ;
If in the shade you trace her not,
Plunge—and you'll find her in the brook !

THE CONTRAST.

And this is love :
Can you then say that love is happiness !

THERE were two portraits :—one was of a Girl
Just blushing into woman ;—it was not
A face of perfect beauty, but it had
A most bewildering smile,—there was a glance
Of such arch playfulness and innocence,
That as you looked, a pleasant feeling came
Over the heart, as when you hear a sound
Of cheerful music. Rich and glossy curls
Were bound with roses, and her sparkling eyes
Gleamed like Thalia's, when some quick device
Of mirth is in her laugh. Her light step seemed
Bounding upon the air, with all the life,
The buoyant life, of one untouched by sorrow.

There was another,—drawn in after years :—
The face was young still ; but its happy look
Was gone ; the cheek had lost its colour, and
The lip its smile ;—the light that once had played
Like sunshine in those eyes, was quenched and dim,
For tears had wasted it ; her long dark hair
Floated upon her forehead, in loose waves,
Unbraided ; and upon her pale thin hand
Her head was bent, as if in pain ;—no trace
Was left of that sweet gaiety, which once
Seemed as if grief could darken not,—as care
Would pass and leave behind no memory.—
There was one whom she loved undoubtingly,
As youth will ever love,—he sought her smile,
And said most gentle things, although he knew
Another had his vows.—Oh ! there are some
Can trifle, in cold vanity, with all
The warm soul's precious throbs, to whom it is
A triumph that a fond devoted heart
Is breaking for them,—who can bear to call
Young flowers into beauty, and then crush them !

Affections trampled on, and hopes destroyed,
 Tears wrung from very bitterness, and sighs
 That waste the breath of life,—these all were her's
 Whose image is before me. She had given
 Life's hope to a most fragile bark,—to love!
 'Twas wrecked--wrecked by love's treachery! She knew,
 Yet spoke not of his falsehood; but the charm
 That bound her to existence was dispelled.—
 Her days were numbered:—She is sleeping now.
Literary Gazette. L. E. L.

SONG.

THE dream on the pillow
 That flits with the day,
 The leaf of the willow
 A breath wears away;

The dust on the blossom,
 The spray on the sea;
 Aye—ask thine own bosom!—
 Are emblems of thee.

When I trust the dark waters,
 And tempests are near,
 List the blue sea's false daughters,
 And think not on fear,—

Oh then I'll believe thee
 As once I believed,
 Nor dread thou'lt deceive me
 As thou hast deceived.

When the rose blooms at Christmas,
 I'll trust thee again,
 Or the snow falls in summer,—
 But never till then!

L. E. L.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

IN TWO SONNETS.

I.

O 'TIS a touching thing to make one weep!—
A tender infant with its curtained eye,
Breathing as it would neither live nor die,
With that unmoving countenance of sleep,—
As if its silent dream, serene and deep,
Had lined its slumbers with a still blue sky,—
So that the passive cheeks unconscious lie,
With no more life than roses, just to keep
The blushes warm and the mild odorous breath:
Oh blossom-boy! so calm is thy repose!
So sweet a compromise of life and death!
'Tis pity those fair buds should e'er uncloze,
For Memory to stain their inward leaf,
Tinging thy dreams with unacquainted grief!

II.

Thine eyelids slept so beauteously, I deemed
No eyes would wake more beautiful than they;
Thy glossy cheeks so unimpassioned lay,
I loved their peacefulness, and never dreamed
Of dimples; for thy parted lips so seemed
I did not think a smile could sweetlier play,
Nor that so graceful life could charm away
Thy graceful death, till those blue eyes upheaved!
Now slumber lies in dimpled eddies drowned,
And roses bloom more rosily for joy;
And odorous silence ripens into sound,
And fingers move to mirth!—All-beauteous boy!
How dost thou waken into smiles, and prove,
If not more lovely, thou art more like Love!

London Magazine.

T.

STANZAS

BY THE HON. ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

DAYS of my youth,
Ye have glided away ;
Hairs of my youth,
Ye are frosted and gray ;
Eyes of my youth,
Your keen sight is no more ;
Cheeks of my youth,
Ye have furrowed all o'er ;
Strength of my youth,
All your vigour is gone ;
Thoughts of my youth,
Your gay visions are flown.

DAYS of my youth,
I wish not your recall ;
Hours of my youth,
I'm content ye should fall ;
Eyes of my youth,
You much evil have seen ;
Cheeks of my youth,
Bathed in tears have you been ;
Thoughts of my youth,
Ye have led me astray ;
Strength of my youth,
Why lament your decay.

DAYS of my age,
Ye will shortly be past ;
Pains of my age,
Yet awhile ye can last ;
Joys of my age,
In true wisdom delight ;
Eyes of my age,
Be religion your light ;

Thoughts of my age,
Dread ye not the cold sod ;
Hopes of my age,
Be ye fixed on your God.
The Mirror of Literature.

THE MERRY HEART.

BY THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.

I WOULD not from the wise require
The lumber of their learned lore ;
Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits, light as air ;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,—
A merry heart, that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of my kind,
I've struggled for dame Fortune's favour,
And sometimes have been half inclined
To rate her for her ill behaviour.
But life was short—I thought it folly
To lose its moments in despair ;
So slipped aside from melancholy,
With merry heart, that laughed at care.

And once, 'tis true, two 'witching eyes
Surprised me in a luckless season,
Turned all my mirth to lonely sighs,
And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve,
And love you know's a reason fair,
And much improved, as I believe,
The merry heart, that laughed at care.

So now, from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find ;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with pliant heart prepare,
The mind, attuned to every season,
The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
Ye social feelings of the mind,
Give, sometimes give, your sunny gleam,
And let the rest good humour find.
Yes, let me hail and welcome give
To every joy my lot may share,
And pleased and pleasing let me live
With merry heart, that laughs at care.

SONG,

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

I'VE roamed through many a weary round,
I've wandered east and west,
Pleasure in every clime I've found,
But sought in vain for rest.

While glory sighs for other spheres,
I feel that one's too wide,
And think the home, which love endears,
Worth all the world beside.

The needle thus too rudely moved,
Wanders unconscious where ;
'Till having found the place it loved,
It trembling settles there.

THE RETURN.

THE palms fling down their shadows, and the air
Is rich with breathings of the citron bloom ;
All the so radiant children of the south,
The gold and silver jessamines, the rose
In crimson glory, there are gathered ;—sounds
Of music too from waterfalls, the hymn
The bees sing to the sweet flowers as they feed ;
The earth seems in its infancy ; the sky,
The fair blue sky, is glowing as the hopes
Of childish happiness : It is a land
Of blossoming and sunshine.—One is here
To whom the earth is colourless, the heaven
Clouded and cold ;—his heart is far away ;
The palms have not to him the majesty
Of his own land's green oaks ; the roses here
Are not so sweet as those wild ones that grow
In his own valley ; he would rather have
One pale blue violet than all the buds
That Indian suns have kissed ; his heart is full
Of gentle recollections, and those thoughts,
Which can but hold communion with themselves,
The heart's best dreaming. When the wanderer
Calls up those tender memories, which are
So very sweet in absence, those dear links
That distance cannot sunder—come there not
Such visionings, young Evelin, o'er thy soul ?
The dwelling of thy childhood, the dark hill
Above thy native valley, down whose side,
Like a swift arrow, shot the foaming stream,
The music of the lark, which every morn
Waked thy light slumber, and a fairy shape,
Whose starry eyes are far too bright for tears,
Though tears are in them, and whose coral lip
Wears still its spring-day smile ? Although ' Farewell,'
That saddest of sad sounds, is lingering there,
Are not these present to thee ? Evelin was
A soldier, and he left his home with all

The high romance of youth. Beloved, and well
His heart repaid that love ; but there were clouds,
Low worldly clouds, upon Affection's star :
He sought to clear them—what was toil, that led
To fame, to fortune, and Elizabeth !

There's music in that bower, where the wild rose
Has clung about the ash,—such plaining tones
As the winds waken ! There a harp is breathing,
And o'er it leans its mistress, as she lived
Upon those melancholy sounds ;—her head
Is bent, as if in pain, upon those strings,
And the gold shadows of her long hair veil
The white hand, which almost unconsciously
In melody is wandering. That fair hand
Is not more snowy than the cheek it presses ;
That cheek proclaims the history of the heart—
Tells, that across the bright May hours of youth
Bleak clouds have past, and left behind a trace
Bordering on sadness, but withal so sweet
You scarce might call it sorrow ; and that smile
But speaks of patient mild endurance, soft
And kind and gentle thoughts, which well become
A breaking heart, whose throbs will soon be still
In the so lonely but so quiet grave.
Yes, she is dying ! Though so young and fair,
Her days are numbered ; and if e'er her cheek
Wears the rich colour it once had, 'tis but
The sad and lovely herald of decay,
The death rose, that but blossoms on the tomb.
(Her's was a heart which, when it once had loved,
Could but ill brook the many trembling fears
That absent love must know.—Her fate was like
A star, o'er which the clouds steal one by one,
Scarce seen, scarce noticed, till the sweet light's gone.)

She is within his arms, and they have met !
Evelin and Elizabeth ? Yes.—A flush
Of beautiful delight is on her face ;

He clasps her silently, and his dark eye
Is filled with tears. Ah, tears like these are worth
A life of smiles!—At length he gently says,
'Elizabeth, my own love!'—It was heaven
To think that she again could hear him breathe
That dear, dear name! She answereth not, but lies
Upon his bosom motionless. He looks
On her sweet face—'tis fixed and pale in death!

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

PARTING.

BY ISMAEL FITZADAM.

No, never other lips shall press
The plighted one where thine hath been;
Nor ever other bosom press
The heart whereon thy head did lean.
Oh, never, love! though after this
Thy smile perchance no more I see,—
The very memory of that bliss
Shall keep me sacred all to thee.

Farewell, farewell! in wo or weal,
Though worlds may interpose to sever,
And 'the world's law,' I wildly feel,
Thy heart and mine are one for ever!
Farewell! the ripe tear fills mine eye—
My very inmost soul is riven!
After such pang 'tis light to die—
Matilda, we shall meet in heaven!

Literary Gazette.

THE BATTLE OF ROSLIN.

HARK!—'twas the trumpet rung!—
 Commingling armies shout!
And, glancing far these woods among,
 The wreathing standards float!
The voice of triumph, and of wail,
 Of victor, and of vanquished, joined,
Is wafted on the vernal gale;
 And Echo hath combined
Her mimic tones, to breathe the tale
 To every passing wind.

For Saxon foes invade
 A proud, but kingless, realm;
Oppression draws her crimsoned blade
 To ruin, and o'erwhelm:—
'Tis Confray, on destruction bent,
 From Freedom's roll to blot a land,
By England's haughty Edward sent;
 But never on her mountain-strand
Shall Caledonia sit content,
 Content with fettered hand!

Not while one patriot breathes,—
 While every verdant vale,
And mountain-side bequeaths
 Some old heroic tale:
The Wallace and The Bruce have thrown
 A trail of glory far behind,
The heart, to youth and valour known,
 With giant strength to bind;
While even the peasant, toiling lone,
 Recalls their deeds to mind.

The Cumin leaves not home
 To tell a bloodless tale;
And forth, in arms, with Frazer roam
 The flower of Teviotdale;

In Roslin's wild and wooded glen,
The voice of war the shepherd hears;
And, in the groves of Hawthornden,
Are thrice ten thousand spears,
Bright as the cheek of Nature, when
May morning smiles through tears.

Three camps, divided, raise
Their snowy tops on high;
The flag unfurling now displays
Its lions to the sky.
The tongue of mirth is jocund there;
Blithe carols hail the matin light;
Though lurking death, and gloomy care,
Are watching, in despite,
Bright eyes that now are glancing fair,
Too soon to close in night!

Baffled, and backward borne,
Is England's foremost war!—
The Saxon battle-god, forlorn,
Remounts his dragon-car!—
A third time warlike cheers are raised
Beneath the noon's unclouded sun;
Upon the patriot band it blazed,
Saw thrice their laurels won,
And hung o'er Roslin's vale amazed,
As erst o'er Ajalon!

Blue Esk, with murmuring stream,
Romantic, journeys by
Between its rocky banks, which seem
To woo the summer sky,
With beechen groves, and oaken boughs,
And bloomy wild shrubs, fresh and fair;
While oft the pendent willow throws
Its locks of silver hair
Athwart the waters, which disclose
Its image pictured there.

Three triumphs in a day !
 Three hosts subdued by one !
 Three armies scattered like the spray
 Beneath one summer sun !—
 Who, pausing 'mid this solitude,
 Of rocky streams, and leafy trees,—
 Who, gazing o'er this quiet wood,
 Would ever dream of these ?
 Or think that aught might here intrude,
 Save birds, and humming bees ?

Roslin, thy castle gray
 Survives the wrecks of time ;
 And proudly towers thy dark Abbaye,
 With pinnacles sublime :—
 But, when thy battlements shall sink,
 And, like a vision, leave the scene,—
 Here,—here, when daylight's glories shrink,
 On sculptured base shall lean
 The patriot of the land, to think
 Of glories that have been !
Blackwood's Magazine.

△

EPITAPH ON COWPER.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

HERE, where thought no more devours,
 Rests the poet and the man ;
 Life with all its subtle powers,
 Ending where it first began.

Stranger, if thou lov'st a tear,
 Weep thee o'er his death awhile ;
 If thine eye would still be clear,
 Think upon his life, and smile.
Monthly Mirror.

THE PYTHONESS.

BACK she flung
The gathered darkness of her raven hair,
And bared her marble brow, as she would turn
An unchecked gaze on heaven ;—back they flowed,
And, as beneath a mantle did she move
Within their shadow, while the murmuring wind
Bearing them like a banner, with low wail, [pale,
Passed through those long black locks. Her cheek was
And, as the day break fell upon her face,
It grew still paler. . One whom godless spells
Had summoned from the silence of the grave,
Would wear such fixed ghostliness of look—
And, in her eyes, unearthly light'ning dwelt,
As they caught from the stars, with which she held
Communion strange, a portion of their fire.
Her form was wan and wasted, as the soul
Had worn its fragile dwelling ; when she raised
Her white arms, they were like the snowy cloud,
That, half dissolved, hangs on a moonlight sky.
She stood and watched the morning ; the first blush
Of young Aurora was upon the east ;
But, when the chariot of the sun-god caught,
Invisible glory, from its cloudy hall,
A breath of fragrance floated on the air ;
The laurels trembled, though the wind was hushed,
And sounds, faint, but most musical, swept past.
She felt the influence on her, and her cheek
Grew red with strong emotion ; wilder light
Flashed from her eyes ; and, with still haughtier step,
She prest the ground, and flung her arms on high.
Bright visions were before her, and the page
Of dim futurity was opened, and
Years yet to be, were pictured on her soul
In all their varied characters of fate.
She told of glorious things, of victories,
Of crowns, of wealth ; and then came deeper tones
Of human miseries, battles, famine, death.

Constable's Edinburgh Magazine.

L. E. L.

THE WINTER ROSE.

HAIL, and farewell, thou lovely guest !
I may not woo thy stay,
The hues that paint thy glowing vest
Are fading fast away,
Like the retiring tints that die
At evening on the western sky,
And melt in misty gray.

It was but now thy radiant smile
Broke through the season's gloom,
As bending I inhaled awhile
Thy breathing of perfume,
And traced on every silken leaf
A tale of summer, sweet and brief,
And sudden as thy doom.

The morning sun thy petals hailed
New from their mossy cell ;
At eve his beam, in sorrow veiled,
Bade thee a last farewell ;
To-morrow's ray shall mark the spot
Where, loosened from their fairy knot,
Thy withering beauties fell.

Alas ! on thy forsaken stem
My heart shall long recline,
And mourn the transitory gem,
And make the story mine !
So on my joyless winter hour
Has oped some fair and fragrant flower
With smile as soft as thine.

Like thee the vision came, and went,
Like thee it bloomed and fell,
In momentary pity sent
Of fairer climes to tell ;

So frail its form, so short its stay,
That nought the lingering heart could say,
But, hail, and fare thee well!
Constable's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE DRINKING SONG OF MUNICH.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY, IN 1800.

SWEET Iser, were thy sunny realm
And flowery gardens mine,
Thy waters I would shade with elm
To prop the tender vine;
My golden flagons I would fill
With rosy draughts from every hill;
And, under every myrtle bower,
My gay companions should prolong
The laugh, the revel, and the song,
To many an idle hour.

Like rivers crimsoned with the beam
Of yonder planet bright,
Our balmy cups should ever stream
Profusion of delight!
No care should touch the mellow heart,
And sad or sober none depart;
For wine can triumph over wo;
And Love and Bacchus (brother powers)
Should build in Iser's sunny bowers,
A paradise below.

[This little poem has been given to the Editor as an early
and unpublished effusion of a celebrated and virtuous living Poet.]

LINES

WRITTEN BENEATH THE HEAD OF TYRTEUS.

GLORIOUS Bard ! whose Lyre was heard
Amid the armed ring,
As victory were upon each word
And death on every string !—
Glorious Bard ! to whom belong
Wreaths not often claimed by song,—
Those hung round the warrior's shield—
Laurels from the blood-red field.
The soldier cowered beneath his tent,
His sword all rust, his bow unbent ;
His comrades, who had dared to die,
Unburied on the plain,
And, jeered by mocking foemen nigh,
He dared not taunt again.
The Bard took up his burning song ;
Each heart beat high, each arm grew strong :
He told them of the curse and shame
That darken round the coward's name ;
Told how the mother's cheek would burn
To hear her son had fled,
How the young maiden's smile would turn
To tears, should it be said,—
'The war strength of thy lover's brand
Is weaker than thine own fair hand ;'
And proudly rung his harp while telling
The fallen warrior's fame,
When trumpet, shout and song are swelling
All glorious with his name.
It was enough.—Each sword was out,
The mountains trembled in the shout
Of men prepared like men to die
For Sparta and for victory !

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

BALAK AND BALAAM.

UPON the hill the Prophet stood ;
King Balak in the rocky vale,
Around him, like a fiery flood,
Flashed to the Sun his men of mail.

'Twas Morn ;—'twas Noon ;—the sacrifice
Still rolled its sheeted flame to Heaven ;
Still on the prophet turned their eyes,
Nor yet the fearful 'CURSE' was given.

'Twas Eve ;—the flame was feeble now,
Dried was the victim's purple blood ;
The Sun was rushing broad and low
Upon the murmuring multitude.

'Now Curse, or die'—The gathering roar
Around him, like a tempest, came ;
Again the altar streamed with gore ;
And blushed again the sky with flame.

The Prophet was in prayer ; he rose,
His mantle from his face he flung ;
He listened, where the mighty foes
To Heaven their evening anthem sung.

He saw their camp, like endless clouds,
Mixed with the horizon's distant blue ;
Saw on the plain their marshalled crowds ;
Heard the high strain their trumpets blew.

A sudden spirit on him came,
A sudden fire was in his eye ;
His tongue was touched with hallowed flame,
The 'Curser' swelled with prophecy.

'How shall I curse whom God hath blessed?
With whom he dwells, with whom shall dwell!
He clasped his pale hands on his breast,
'Then, be thou blest, O Israel!'

'Be Israel cursed,' was in his soul,
But on his lip the wild words died;
He paused, till on its myriads stole
The night; again the 'Curse' he tried.

A whirlwind from the desert rushed,
Deep thunder echoed round the hill;
King, prophet, multitude, were hushed;
The thunder sank, the blast was still!

Broad in the East a new-born STAR
On cloud, hill, desert, poured its blaze!
The prophet knew the SIGN afar,
And on it fixed his shuddering gaze.

'I shall behold it, but not now!
I shall behold him, but not nigh!
He comes to break the Oppressor's bow,
To triumph, suffer, weep and die!

'All power is in his hand; the world
Is dust beneath his trampling heel;
The thunder from his lips is hurled,
The Heavens beneath his presence reel.

'He comes, a stranger to his own!
With the wild bird and fox he lies—
The King! who makes the stars his throne,
A wanderer lives—an outcast dies!

'Proud Israel! o'er thy diadem
What blood shall for his blood be poured!
Until that Star again shall beam,
Again JEHOVAH be the Lord!'

The Prophet ceased in awe ; the STAR
 Rose broader o'er the boundless plain,
 Flashing on Balak's marshalled war,
 On mighty Israel's farthest vane.

And sweet and solemn echoes flowed
 From lips of more than mortals given ;
 Till in the central cope it glowed,
 Then vanished in the heights of Heaven !
New Times. PULCH.

THE EYE.

WHAT is the little lurking spell
 That hovers round the eye ?
 Without a voice, a word can tell
 The feelings as they fly.

When tearless—it can speak of wo ;
 When weeping—still the same ;
 Or in a moment, catch the glow
 Of thoughts without a name.

Can beam with pity on the poor—
 With anger on the proud
 Can tell that it will much endure—
 Or flash upon the crowd !

Now brightly raised, or now depressed
 With every shade of feeling—
 It is the mirror of the breast—
 The thought, the soul revealing !

Oh ! tones are false—and words are weak—
 The tutored slaves at call—
 The eye—the eye alone can speak—
 Unfettered—tell us all ! J.

THE CUP OF CIRCE.

All have drank of the cup of the enchantress.

SHE sat a crowned Queen—the ruby's light
Gleamed like a red star on the dark midnight
Amid her curls; but as they downward fell
To meet her ivory neck's luxuriant swell,
Some roses twined around the flowing hair—
Fair roses—yet her neck was far more fair:
They were in summer perfume, and they gave
Fresh fragrance forth at each light tress's wave.
Her cheek was crimson beauty, and her eye
Flashed light upon its varying brilliancy.
There was a spell in those dark eyes, and all
Bent joyfully beneath its radiant thrall:
Their power was on the heart. One white hand raised
A sparkling vase, where gold and opals blazed
Only less glorious than their starry eyes;
(How sweet the incensed breathings that arise
From that enchanted cup!) and she the while
Held the bright poison with a witching smile.
All gathered round. I marked a fair child stop
And kiss the purple bubbles from the top;
A white haired man, too, hung upon the brim—
Oh! that such pleasure should have charms for him—
And by his side a girl, whose blue eyes, bent
On the seducer, looked too innocent
For passion's madness;—but love's soul was there—
And for young love what will not woman dare!
There was a warrior—oh, the chain was sweet
That bound him prisoner to the Circe's feet:
He knelt and gazed upon her beauty; she
Smiled, and received his wild idolatry;
Then sighed that low sweet sigh, whose tender tone
Is witching, from its echo of our own.
The painter's skill has seized a moment where
Her hand is wreathing mid his raven hair;

27*

And he is bent in worship, as that touch,
That soft light touch were ecstasy too much.
He is just turned from that bewildering face
To the fair arm that holds the magic vase—
The purple liquor is just sparkling up—
The youth has pledged his heart's truth in that cup!
Literary Gazette. L. E. L.

LINES

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY WALTER PATERSON, ESQ.

I CANNOT stain this snowy leaf
Without a sigh of pensive grief!
As musing on my days gone by,
And those that still before me lie,
I read a mournful emblem here,
That few could read without a tear!
For, as my musing eyes I cast,
Upon the pages that are past,
I search them all, but search in vain
To find even one without a stain!
But what has been, is not to be,—
The happy future yet is free;
Far as my forward eye can go,
The future still is white as snow;
So free from stains, so free from cares,
The tainted past it half repairs!
It is a goodly sight! but oh!
Too well within this heart I know
That this fair future, at the last,
Shall be itself the tainted past.
Blackwood's Magazine.

AMOR PATRIÆ.

WRITTEN ABROAD.

THOUGH from his native land afar
His step the Briton bends ;
Still there his country's glories are,
And are to him as friends.

There they protect him ;—there they seem
A mantle o'er him spread,—
A guardian spell—a sacred beam,
A radiance 'round his head.

In every clime, at every hour,
He walks in England's fame ;
Safe in the shelter of her power,
And honoured in her name.

Or borne o'er ocean, as the keels
Divide the sparkling foam,
That boundless main, he proudly feels,
Is yet a Briton's home.

For to the world's remotest shore,
Old Albion's deeds are known ;
And till its white waves roll no more,
Shall ocean seem her own.

Then must the Briton, though he strays
O'er distant seas or earth,
Find reason yet to love and praise
The land that gave him birth.
The Council of Ten.

THE WHITE HORSE OF WHARFDALE.

A TRADITIONAL TALE.

O SISTERS, hasten we on our way,
The Wharf is wide and strong !
Our father alone in his hall will say,
‘ My daughters linger long.’
Yet, tarry awhile in the yellow moonlight,
And each shall see her own true night,
For now in her boat of an acorn-shell
The fairy queen may be,
She dives in a water-spider’s bell
To keep her revelry :
We’ll drop a thistle’s beard in the tide—
’Twill serve for bridles when fairies ride ;
And she who shall first her White Horse see
Shall be the heiress of Bethmeslie.’

Then Jeannette spoke with her eyes of light—
‘ O if I had fairy power,
I would change this elm to a gallant knight,
And this gray rock to a bower :
Our dwelling should be behind a screen
Of blossoming alders and laurustine ;
Our hives should tempt the wild bees all,
And the swallows love our eaves,
For the eglantine should tuft our wall
And cover their nests with leaves :
The spindle’s wool should lie unspun,
And our lambs lie safe in the summer-sun,
While the merry bells ring for my knight and me,
Farewell to the halls of Bethmeslie !’

Then Annot shook her golden hair—
‘ If I had power and will,
These rocks should change to marble rare,
And the oaks should leave the hill,

To build a dome of prouder height
Than ever yet rose in the morning light ;
And every one of these slender reeds
Should be a page in green,
To lead and deck my berry-brown steeds,
And call my greyhounds in ;
These lilies all should be ladies gay,
To weave the pearls for my silk array,
And none but a princely knight should see
Smiles in the lady of Bethmeslie.'

Then softly said their sister May—
' I would ask neither spell nor wand ;
For better I prize this white rose-spray
Plucked by my father's hand :
And little I heed the knight to see
Who seeks the heiress of Bethmeslie !
Yet would I give one of these roses white
If the fairy queen would ride
Safe o'er this flood ere the dead of night,
And bear us by her side.
And then with her wing let her lift the latch
Of my father's gate, and his slumbers watch,
And touch his eyes with her glow-worm-gleams
Till he sees and blesses us in his dreams.'

The night-winds howled o'er Bolton Strid,*
The flood was dark and drear,
But through it swam the Fairy-queen's steed
The lady May to bear ;
And that milk-white steed was seen to skim
Like a flash of the moon on the water's brim.
The morning came, and the winds were tame,
The flood slept on the shore ;
But the sisters three of Bethmeslie
Returned to its hall no more.

* Coleridge and Rogers have made this Strid famous, and the White Horse is still expected to rise on the Wharf near it, when travellers are drowning.

Now under the shade of its ruined wall
 A thorn grows lonely, bare and tall.
 And there is a weak and weeping weed
 Seems on its rugged stem to feed :
 The shepherds sit in the green recess,
 And call them Pride and Idleness,
 But there is the root of a white rose-tree
 Still blooms at the gate of Bethmeslie.

Wo to the maid that on morn of May
 Shall see that White Horse rise !
 The hope of her heart shall pass away
 As the foam of his nostril flies,
 Unless to her father's knee she brings
 The white rose-tree's first offerings.—
 There is no dew from summer-skies
 Has power like the drop from a father's eyes ;
 And if on her cheek that tear of bliss
 Shall mingle with his holy kiss,
 The bloom of her cheek shall blessed be
 As the Fairy's rose of Bethmeslie.

European Magazine.

V.

ON A TIME PIECE,

ORNAMENTED WITH A BUST OF THOMSON.

To teach old Time an equal pace,
 Should be the Artist's care ;
 But every Season speeds his race,
 If Thomson's Lyre is there !

Fond workman !—Humbler minstrelsy
 Might regulate thy chime ;
 The bard of immortality
 Need take no note of Time.

CONSOLATION.

TO A FRIEND ON THE LOSS OF HIS CHILD.

Not every bud that grows
Shall bloom into a flower :
Not every hope that glows
Shall have its prospering hour :
A blight the bud may sever,
The hope be quenched for ever.

In every joy there lurks
An impulse of decay :
With silent speed it works,
While all without is gay ;
Ere yet we dream of ruin,
The breach is past renewing.

Yet, like the bending bough
From some dead weight released,
The spirits bound, we know not how,
When wo's first press hath ceased ;
But this may ne'er be spoken
Of heart or bough that's broken.

There is a pulse in man
That will not throb to grief ;
Let wo do all it can,
That pulse will bring relief :
We feel, though self-accusing,
That pulse its balm diffusing.

Since human hopes are vain,
And joy remaineth not,
'Tis well that human pain
When dealt, is thus forgot.
The smile shall leave no traces :
The tear itself effaces.

Then, if apart from all
 Thou sheddest still the tear,
 Too early doomed to fall
 Warm on thine infant's bier,
 War not with nature's sorrow,
 For peace will come to-morrow.

Or should reviving peace
 E'en now be kindly given,
 Oh! suffer wo to cease,
 And thank indulgent heaven,
 That breathes the breath of healing
 On wounds of deepest feeling.

London Magazine.

MELROSE ABBEY.

WHAT Spirit fills this holy place?
 Is it Religion's mystic torch
 That sheds a more than mortal grace
 On fractured arch and ruined porch?

Beneath this sky-light dome hath prayed
 The heroes of the stormy ages;
 And here their noble dust is laid,
 Commingled with the saint's and sage's.

Untold thy strongest charm remains—
 A poet found thy secret powers,
 Rebuilt thee by his heavenly strains,
 And wrapt in glory all thy towers.

Now see we but what he hath told:
 His Spirit fills this mighty shrine:
 Restores the lost, renews the old:—
 His immortality is thine.

MARIUS AMONGST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

Marius, during the time of his exile, seeking refuge in Africa, had landed at Carthage ; when an officer, sent by the Roman Governor of Africa, came, and thus addressed him—‘Marius, I come from the Prætor Sextilius, to tell you, that he forbids you to set foot in Africa. If you obey not, he will support the Senate’s decree, and treat you as a public enemy.’ Marius, upon hearing this, was struck dumb with grief and indignation. He uttered not a word for some time, but regarded the officer with a menacing aspect. At length, the officer enquired what answer he should carry to the Governor ? ‘Go and tell him,’ said the unfortunate man, with a sigh, ‘that thou hast seen the exiled Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage.’

PLUTARCH.

’Twas noon—and Afric’s dazzling sun on high,
 With fierce resplendence filled the unclouded sky ;
 No zephyr waved the palm’s majestic head,
 And smooth alike the seas and deserts spread ;
 While, desolate, beneath a blaze of light,
 Silent and lonely, as at dead of night,
 The wreck of Carthage lay ;—her prostrate Fanes
 Had strewed their precious marble o’er the plains ;
 Dark weeds and grass the column had o’ergrown,
 The lizard basked upon the altar-stone ;
 ’Whelmed by the ruins of their own abodes
 Had sunk the forms of heroes and of gods ;
 While near—dread offspring of the burning day—
 Coiled, ’midst forsaken halls, the serpent lay.

There came an exile, long by fate pursued,
 To shelter in that awful solitude.
 Well did that wanderer’s high, yet faded mien,
 Suit the sad grandeur of the desert scene ;
 Shadowed, not veiled, by locks of wintry snow,
 Pride sat, still mighty, on his furrowed brow ;
 Time had not quenched the terrors of his eye,
 Nor tamed his glance of fierce ascendancy ;
 While the deep meaning of his features told,
 Ages of thought had o’er his spirit rolled,
 Nor dimmed the fire that might not be controlled :

And still did power invest his stately form,
Shattered, but yet unconquered, by the storm.
But slow his step—and where, not yet o'erthrown,
Still towered a pillar, 'midst the waste alone ;
Faint with long toil, his weary limbs he laid,
To slumber in its solitary shade.
He slept—and darkly on his brief repose,
The indignant Genius of the scene arose.
Clouds robed his dim, unearthly form, and spread
Mysterious gloom around his crownless head—
Crownless, but regal still.—With stern disdain,
The kingly shadow seemed to lift his chain,
Gazed on the palm, his ancient sceptre torn,
And his eye kindled with immortal scorn !
'And sleep'st thou, Roman ?' cried his voice austere ;
'Shall son of Latium find a refuge *here* ?
Awake ! arise ! to speed the hour of fate,
When Rome shall fall, as Carthage, desolate !
Go ! with her children's flower, the free, the brave,
People the silent chambers of the grave ;
So shall the course of ages yet to be,
More swiftly waft the day, avenging me !

'Yes ! from the awful gulph of years to come,
I hear a voice that prophecies her doom ;
I see the trophies of her pride decay,
And her long line of triumphs pass away,
Lost in the depths of time—while sinks the star
That led her march of heroes from afar !

'Lo ! from the frozen forests of the North,
The sons of slaughter pour in myriads forth !
Who shall awake the mighty ?—Will thy wo,
City of thrones ! disturb the realms below ?
Call on the dead to hear thee ! let thy cries
Summon their shadowy legions to arise,
Array the ghosts of conquerors on thy walls !
—Barbarians revel in their ancient halls !
And their lost children bend the subject-knee,
'Midst the proud tombs and trophies of the free !

‘ Bird of the sun ! dread eagle ! born on high,
A creature of the empyreal—Thou, whose eye
Was lightening to the earth—whose pinion waved,
In haughty triumph, o’er a world enslaved ;
Sink from thy heavens ! for glory’s noon is o’er,
And rushing storms shall bear thee on no more !
Closed is thy regal course—thy crest is torn,
And thy plume banished from the realms of morn.
The shaft hath reached thee—rest with chiefs and kings,
Who conquered in the shadow of thy wings !
Sleep ! while thy foes exult around their prey,
And share thy glorious heritage of day !

‘ But darker years shall mingle with the past,
And deeper vengeance shall be mine at last.
O’er the seven hills I see destruction spread,
And empire’s widow veils with dust her head !
Her gods forsake each desolated shrine,
Her temples moulder to the earth, like mine ;
‘Midst fallen palaces she sits alone,
Calling heroic shades from ages gone,
Or bids the nations, ‘midst her deserts wait,
To learn the fearful oracles of fate.

‘ Still sleep’st thou, Roman ? Son of victory ! rise !
Wake to obey the avenging destinies !
Shed by thy mandate, soon thy country’s blood
Shall swell and darken Tiber’s yellow flood.
My children’s names call—awake ! prepare
The feast they claim—exult in Rome’s despair !
Be thine ear closed against her suppliant cries ;
Bid thy soul triumph in her agonies !
Let Carnage revel e’en her shrines among !
Spare not the valiant ! pity not the young !
Haste ! o’er her hills the sword’s libation shed,
And wreak the curse of Carthage on her head !

The vision flies—a mortal step is near,
Whose echoes vibrate on the slumberer’s ear :

He starts, he wakes to wo—before him stands
The unwelcome messenger of harsh commands,
Whose faltering accents bid the exiled chief
Seek, far on other shores, a home for grief.

Silent the wanderer sat—but on his cheek
The burning glow, far more than words might speak ;
And, from the kindling of his eye, there broke
Language, where all the indignant soul awoke,
Till his deep thought found voice—then, calmly stern,
And sovereign in despair, he cried, ‘Return !
Tell him who sent thee hither, thou hast seen
Marius the exile rest where Carthage once hath been !’
Constable’s Edinburgh Magazine.

LOVE’S LAST WORDS.

LIGHT be around thee, hope be thy guide ;
Gay be thy bark, and smooth be the tide ;
Soft be the wind that beareth thee on,
Sweet be thy welcome, thy wanderings done.

Bright be the hearth, may the eyes you love best
Greet the long-absent again to his rest ;
Be thy life like glad music, which floateth away
As the gale lingering over the rose-tree in May.

But yet while thy moments in melody roll,
Be one dark remembrance left on thy soul,
Be the song of the evening thrice sad on thine ear—
Then think how your twilights were past away here.

And yet let the shadow of sorrowing be
Light as the dream of the morning to thee !
One fond, faint recollection, one last sigh of thine
May be granted to love so devoted as mine !

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

ERATO,

FROM A PAINTING BY J. STOTHARD.

GENTLEST one, I bow to thee,
Rose-lipped queen of poesy,
Sweet ERATO, thou whose chords
Waken but for love-touched words!
Never other crown be mine
Than a flower-linked wreath of thine;
Green leaves of the laurel tree
Are for bards of high degree;
Better rose or violet suit
With thy votary's softer lute.
Not thine those proud lines that tell
How kings ruled, or heroes fell;
But that low and honey tone
So peculiarly Love's own;
Music such as the night breeze
Wakens from the willow trees;
Such as murmurs from the shell,
Wave-kissed in some ocean cell;
Tales sweet as the breath of flowers,
Such as in the twilight hours
The young Bard breathes; and also thine
Those old memories divine,
Fables Grecian poets sung
When on Beauty's lips they hung,
Till the essenced song became
Like that kiss, half dew, half flame.
Thine each frail and lovely thing,
The first blossoms of the spring:
Violets, ere the sunny ray
Drinks their fragrant life away;
Roses, ere their crimson breast
Throws aside its green moss vest;
Young hearts, or ere toil, or care,
Or gold, has left a world-stain there.

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Thine, too, other gifts above,
 Every sign and shape of love,
 Its first smile, and its first sigh,
 Its hope, its despondency,
 Its joy, its sorrow, all belong
 To thy dear delicious song.
 Fair ERATO, vowed to thee,
 If a lute like mine may be
 Offered at thy myrtle shrine,
 Lute and heart and song are thine.
 Broken be my treasured lute,
 Be its every number mute,
 Ere a single chord should waken,
 If by thee or Love forsaken.
 Gentlest one, I bow to thee,
 Rose-lipped queen of poesy !

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

COMPARISON.

BY MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

I SAW the wild rose on its parent thorn,
 Half-closed, soft blushing through the glittering dew,
 Wave in the breeze and scent the breath of morn,
 Lelia, the lovely flower resembled you.

Scarce had it spread to meet the orb of day,
 Its fragrant beauties opening to the view,
 When ruffian blasts had whirled the rose away ;
 Lelia, alas ! it still resembles you.

So torn by wild and lawless Passion's force
 From every social tie, thy lot must be ;
 At best oblivion shades thy future course,
 And still the hapless flower resembles thee.

THE CAVES OF YORKSHIRE.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

I.

PURE element of waters, wheresoe'er
Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,
Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing plants,
Start into life, and in thy train appear!
And, through the sunny portion of the year,
Swift insects shine thy hovering pursuivants,
And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants,
And hart and hind, and hunter with his spear,
Languish and droop together! Nor unfelt
In man's perturbed soul thy sway benign;
And haply far within the marble belt
Of central earth, where tortured spirits pine
For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs melt
Their anguish, and they blend sweet songs with thine!

II.—MALHAM COVE.

Was the aim frustrated by force or guile,
When giants scooped from out the rocky ground
Tier under tier this semicerque profound.
Giants—the same who built in Erin's Isle
That Causeway with incomparable toil!
Oh! had the Crescent stretched its horns, and wound,
With finished sweep, into a perfect round,
No mightier work had gained the plausible smile
Of all-beholding Phœbus! but, alas!
Vain earth! false world! Foundations must be laid
In heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of *is* and *was*,
Things incomplete, and purposes betrayed,
Make sadder transits o'er truth's mystic glass,
Than noblest objects utterly decayed!

III.—GORDALE.

At early dawn, or when the warmer air
 Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy eve
 Is busiest to confer and to bereave,
 At either moment let thy feet repair
 To Gordale chasm, terrific as the lair
 Where the young lion's couch ; for then, by leave
 Of the propitious hour, thou mayest perceive
 The local Deity, with oozy hair
 And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn
 Recumbent !—Him thou may'st behold, who hides
 His lineaments from day, and there presides
 Teaching the docile waters how to turn ;
 Or if need be, impediment to spurn,
 And force their passage toward the salt sea tides.
Blackwood's Magazine.

FRAGMENT.

Love once dwelt in a palmy isle,
 His palace of the green leaves' shade,
 ▲ A chain of rose upon his wings,
 Whose guardian was a dark-eyed Maid.

They lived in sweet companionship :
 Enough for him one smile so bright ;
 Enough for her to live for him,
 To watch his chain, to keep it light.

But once the Nymph lay down to sleep,
 Leaving her fragrant chain undone ;
 And Love awakened while she slept,
 Shook off his fetters, and was gone.

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Henry I. (after the loss of Prince William) entertained hopes, for three days, that his son had put into some distant port of England; but when certain intelligence of the calamity was brought him, he fainted away; and it was remarked, that he never afterwards was seen to smile, nor ever recovered his wonted cheerfulness.

HUME.

THE bark that held a Prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain!
Why comes not death to those that mourn?—
He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him passed the young and fair
In pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair,
He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round,
He heard the minstrel sing;
He saw the tourney's victor crowned
Amidst the knightly ring.
A murmur of the restless deep
Seemed blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smiled again!

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board.

Graves, which true love had washed with tears
Were left to heaven's bright rain ;
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
He never smiled again !

STANZAS

BY LORD BYRON.

AND wilt thou weep when I am low ?
Sweet Lady, speak those words again !
Yet, if they grieve thee, say not so ;
I would not give thy bosom pain.

My heart is sad !—my hopes are gone !—
My blood runs coldly through my breast ;
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a beam of peace
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine ;
And, for a while my sorrows cease
To know that heart hath felt for mine !

O Lady ! blessed be that tear,
It falls for one who cannot weep ;
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eyes no tears may steep.

Sweet Lady ! once my heart was warm
With every feeling soft as thine !
But beauty's self hath ceased to charm
A wretch—created to repine.

Then wilt thou weep when I am low ?
Sweet Lady ! speak those words again !
Yet, if they grieve thee, say not so ;
I would not give thy bosom pain !
New Monthly Magazine.

DERWENT-WATER AND SKIDDAW.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

DEEP stillness lies upon this lovely lake.
The air is calm: the forest trees are still:
The river windeth without noise, and here
The fall of fountains comes not, nor the sound
Of the white cataract Lodore: The voice—
The mighty mountain voice—itself is dumb.
Only, far distant and scarce heard, the dash
Of waters, broken by some boatman's oar,
Disturbs the golden calm, monotony.
The earth seems quiet, like some docile thing
Obeying the blue beauty of the skies;
And the soft air, through which the tempest ran
So lately in its speed, rebels no more:
The clouds are gone, which but this morning gloomed
Round the great Skiddaw; and he, wide revealed
Outdurer of the storms, now sleeps secure
Beneath the watching of the holy moon.

But a few hours ago and sounds were heard
Through all the region: Rain and the white hail sang
Amongst the branches, and this placid lake
Teased into mutiny: its waves (these waves
That lie like shining silver motionless)
Then shamed their gentle natures, and rose up
Lashing their guardian banks, and, with wild cries
Complaining, called to all the echoes round,
And answered rudely the rude winds, which then
Cast discord in the waters, until they
Amongst themselves waged wild and glittering war.

Oh! could imagination now assume
The powers it lavished in the by-gone days
On Fauns and Naiads, or in later times
Village religion or wild fable flung
O'er sylphs and gnomes and fairies, fancies strange,

Here would I now compel to re-appear
Before me,—here, upon the moon-lit grass,
Titania, blue-eyed queen, brightest and first
Of all the shapes, which trod the emerald rings
At midnight, or beneath the stars drank merrily
The wild-rose dew, or framed their potent charms :
And here should princely Oberon, sad no more,
Be seen low whispering in his beauty's ear,
While round about their throne the fays should dance ;
Others the while, tending that peerless pair,
Should fill with odorous juices cups of flowers.—
Here—yet not so : from out thy watery home,
Deep sunk beneath all storms and billows, *thou*
Should'st not be torn :—Sleep in thy coral cave,
Lonely and unalarmed, for ever sleep,
White Galatea !—for thou wast indeed
The fairest among all the forms, which left
Their haunts,—the gentle air, or ocean wide,
River, or fount, or forest,—to bestow
High love on man ;—but, rather let me now
From these so witching fancies turn away,
Lest I, beguiled too far, forget the scene
Before me, bright as aught in fairy land.

Skiddaw ! Eternal mountain, hast thou been
Rocked to thy slumber by the howling winds,
Or has the thunder or the lightnings blue
Scared thee to quiet ?—To the sounding blast
Thou gavest answer, and when thou didst dash
The white hail in its puny rage aside,
Thou wast not dumb, nor to the rains when they
Ran trembling from thee :—me thou answerest not.

Art thou indignant then, or hear I not ?
Or, like the double-visaged god who sate
Within the Roman temples, dost thou keep
High watch above the northern floods to warn
Lone ships from erring, while thy southern front
Is sealed in sleep ?—Thy lofty head has long

**Stood up an everlasting mark to all
 Who wander : haply now some wretch, whose bark
 Has drifted from its path since set of sun,
 Beholds thee shine, and kneeling pours his soul
 In thanks to heaven, or towards his cottage home
 Shouts amidst tears, or laughter sad as tears.**

—And shall I, while these things may be, complain?
 Never : in silence as in sound thou art
 A thing of grandeur ; and throughout the year
 Thy high protecting presence (let not this
 Be forgot ever) turns aside the winds,
 Which else might kill the flowers of this sweet vale.
London Magazine.

FOR MUSIC.

**THOU art looking on the face of night, my love !
 Is not yon evening star bright, my love ?**

Methinks it is

A world of bliss

For spirits all softness and light, my love !

This earth is so chilled with care, my dear !

Would we might wing our flight there, my dear !

For love to blaze

With the cloudless rays

It would have in a world so fair, my dear !

But my wish to visit that star, dear love !

Is vain as my other hopes are, dear love !

For my heart's wild sigh

Of idolatry

Breathes with thee like that planet afar, dear love !

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

STANZAS.

Twine not those roses red for me,—
Darker and sadder my wreath must be ;
Mine is of flowers unkissed by the sun,
Flowers that died as the Spring begun.
The blighted leaf and the cankered stem
Are what should form my diadem.

Take that rose—it is nipt by the blast ;
That lily—the blight has over it past ;
That peach-bud—a worm has gnawed it away ;
Those violets—they were culled yesterday :
Bind them with leaves from the dark yew tree,
Then come and offer the wreath to me.

Let every flower be a flower of Spring,
But on each be a sign of withering ;
Suited to me is the drooping wreath,
With colourless hues and scentless breath ;
Seek ye not buds of brighter bloom,
Why should their beauty waste on the tomb ?

I am too young for death, you say :
Fall not and fade not the green leaves in May ?
Does not the rose in its light depart ?
Needs there long life to break the heart ?
I have felt the breath of the deadly power,—
My summons is come, and I know mine hour !

There came a voice to my sleeping ear,
With words of sorrow and words of fear,
Its sound was the roll of the mountain wave,
Its breath was damp as an opening grave ;
My heart grew colder at every word,
For I knew 'twas the voice of death I heard !

It summoned me, and I wept to die,—
Oh, fair is life to the youthful eye !

Time may come with his shadowy wing,
But who can think on Autumn in Spring?
With so much of hope, and of light, and of bloom,
Marvel ye that I shrunk from my doom?

My tears are past,—the grave will be
Like a home and a haven, welcome to me!
I have marked the fairest of hopes decay,
Have seen love pass like a cloud away,
Seen bloom and sweet feelings waste to a sigh,
Till my heart has sickened and wished to die.

Falling to earth like a shower of light,
Yon ash tree is losing its blossoms of white;
Ere its green berries are coloured with red,
I shall be numbered amid the dead.
The buds that are falling in dust will lie
A prey for the worms, and soon shall I!

Be my tomb in the green grass made,
There let no white tombstone be laid;
All my monument shall be
A lonely and bending cypress tree,
Drooping—just such as should lean above
One who lived and who died for love!
Literary Gazette.

EPITAPH.

‘De mortuis nil nisi bonum;’
If I had virtues kindly own ’em—
As human nature still is frail,
Spread o’er my faults Oblivion’s veil,
Remembering this command from heaven,
Forget, forgive, and be forgiven.

TO THE MOON.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

WHAT is it that gives thee, mild Queen of the Night,
That secret intelligent grace ?
Or why should I gaze with such pensive delight
On thy fair,—but insensible face ?

What gentle enchantment possesses thy beam,
Beyond the warm sunshine of day ?
Thy bosom is cold as the glittering stream
Where dances thy tremulous ray !

Canst thou the sad heart of its sorrows beguile !
Or grief's fond indulgence suspend ?
Yet, where is the mourner but welcomes thy smile,
And loves thee—almost as a friend !

The tear that looks bright, in the beam, as it flows,
Unmoved dost thou ever behold ;—
The sorrow that loves in thy light to repose,
To thee, oft, in vain, hath been told !

Yet soothing thou art, and for ever I find,
Whilst watching thy gentle retreat,
A moonlight composure steal over my mind,
Poetical—pensive, and sweet !

I think of the years that for ever have fled ;—
Of follies—by others forgot ;—
Of joys that are vanished—and hopes that are dead ;
And of friendships that *were*—and *are not* !

I think of the future, still gazing the while,
As though thou'dst those secrets reveal ;
But ne'er dost thou grant one encouraging smile,
To answer the mournful appeal.

Thy beams, which so bright through my casement ap-
To far distant regions extend ; [pear,
Illumine the dwellings of those that are dear,
And sleep on the grave of a friend.

Then still must I love thee, mild Queen of the Night !
Since feeling and fancy agree,
To make thee a source of unfailing delight,
A friend and a solace to me !

ON THE ROYAL INFANT,

STILL BORN NOVEMBER 6, 1817.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

A THRONE on earth awaited thee,
A nation longed to see thy face,
Heir to a glorious ancestry,
And father of a mighty race !

Vain hope, that throne thou must not fill ;
Thee must that Nation ne'er behold ;
Thine ancient house is heirless still,
Thy line shall never be unrolled.

The Mother knew her offspring dead ;
Oh was it grief, or was it love
That broke her heart ? The spirit fled
To seek her nameless child above.

Led by his natal star, she trod
His path to heaven : the meeting there,
And how they stood before their God,
The day of judgment will declare.

THE PLUVIAN JUPITER.

FROM A PICTURE BY GANDY.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Look! where, amongst the porphyry columns, sits
Jove—the Olympian! Look!—His shadowy arms
Crown the brave temple of his Deity,
And round about his head the vapours come
Lowering, in dark obedience.—Nobly hath
The painter told his story—and well it shines
(Placed by some cunning hand there) from amidst
The architectural things of new creation,
That in their gilded dress rise stiffly up,
As though to do it honour.—Trooping on,
See where the crowds of worshippers (attired
In white, and carrying flowers) pass on, to hail
The Spirit supreme, by all his various names
Of father, and king, and PLUVIAN JUPITER.
He—like the god of clouds, sits motionless :
But in his quiet power there seems to be
Assent and blessing, and the elements
As self-informed, bow down obsequiously.
Above, above—temples and towers sublime,
Rocks and blue mountains, and Athenian skies
Gleam in the distance. What a scene is there !
Fit for those mighty minds intelligent,
Who, through the mists of ages rear their heads
In brave defiance of the storms of time.
And, haply, from these beautiful regions came
A power, that shed a light on man ; and as
The sun draws from the earth rich fruits, drew forth
Bright thoughts and patriot feeling, and did give
To Greece its fame unparalleled.

Literary Gazette.

GREECE.

LAND of the brave ! where lie inurned
The shrouded forms of mortal clay,
In whom the fire of valour burned
And blazed upon the battle's fray :
Land where the gallant Spartan few
Bled at Thermopylæ of yore,
When death his purple garment threw
On Helle's consecrated shore !

Land of the Muse ! within thy bowers
Her soul-entrancing echoes rung,
While on their course the rapid Hours
Paused at the melody she sung ;—
Till every grave and every hill,
And every stream that flowed along,
From morn to night repeated still
The winning harmony of song.

Land of dead heroes—living slaves—
Shall glory gild thy clime no more ?
Her banners float above thy waves,
Where proudly it hath swept before ?
Hath not remembrance then a charm,
To break the fetters and the chain ?
To bid thy children nerve the arm,
And strike for freedom once again ?

No ! coward souls—the light that shone
On Leutra's war-empurpled day—
The light that beamed on Marathon,
Hath lost its splendour, ceased to play ;
And thou art but a shadow now,
With helmet shattered—spear in rust—
Thy honour but a dream—and thou
Despised—degraded—in the dust ?

Where sleeps the spirit that of old
Dashed down to earth the Persian plume,
When the loud chaunt of triumph told
How fatal was the despot's doom ?
The bold three hundred—where are they,
Who died on battle's gory breast ?
Tyrants have trampled on the clay,
Where death has hushed them into rest.

Yet Ida, yet upon thy hill
A glory shines of ages fled,
And fame her light is pouring still,
Not on the living—but the dead !
But 'tis the dim sepulchral light
That sheds a faint and feeble ray,
As moon-beams on the brow of night,
When tempests sweep upon their way.

Lost land! where genius made his reign,
And reared his golden arch on high ;
Where science raised her sacred fane,
Its summit peering to the sky :
Upon thy clime the midnight deep
Of ignorance hath brooded long,
And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep
The sons of science and of song.

The sun hath set,—the evening storm
Hath passed in giant fury by,
To blast the beauty of thy form,
And spread its pall upon thy sky ;
Gone is thy glory's diadem,
And freedom never more shall cease
To pour her mournful requiem
O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece !

Literary Chronicle.

LOVE.

AWAKE, my harp, some joyful measure !
No longer breathe a pensive strain ;
Be, like my soul, attuned to pleasure,
And never mourn again.

Awake, my harp, some joyful measure !
'Twas Love that taught thy strings to move ;
And Love now fills my soul with pleasure ;—
Then hymn the charms of Love !

O Love ! some call thy musings folly,
Some call thee cruel, base and blind ;
But thou, methinks, art pure and holy,
Exalted,—raised,—refined.

And some there are who can dissemble
The raptures of thy ardent flame ;
And some poor maidens start and tremble,
If they but hear thy name.

Yet, though thy charms *were* all illusion,
Such dear deceits I still would seek !
Thy mantling blush, thy soft confusion,
Thy looks that more than speak.

Thou know'st, O Love ! how I have blest thee,
How oft for thee my heart hath beat ;
How oft in sorrow I've cared thee,
And thought my sorrow sweet.

O Love ! some call thy musings folly ;
Some call thee cruel, base and blind ;
But thou, methinks, art pure and holy,
Exalted, raised, refined !

Poetical Register.

N. S. S. L.

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

O LEAVE this barren spot to me !
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark, unwarming shade below ;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue ;
Nor fruits of Autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn ;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
The ambrosial amber of the hive ;
Yet leave this barren spot to me :
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

Thrice twenty summers have I seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green ;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour,
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made ;
And on my trunk's surviving frame,
Carved many a long forgotten name.
Oh ! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground ;
By all that Love had whispered here,
Or Beauty heard with ravished ear ;
As Love's own altar honour me,
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

ELEGY.

BY. C. A. ELTON.

A shadow on my spirit fell,
When my hushed footstep from thee passed ;
And sad to me thy mild farewell,
To me, who feared it was thy last ;
And when I saw thee next, a veil
Was drawn upon thy features pale.

They strewed thee in thy narrow bed
With roses from thy own loved bowers :
In melting anguish memory fled
Back to thy valued rural hours ;
And saw thee gentle gliding round,
Where all to thee was Eden ground.

The God, whose presence met thee there,
Was with thee in thy slow decays ;
He answered to thy dying prayer,
Whose life had been a hymn of praise :
Thy God was nigh—thy Shepherd-God,
With comfort of his staff and rod.

I lay thee where the loved are laid :
Rest—till their change and thine shall come ;
Still voices whisper through the shade ;
A light is glimmering round the tomb ;
The temple rends ! the sleep is ended—
The dead are gone, the pure ascended !

TIME.

WHILE others grace thy natal day
With festive dance and song,
A pilgrim leaves his lonely way
To mingle in the throng :
When thou art near, a lingering pace,
A scanty lock, a wrinkled face,
No more to me belong ;
For smiling beauty best can prove
How swift my silver pinions move.

I will not boast how oft and bright
This day I mean to bring,
Though many a downy plume last night
Thy bounty gave my wing.
Thy hand my rosy crown bestowed—
To thee my sparkling glass I owed,
Now take my offering ;
Thou canst not reach so rich a prize
In Pleasure's gayest Paradise !

Midst sands that sparkle in my glass
No purer gem I find ;
The rest may glitter, break and pass,
But this remains behind ;
Pride may the modest pearl disdain,
Or Love a brittle semblance feign,
But Pride and Love are blind ;
They mock my power, yet I alone
Their fraudulent counterfeits make known.

Receive my gift !—of nature's wealth
Thy mind has ample store ;
Of Pleasure, Honour, Hope and Health,
I cannot give thee more.

The gem, which none of these can buy
 Will youth's ethereal light supply,
 When thou like me art hoar ;
 I give what Fortune cannot lend—
 Time, only Time reveals a friend !

European Magazine.

SONG,

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

For thee, love, for thee, love,
 I'll brave fate's sternest storm ;
 She cannot daunt or chill the hearts,
 Which love keeps bold and warm :
 And when her clouds are blackest, nought
 But thy sweet self I'll see,
 Nor hear, amidst the tempest, aught
 But thee, love, only thee.

For thee, love, for thee, love,
 My fond heart would resign
 The brightest cup that pleasure fills,
 And fortune's wealthiest mine ;
 For pleasures smiles are vanity,
 And fortune's fade or flee ;
 There's purity and constancy
 In thee, love, only thee.

For thee, love, for thee, love,
 Life's lowly vale I'll tread,
 And aid thy steps the journey through,
 Nor quit thee till I'm dead ;
 And even then round her I love,
 My shade shall hovering be,
 And warble notes from heaven above
 To thee, love, only thee.

New European Magazine.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN A HIGHLAND GLEN.

BY JOHN WILSON, ESQ.

To whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like a living thing !
Calm,—as the infant at the breast,—
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,—
That streamlet's murmuring !

The heavens appear to love this vale ;
There clouds with scarce-seen motion sail
Or, 'mid the silence lie !
By that blue arch this beauteous earth
Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth
Seems bound unto the sky.

O ! that this lovely vale were mine !
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,
My years would gently glide ;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And memory's oft-returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious heaven,
A piety sublime ;
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
To make in this deep solitude
Eternity of time !

And did I ask to whom belonged
This vale ?—I feel that I have wronged
Nature's most gracious soul !

She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all her children from their birth
Are joint-heirs of the whole !

Yea ! long as nature's humblest child
Hath kept her temple undefiled
By sinful sacrifice,
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,
He is a monarch, and his throne
Is built amid the skies !

CELANO.

A BLUE Italian sky,—yet scarce more blue
Than the clear lake beneath,—upon whose breast
Are gliding two or three light boats, with sails
Floating and waving gracefully like clouds.
On one side there are corn and green grass fields,
And olive groves and vineyards, and one shrine,—
One ruined shrine,—sacred in other days
To some most radiant nymph or starry queen,
Whose sweet divinity was beauty. Near
Is a lone cavern, with its azure fount
Shaded by roses and a laurel tree,
Beneath whose shade might the young painter lean,
And gaze around until his passionate hues
Caught light and life and loveliness. Steep hills
Are on the other side, upon whose heights
Dark Hannibal once rested. Who could dream
That this calm lake was crimson once with blood ?
That these green myrtles waved o'er the death-wounds
Of men in their last agony ? Oh, War !
How soon thy red fiends can lay desolate
The holy and the beautiful !

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

THE FLOWER OF MALHAMDALE.

If, on some bright and breezeless eve,
When falls the ripe rose leaf by leaf,
The moralizing Bard will heave
A sigh that seems allied to grief,
Shall I be blithe—shall I be mute—
Nor shed the tear, nor pour the wail,
When death hath blighted to its root
The sweetest flower of Malhamdale!

Her form was like the fair sun-stream
That glances through the mists of noon,—
Ah! little thought we that its beam
Would vanish from our glens so soon!
Yet, when her eye had most of mirth,
And when her cheek the least was pale,
They talked of purer worlds than earth:—
She could not stay in Malhamdale!

The placid depth of that dark eye,
The wild-rose tint of that fair cheek,
Will still awake the long-drawn sigh,
While memory of the past shall speak.
And we can never be but pained
To think, when gazing on that vale,
One angel more to heaven is gained,
But one is lost to Malhamdale!

I may not tell what dreams were mine,
Dreams laid in bright futurity,
When the full, soft, and partial shine
Of that fair eye was turned on me.
Enough—enough, the blooming wreath
Of Love, and Hope, and Joy, is pale,
And now its withering perfumes breathe
On yon new grave in Malhamdale.

Literary Gazette.

BALLAD

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Yes! once I own I loved thee,
With purest flame, with purest flame;
The smiles of beauty moved me,
Let stoics blame, let stoics blame;
Aye! let them scorn love's tender theme,
And with cold hearts such lays deride;
One hour of youth's romantic dream,
Is worth an age of life beside!

When Hope's soft voice was singing,
Her sweetest lay, her sweetest lay;
And smiles, like flowers, were springing
Around my way, around my way;—
Then first in joyous hour we met,
With bosoms light, from sorrow free,
Nor did I dream that dark regret
Could ever rise at thoughts of THEE!

'Twas in youth's summer season,
When hearts were gay, when hearts were gay;
Before the wand of reason
Chased hope away, chased hope away;
That first this bosom felt love's power,
And worshipped at his fairy shrine;
Nor ever thought that luckless hour
Would be the source of griefs like mine!

That sunny time passed over,
And life grew dark, and life grew dark;
And fate soon left thy lover,
A stranded bark, a stranded bark;
Of all his early glories reft,
On life's rude ocean dark and dim,
With not one friendly harbour left,
Or welcome port to shelter him!

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Still in that hour of sorrow,
When fortune frowned, when fortune frowned ;
His heart one hope could borrow,
To look around, to look around ;
It was the blissful thought of thee,
In life's first bright unclouded day,
That lightened all the misery
That tracked the wanderer's weary way !

Yet this last hope was blighted,
So fate decreed, so fate decreed ;
For thou, like others, slighted
The bruised reed, the bruised reed ;
Yes ! thou wert like that faithless thing,
The blue-winged bird of distant isles,
That only spreads its painted wing,
And breathes its song when Phœbus smiles !

Yes ! once I own I loved thee,
Alas ! too well, alas ! too well ;
How faithless I have proved thee,
I will not tell, I will not tell !
Let stoics scorn love's tender theme,
And turn away their eyes of pride ;
Give me one hour of passion's dream,
'Tis worth an age of life beside !

A BYRONIAN GEM.

BETWEEN two worlds life hovers like a star,
'Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge,
How little do we know that which we are !
How less what we may be ! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages ; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some mightier waves !

AWAKE MY LOVE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

AWAKE, my love ! ere morning's ray
Throws off night's weed of pilgrim gray ;
Ere yet the hare, cowered close from view
Licks from her fleece the clover dew ;
Or wild swan shakes her snowy wings,
By hunters roused from secret springs ;
Or birds upon the boughs awake,
Till green Arbigland's woodlands shake !

She combed her curling ringlets down,
Laced her green jupes and clasped her shoon,
And from her home by Preston burn
Came forth the rival light of morn.
The lark's song dropt, now loud, now hush ;—
The gold-spink answered from the bush,—
The plover, fed on heather crop,
Called from the misty mountain top.

'Tis sweet, she said, while thus the day
Grows into gold from silvery gray,
To hearken heaven, and bush and brake,
Instinct with soul of song, awake ;—
To see the smoke, in many a wreath,
Stream blue from hall and bower beneath,
Where yon blithe mower hastes along
With glittering scythe and rustic song.

Yes, lovely one ! and dost thou mark
The moral of yon caroling lark ?
Tak'st thou from nature's counsellor tongue
The warning precept of her song ?
Each bird that shakes the dewy grove
Warms its wild note with nuptial love—
The bird, the bee, with various sound,
Proclaim the sweets of wedlock 'round.

London Magazine.

THE PIRATE'S CAVE.

THE shore was reeved with rocks, whose rugged sides
Were venturous footing for the fowler's step :
They were shaped out in wild and curious forms,
Above, all jagged and broken, but below
The waves had worn the shaggy points away ;
For there they rave incessantly. When last
I past along the beach, it was at eve,
A summer's eve, stormy, but beautiful ;
I looked in silence, on the western sky,
The rest was hidden from my view ; but there
The day had spent its glory. One rich light
Broke through the shadow of the tempest's wing,
While the black clouds, with gold and purple edged,
Caught every moment warmer hues, until
'Twas all one sparkling arch, and, like a king,
In triumph o'er his foes, the Sun-god sought
The blue depths of the sea ;—the waters yet
Were ruffled with the storm, and the white foam
Yet floated on the billows, while the wind
Murmured at times like to an angry child,
Who sobs even in his slumber. 'Mid the rocks
That rose stern barriers to the rebel waves,
There was one spot less rugged than the rest :
Some firs had taken root there, and waved o'er
The entrance of a cave, where Grecian bards
Had said some Sea-maid dwelt, and decked the place
With ocean treasures, for the walls were bright
With crystal spar : In sooth, it seemed just formed
For some fair daughter of the main ; at noon,
Here she might bind her hair with shells, and wake
Her golden harp. But now a legend's told
Of human love and sorrow—it is called
The Cavern of the Pirate's Love :—her fate
Is soon and sadly told : she followed one,
A lawless wanderer of the deep, for whom
She left her father's halls. A little while
She might know happiness—it is the heart
'That gives the colour to our destiny.

But lovely things are fleeting—blushes, sighs,
The hours of youth, smiles, hopes, and minstrel-dreams,
Spring days and blossoms, music's tones, are all
Most fugitive ; and swifter still than these
Will love dissolve into forgetfulness.
She was deserted. For awhile this cave
Was her sad refuge ; for awhile the rocks
Echoed her wild complainings. I can deem
How she would gaze upon the sea, and think
Each passing cloud her lover's bark, 'till, hope
Sickened of its own vanity, and life
Sickened with hope ; she passed and left a tale,
A melancholy tale, just fit to tell
On such an eve as this, when sky and sea
Are sleeping in the mute and mournful calm
Of passion sunk to rest.

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

THE FIRST TEAR.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

AH, why to my too feeling mind
Is this my native place so dear,
As if it had some chain to bind
In lasting links my being here ?

I need not ask ! 'twas this calm scene
Witnessed ere yet a stranger ! I
Had mingled with tumultuous men
My purest grief—my purest joy.

For 'twas this spot on my young cheek
That saw the first emotion rise,
That saw its little wo to speak,
The first tear dim my infant eyes.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

BY JOHN WILSON, ESQ.

BESIDE her babe, who sweetly slept,
A widowed mother sat and wept
O'er years of love gone by ;
And as the sobs thick-gathering came,
She murmured her dead husband's name
'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,
For not one single friend she had
On this cold-hearted earth ;
The sea will not give back its prey—
And they were wrapt in foreign clay
Who gave the orphan birth.

Steadfastly as a star doth look
Upon a little murmuring brook,
She gazed upon the bosom
And fair brow of her sleeping son,—
'O merciful heaven ! when I am gone
'Thine is this earthly blossom !'

While thus she sat,—a sunbeam broke
Into the room ;—the babe awoke,
And from his cradle smiled !
Ah me ! what kindling smiles met there !
I know not whether was more fair,
The mother or her child !

With joy fresh-sprung from short alarms,
The smiler stretched his rosy arms,
And to her bosom leapt,—
All tears at once were swept away,
And said a face as bright as day,—
'Forgive me ! that I wept !'

Sufferings there are from nature sprung,
Ear hath not heard, nor poet's tongue
May venture to declare ;
But this as holy-writ is sure,
'The griefs she bids us here endure
'She can herself repair !'
Blackwood's Magazine,

STANZAS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

IN glowing youth, he stood beside
His native stream, and saw it glide
Showing each gem beneath its tide,
Calm as though nought could break its rest,
Reflecting heaven on its breast,
And seeming, in its flow, to be
Like candour, peace and piety.

When life began its brilliant dream,
His heart was like his native stream ;
The wave-shrined gems could scarcely seem
Less hidden than each wish it knew ;
Its life flowed on as calmly too :
And heaven shielded it from sin,
To see itself reflected in.

He stood beside that stream again,
When years had fled in strife and pain ;
He looked for its calm course in vain,—
For storms profaned its peaceful flow,
And clouds o'erhung its crystal brow :—
And turning then, he sighed to deem
His heart still like his native stream.
New Monthly Magazine.

LINES,

WRITTEN BY THE SEA SIDE.

BY WILLIAM JERDAN, ESQ.

HASTINGS, upon thy coast I stood,—
Still onward, onward rolled the flood :
'Tis trite, but who can see that strife
Of waves, nor think on human life ?
Oh, awful likeness ! how they pass,
A rippling undistinguished mass,
Fretting the surface, and no more,
Till lost upon the oblivious shore.

And Fancy, how thou turn'st my brain !
I trace each billow of the main :
'Tis individual, and its span
Of being is like thine, O Man !

Mark ye that plummy-crested surge,
Its foaming courser forward urge ;
Lashing the land, it spreads dismay,
The pebbles fly, the rocks give way :
That is the warrior fierce upreared,
Roaring to battle, ruthless, feared ;
He's spent—a whispering murmur all
That echoes his high-sounding fall.

Upon the sand that gentle wave
Delights in peaceful grace to lave,
The margin dents with flowing line,
While glittering planets o'er it shine :
That is the Bard, alas ! to see
The impress of his harmony
And tuneful force, a moment's joy,
The next succeeding wave destroy.

Wearing and splashing through these rocks,
Whose adamant the struggle mocks ;
In eddies whirled, in deep chasms lost,
Rubbling in straits, in spray up-tost ;
Many an effort see they make,
And billows rise, and billows break :—
All worldlings these, who ceaseless boil
And labour on with noisy toil ;
By difficulties some defied,
Die off the granite's reckless side ;
While others, blest beyond desire,
Wind through, and on the shore expire !
Those burst, the haven ere they reach,
And these but perish on the beach.

How sweetly these round billows rise,
And undulate, while the breeze sighs
Above ; their race seems youthful sport,
Flight and pursuit—they shun, they court—
Now parted, and to distance thrown,
And now commingled into one ;
They swell but soon subside, and where
They were, a few small wavelets are ;
Or sooth to say, they brawl and flee,
One seeks the land, one floats to sea :
How like is this to human love,
As the young passions swell and move ;
Coy dalliance, union, fond embrace,
Proud bound, and then a nameless place—
Or severed fates, away they go,—
No matter where they froth or flow.

Far off a hoary head I view,
Dropping salt rheum : 'tis age's hue,
And life's last tears. The sea-bird's breast
Is on the neighbouring calm imprest—
Ah, spirit's emblem ! can it be,
But one faint struggle more, and he
Shall seek Heaven's element, like thee ?

How blest, if so ; for lo the gale,
 Increasing, flaps the shuddering sail,
 Wild ocean bellows loud, and fierce
 The tempest sweeps, the drear winds pierce
 With dismal howl, the waters rave,—
 Nothing can scape the yawning grave ;
 And every mortal, wrecked, may know
 There is no safety here below.

Ah me ! my dream of WAVES is o'er ;
 Another reflux bares the shore,
 Another influx comes again,
 And new each shape in, on, the main—
 My heroes, lovers, bards, all fled,
 Forgotten, traceless, vanished.
 And Man, whence springs thy senseless pride ?
 'Tis but a CENTURY or a TIDE ?
Literary Gazette.

COMPARISON.

THE lake lay hid in mist, and to the sand
 The little billows hastened silently
 Came sparkling on, in many a gladsome band,
 Soon as they touched the shore all doomed to die.
 I gazed upon them with a pensive eye,
 For, on that dim and melancholy strand,
 I saw the image of Man's destiny,
 So hurry we right onwards thoughtlessly,
 Unto the coast of that Eternal Land.
 Where, like the worthless billows in their glee,
 The first faint touch unable to withstand,
 We melt at once into eternity.
 O Thou who weighest the waters in thine hand,
 My awe-struck spirit puts her trust in thee.
Blackwood's Magazine.

ON A NEW-MADE GRAVE,

NEAR BOLTON PRIORY.

SWEET be thy rest ! near holy shrine
A purer relic never lay :
A grave of blessedness is thine,
More rich than piles of sculptured clay.

For softly on these peaceful knolls
The feet of happy wanderers tread ;
While Wharf his silver chariot rolls
In music o'er his ample bed.

And none are here but those who come
In gentle indolence to roam,
Or feed in Bolton's holy gloom
Sweet memories of a distant home.

Sweet be thy rest !—the toils and woes
Of man, have left this magic bound,
Since Beauty's awful genius chose,
And breathed upon the sacred ground.

Those cliffs where purple shadows creep,
The stream scarce gleaming through the dell,
These giant groves that guard its sleep,
The present power of Beauty tell.

The crosier's place, the altar-stone,
Now echo gentle wisdom's speech ;
And those dim cloisters, mute and lone,
Their meek and holy moral teach.

The shrine, the mitred Abbot's niche,
Where once unheeded incense spread,
Now with the woodbine's wreath is rich,
And sweets from vagrant roses shed.

Changed to a bounteous Baron's hall,
His gateway greets the wandering guest,
And only on its arras'd wall
The frowning warrior lifts his crest.

Where by a lonely taper's light
The cowl'd and captive bigot knelt,
Now summer-suns beam cheerly bright,
And evening's softest shadows melt.

Where once the yelling torrent's jaws
Death to the youthful hunter gave,
Scarce frolic beauty feigns a pause,
Then trusts her light foot to the wave.

Emblem of passion's changeful tide !
The flood that wrecked the heedless boy
In after years is taught to glide
Through sheltering bowers of social joy.

For such a tomb of sweets and flowers,
By social gladness sacred made,
Midst warbling streams and golden bowers,
The priest of Persia's Eden prayed.

But far from thee shall be the torch
Of frantic mirth and impious rite ;
A Christian Hafiz guards the porch,
And decks the Garden of Delight.

And only kindred hearts can bear
The smiling peace that slumbers here ;
None but the pure in spirit dare
Gaze on a scene to heaven so near.
European Magazine.

TO IDA.

Heu ! quantum minus est reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse !

On ! sweetly o'er the Atlantic sea,
 The moon, with melancholy smile,
 Looks down, as I, beloved, on thee
 Am fondly musing all the while :
 And as, along the silver tide,
 Its silent course the vessel steers,
 I dream of days, when, side by side,
 We roamed on eves of other years !

Though many a land, and many a wave,
 Between us rise, between us roll,
 Still, like a beacon, bright to save,
 Thou sheddest light upon my soul.
 And though the mist of years hath passed,
 Since first I blessed its glorious shine,
 Yet thoughts—and woes—and days amassed,
 Have only made it doubly thine !

How sweetly to the pensive mind
 The dreams of other days awake,
 And all the joys be left behind,
 No more on earth to overtake !
 Our wanderings by the sandy shore,—
 Our walks along the twilight plain,—
 The raptures that we felt of yore,—
 And ne'er on earth shall feel again !

Unclouded moon ! o'er rippling seas
 Thou lookest down in placid grace ;
 With sails, expanded by the breeze,
 Alert, our onward path we trace ;
 To foreign isles, and lands unknown,
 We steer, where every sigh shall tell,
 'Mid thousands as I walk alone,
 My thoughts, with those far distant dwell.

Unclouded moon ! 'tis sweet to mark
Thine aspect, so serene and calm,
Dispersing, vanquishing the dark,
And o'er our sorrows shedding balm.
Departed years like visions pass
Across the hot and fevered brow,
Blest years, and vanished eves, alas !
When thou did'st shine as thou dost now !

Oh ! brightly as of yesterday
The dreams of vanished years awake,
The hopes that flattered to betray,
And left the joyless heart to break.—
I see thee, as I saw thee then,
Endowed by youth with magic charm ;
I hear thee, as I heard thee, when
We roamed together, arm in arm.

It were a soothing thought, that thou
Perchance, now pondering, tak'st delight
To raise thy white, angelic brow,
And gaze upon this lovely night ;
And that the very scenes might rise
Upon thy mind's reverted eye.
That draw from me a thousand sighs,
In starting up—and passing by.

'Twere nothing did we die—'twere nought
From life at once to pass away,
But thus to wither thought by thought,
And inch by inch, and day by day ;
To mark the lingering tints of light,
As twilight o'er the sky expands,—
To mark the wave's receding flight,
That leaves the bleak and barren sands.

To see the stars that gem the sky
Fade one by one, to note the leaves
Drop from the boughs all witheringly,
Through which the wintry tempest grieves—

'Tis this that chills the drooping heart,
That still we breathe, and feel, and live,
When all the powers of earth depart,
And life hath not a joy to give!

Not parted yet—not parted yet—
Though oceans roll, and roar between;
A star that glitters ne'er to set,
'Thou smilest bright, and shinnest serene;
Fair Ida! and the waste of life,
All bleak and barren though it be,
Although a scene of care and strife,
Has still a charm in having thee!
Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MOSS ROSE,

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE angel of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,
That spirit to whom charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven;
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the Rose:
'O fondest object of my care,
'Still fairest found, where all are fair
'For the sweet shade thou givest to me,
'Ask what thou wilt 'tis granted thee.'
'Then,' said the Rose, with deepened glow,
'On me another grace bestow.'—
The spirit paused in silent thought,
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed.
Literary Gazette. ISABEL.

TIME ARRESTING THE CAREER OF PLEASURE.

FROM A DRAWING BY R. DAGLEY.

STAY thee on thy wild career,
Other sounds than mirth's are near ;
Spread not those white arms in air ;
Fling those roses from thy hair ;
Stop awhile those glancing feet ;
Still thy golden cymbals beat ;
Ring not thus thy joyous laugh ;
Cease that purple cup to quaff ;
Hear my voice of warning, hear,—
Stay thee on thy wild career !

Youth's sweet bloom is round thee now,
Roses laugh upon thy brow ;
Radiant are thy starry eyes ;
Spring is in the crimson dyes
O'er which thy dimpled smile is wreathing ;
Incense on thy lip is breathing ;
Light and Love are round thy soul,—
But thunder-peals o'er June-skies roll ;
Even now the storm is near—
Then stay thee on thy mad career !

Raise thine eyes to yonder sky,
There is writ thy destiny !
Clouds have veiled the new moonlight ;
Stars have fallen from their height ;
These are emblems of the fate
That waits thee—dark and desolate !
All morn's lights are now thine own,
Soon their glories will be gone ;
What remains when they depart ?
Faded hope, and withered heart :
Like a flower with no perfume
To keep a memory of its bloom !

Look upon that hour-marked round,
Listen to that fateful sound ;
There my silent hand is stealing,
My more silent course revealing ;
Wild, devoted PLEASURE, hear,—
Stay thee on thy mad career !

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

THE SPANISH MAIDEN'S FAREWELL.

BY MATILDA BETHAM.

MANUEL, I do not shed a tear
Our parting to delay ;
I dare not listen to my fear,
I dare not bid thee stay.

The heart may shrink, the spirit fail,
But Spaniards must be free !
And pride and duty shall prevail
O'er all my love for thee.

Then go ; and round that gallant head,
Like banners in the air,
Shall float full many a daring hope,
And many a tender prayer.

Should freedom perish—at thy death
’Twere madness to repine ;
And I should every feeling lose,
Except the wish for mine.

But if the destiny of Spain
Be once again to rise !
O ! grant me heaven ! to read the tale
In Manuel's joyful eyes.

THE CAIRNGORM.

A HIGHLAND HUSBAND'S GIFT.

WEAR thy mountain's diamond, fairest !
In thy waving hair ;
It will noblest seem, and rarest
If it sparkles there ;
For only this dark gem can vie
With those brown tresses' burnished dye,
And well the elves that guard it know,
If it might touch thy spotless brow,
For ever in thy memory
Thy wedded love would living be.

Or hanging on thy ear, dearest,
A moment let it shine ;
Then in every voice thou hearest
Shall seem a sound of mine—
Yet no ;—for never by the tone
Of silver words was true love known ;
I would not tax thy soul to give
The fondness that on words can live.

But place it on thy hand, sweetest,
Clasped with the holy gold,
And when a stranger's hand thou meetest,
Thine shall be winter-cold ;
And thou shalt lute and tablet take
In bower or chamber for my sake ;
And it shall teach thy pen to show
How thought should speak when speech is true.

Then hide it in thy breast, dearest !
If it be pure as fair,
When to thy heart this gem is nearest,
My image shall be there ;

For it has spells more deep and strong
When hid its native snows among ;
And it shall have most power to bless
Where all is power and holiness.

European Magazine.

V.

THE POET.

Oh say not that truth does not dwell with the lyre,
That the minstrel will feign what he never has felt ;
Oh say not his love is a fugitive fire,
Thrown o'er the snow mountains, will sparkle, not melt.

It is not the Alpine hills rich with the ray
Of sunset can image the soul of the bard ;
The light of the evening around them may play,
But the frost-work beneath is, though bright, cold and
hard.

'Tis the burning volcano, that ceaselessly glows,
Where the minstrel may find his own semblance pour-
trayed ;
The red fires that gleam on the summits are those
That first on his own inmost spirit have preyed.

Ah, deeply the minstrel has felt all he sings,
Every passion he paints his own bosom has known ;
No note of wild music is swept from the strings,
But first his own feelings have echoed the tone.

Then say not his love is a fugitive fire,
That the heart can be ice while the lip is of flame ;
Oh say not that truth does not dwell with the lyre ;
For the pulse of the heart and the harp are the same.
Literary Gazette. L. E.L.

TO THE MEMORY OF IDA.

Oh ! what are thousand living loves
To one that cannot quit the dead.—BYRON.

WELL—though the clouds of sorrow haste,
With darkening gloom, and threatening roll,
To blight existence to a waste,
And shut out sunshine from my soul,
Departed Ida ! rather far
My musing thoughts would dwell on thee,
Than join the mirthful, and the jar
Of voices loud, and spirits free.

Sad alteration !—Here alone,
Where we so oft together sate,
With hearts, where love's commingling tone
Had linked us to one mutual fate :
I gaze around me—where art thou,
Whose glance was sunshine to the spot ?
These roses bloomed, as they bloom now,
But thou art—where—I see thee not !

Oh ! never more—oh ! never more
This earth again shall smile for me !
I'll listen to the tempest's roar,—
Or gaze along the stormy sea,—
And from the sunshine I will hide,—
But, as the moon in silver gleams,
I'll lean me o'er the vessel's side,
And see thee in my waking dreams.

Then welcome be the doom that calls
To foreign climes my wandering way :
These echoing walks and empty halls,
The blosmy lilac on its spray.—
The lily in its innocence,—
The fleur-de-lis with purple vest,—
Pine for thee, vanished far from hence,
Removed from earth, and laid to rest.

Oh! do not breathe on Ida's lute—
 'Twould make her vanished form appear,
Since Ida's breathing now is mute—
 Since Ida's voice I cannot hear.
All music, and all melody,
 The azure stream, and leafy tree,
The glories of the earth and sky
 Are stripped of half their charms for me!

Then welcome be the flapping sail,
 And welcome be the stormy main,
And never may the breezes fail,
 But when they bring me back again!
And I will wander o'er the deep,
 And brave the tempest's threatening harms,
Since not a shore to which we sweep,
 To me can proffer Ida's arms!

Oh! Ida, ever lost and dear,
 Soon come the day, and come it must,
When I shall seek thy happier sphere,
 And leave this perishable dust.
Then grief shall flee my troubled eyes,
 And gloom forsake my drooping heart,
And through the fields of Paradise
 We two shall roam, and never part.
Blackwood's Magazine. NAUTA.

FRAGMENT.

A SOLITUDE

Of green and silent beauty, just a home
Where I could wish to weep my life away
In utter loneliness, and never more
Hear human voice, or look on human face.
It is a secret place among the hills :
Narrow and dark the valley lies below,
And not a taint of earth is on the air,
Which the lip drinks pure as the stream whose source
Is hidden here,—large rocks have girthed it in ;
All palaces for the eagle are their sides,
Safe or far safer than a sanctuary,—
For even that, though shielded by God's name,
Man holds not sacred. Here at least his power
Is neither felt nor feared. The chamois rests
When harassed, as the powerless ever are,
It 'scapes the cruel hunter. Small as still,
A skilful archer's bow would send the shaft
Across its utmost boundary, and half
Is covered with dark pines, which in the spring
Send forth sweet odours, even as they felt
As parents do, rejoicing o'er their children
In the green promise of their youthful shoots,
The spreading of their fresh and fragrant leaves.
The other part is thinly scattered o'er
With dwarf oaks, stunted both in leaves and growth.
And in the midst there are two stately firs,
The one dark in its hoary foliage, like
A warrior armed for battle ; but the next
Has lost its leafy panoply, the bark
Stripped from the trunk, the boughs left black and bare
By some fierce storm to which it would not bend :—
Like a high spirit, proud, though desolate.
At one end is a cavern, musical
With falling waters : roof, and floor, and walls
Are set with sparry gems, snow turned to treasure ;

Beyond is black as night, or grief, or death,
And thence there comes a silent stream, which takes
Onward its quiet course, then, through a break,
The only one amid the mountain, flows
Down to the world below. And it should be
My task in fanciful similitudes
To trace a likeness for my destiny ;—
Those pale blue violets, which in despite
Of snow, or wind, or soil, cling to the rock
In lonely beauty—they are like my love,
My woman's love : it grew up amid cares
And coldness, yet still like those flowers it lived
On in its fragrance ; but far happier they,
They rest in their lone home's security,
While, rooted from its dear abode, my love
Was scattered suddenly upon the wind,
To wither and to die. And the blue stream
Will be another emblem : cold and calm
It leaves its dwelling place,—soon over rocks,
Torrents, like headlong passions, hurry it—
Its waters lose their clearness, weeds and sands
Choke it like evil deeds, and banks upraised
By human art, obstruct and turn its course,
Till, worn out by long wanderings, it seeks
Its strength gone by, some little quiet nook
Where it may waste its tired waves away.
So in this solitude, might I depart,
My death unwatched ! I could not bear to die,
And yet see life and love in some dear eye.
Why should I wish to leave some faithful one
With bleeding heart to break above my grave ?
Oh, no,—I do but wish to pass away
Unloved and unremembered !

Literary Gazette.

L. E. L.

LINES

ON LEAVING A SCENE IN BAVARIA.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

ADIEU the woods and water's side,
Imperial Danube's rich domain !
Adieu the grotto, wild and wide,
The rocks abrupt and grassy plain !
For pallid Autumn, once again,
Hath swelled each torrent of the hill,
Her clouds collect, her shadows sail ;
And watery winds that sweep the vale,
Grow loud and louder still.

But not the storm, dethroning fast
Yon monarch oak of massy pile ;
Nor river roaring to the blast
Around its dark and desert isle ;
Nor curfew tolling to beguile
The cloud-born thunder passing by,
Can sound in discord to my soul !—
Roll on, ye mighty waters, roll !
And rage thou darkened sky !

Thy blossom, though no longer bright,—
Thy withered woods, no longer green,—
Yet, Eldun shore, with dark delight
I visit thy unlovely scene !
For many a sunset hour serene
My steps have trod thy mellow dew ;
When his green light the fire-fly gave,
When Cynthia from the distant wave
Her twilight anchor drew,

And ploughed as with a swelling sail,
The billowy clouds and starry sea ;
Then, while thy hermit nightingale
Sang on her fragrant apple-tree,—
Romantic, solitary, free,
The visitant of Eldun's shore,
On such a moonlight mountain strayed
As echoed to the music made
By druid harps of yore.

Around thy savage hills of oak,
Around thy waters bright and blue,
No hunter's horn the silence broke,
No dying shriek thine echo knew ;
But safe, sweet Eldun woods, to you
The wounded wild deer ever ran,
Whose myrtle bound their grassy cave,
Whose very rocks a shelter gave
From blood-pursuing man.

Oh heart effusions, that arose
From nightly wanderings cherished here !
To him who flies from many woes,
Even homeless deserts can be dear !
The last and solitary cheer
Of them that own no earthly home,
Say is it not, ye banished race,
In such a loved and lonely place
Companionless to roam ?

Yes ! I have loved thy wild abode,
Unknown, unploughed, untrodden shore,
Where scarce a woodman finds a road,
And scarce a fisher plies an oar !
For man's neglect I love thee more,
That art nor avarice intrude
To tame thy torrent's thunder-shock,
Or prune thy vintage of the rock
Magnificently rude.

Unheeded spreads thy blossomed bud
Its milky bosom to the bee ;
Unheeded falls along the flood
Thy desolate and aged tree.
Forsaken scene ! how like to thee
The fate of unbefriended worth !
Like thine her fruit dishonoured falls ;
Like thee in solitude she calls
A thousand treasures forth.

O ! silent spirit of the place !
If lingering with the ruined year,
Thy hoary form and awful face
I yet might watch and worship here,
Thy storm was music to my ear !
Thy wildest walk a shelter given
Sublimar thoughts on earth to find,
And share, with no unhallowed mind,
The majesty of heaven !

What though the bosom friends of Fate,—
Prosperity's unwearied brood,—
Thy consolations cannot rate
O, self-dependent solitude !
Yet, with a spirit unsubdued,
Though darkened by the clouds of Care,
To worship thy congenial gloom,
Like pilgrim to the Prophet's tomb,
Misfortune shall repair.

On her the world hath never smiled,
Or looked but with accusing eye ;—
All silent goddess of the wild,
To thee that misanthrope shall fly !
I hear her deep soliloquy,—
I mark her proud but ravaged form,
As stern she wraps her mantle round,
And bids, on winter's bleakest ground,
Defiance to the storm.

Peace to her banished heart, at last,
In thy dominions shall descend,
And strong as beechwood in the blast
Her spirit shall refuse to bend ;
Enduring life without a friend,
The world and falsehood left behind,
Thy votary shall bear elate,
And triumph o'er opposing Fate
Her dark inspired mind.

But dost thou, Folly, mock the muse
A wanderer's mountain walk to sing,
Who shuns a warring world, nor woos
The vulture cover of its wing ?
Then fly, thou towering shivering thing,
Back to the fostering world beguiled,
To waste in self-consuming strife
The loveless brotherhood of life,
Reviling and reviled !

Away, thou lover of the race
That hither chased yon weeping deer !
If nature's all majestic face
More pitiless than man's appear ;
Or if the wild winds seem more drear
Than man's cold charities below,
Behold around his peopled plains,
Where'er the social savage reigns
Exuberance of wo !

His art and honours wilt thou seek
Embossed on grandeur's giant walls ?
Or hear his moral thunders speak
Where senates light their airy halls,
Where man his brother man enthralls,
Or sends his whirlwind warrants forth,
To rouse the slumbering fiends of war,
To dye the blood-warm waves afar,
And desolate the earth.

From clime to clime pursue the scene
And mark in all thy spacious way,
Where'er the tyrant man has been,
There Peace, the cherub, cannot stay ;
In wilds and woodlands far away
She builds her solitary bower,
Where only anchorites have trod
Or friendless men to worship God,
Have wandered for an hour.

In such a fair forsaken vale,—
And such sweet Eldun vale is thine,—
Afflicted nature shall inhale
Heaven-borrowed thoughts and joys divine ;
No longer wish, no more repine
For man's neglect or woman's scorn ;—
Then wed thee to an exile's lot,
For if the world hath loved thee not,
Its absence may be borne.

THE HOUR GLASS.

THE dust that here, with motion true,
In silence tells the waning hour,
Once glowed with vital heat, and knew,
The pride of honour, wealth and power—
Was one, who lost in pleasure's maze,
Relentless beauty's charms admired ;
He saw, but withered in the gaze,
And in a fatal flame expired.
Still in this glass his ashes move,
Proclaiming to each pining breast,
That he, who knows the pangs of love,
May never, never, hope for rest !
New Monthly Magazine.

THE MARRIAGE OF PELEUS AND THETIS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

High placed upon a hill of Thessaly,
(That lifts its forehead to the clear blue skies,
And when the storms are high,
And, like its diadem, the lightning shines,
Shakes in wild music all its whispering pines)
Sate twice ten thousand deities.

Pelion ! in song renowned and heathen story,
Dost thou remember that auspicious day,
(Marked in celestial history)
When gods and star-bright spirits deigned to stray
Along thy rills and through thy pastures sweet,
Or sporting on their heavenly pinions fleet
Shook light and fragrance through the noontide air?—
Then every god that loved the nymphs, was there
(The nymphs, the gods' especial care)
And goddesses and spirits all of mighty name.

First sweet Aurora in the morning came—
(For well she loved the sea-green maid,
Thetis, who wont her streaming hair to braid,
Ere yet Apollo dashed the shores with flame),
And over Pelion's giant-head she threw
(For this was Thetis' nuptial day)
A veil of roses, such as in the Spring
Burst into beauty 'fore the sons of May,
And many a flower, touched with the rainbow's hue,
She cast—such (though on earth they fade away)
In heaven live ever blossoming.

And this was the coy Thetis' nuptial day—
The bridegroom was a man of fame,
(His kine immortal, though from earth his name)
And through a kingdom once held sceptered sway—

(Thessalian Pelus)—'Twas a day of state,
And all the assembled gods and heroes then
Came down in mortal shapes 'mongst men,
(Save one, the greatest of the great)
Those holy rites of love to celebrate.

Then came the mightiest on his blazing throne
Borne downwards, buoyant on a thunder-cloud ;
And as he passed each living creature bowed.
Mountains, and woods, and waves, were forced to own
His powerful presence—though unseen he rode,
And spared the world the image of a god—
Saturnian Jove !—on Pelian's topmost height
Thou sat'st amidst the circling deities,
Ranked each in order, for, as in the skies,
They took their place to view this marriage rite.

The Queen of heaven was there, her braids of jet
Clasped by a dazzling coronet ;
Her port was majesty—her look was light—
And pale Minerva, with her face divine,
And with mild eyes intelligently bright—
And there Apollo's brow was seen to shine
'Midst the rich clusters of his golden hair ;
And Venus, with her zone unbound was there,
Upon a thymy hillock bent ;—
And Bacchus, crowned with leaves of vine,
Son of the star-bright Semele—and Mars
And dark Bellona left their thundering cars,
'To consecrate a day so sweet and fair—
And Neptune, charmed, had left his element.

Below, below—joyous the woods among
And fountains—through the cool and leafy shade
Bright nymphs and sylvan spirits strayed—
Some laughing chased—some woke the cheerful song—
And some that strain to melancholy dear—
Some bathed their limbs amidst the waters clear,
Naiads and heaven born Nereids,

Or plunged their hands within some secret well,
And as they flung on high the sparkling wave
Muttered each a soothing spell.

Fearless the Dryads left their sacred trees,
For well that day did the rude Fauns behave;
And through the morn—the noon—the evening hours,
Some tore the violet from its stem, [spread;
To grace the sea-maid's couch when night should
And some inwove a diadem,
Formed all of roses white, to deck her head; [flowers.
Some plucked the golden fruits, some rolled amongst the

Still some were wanting; yet as day declined
They came—then first was heard Favonius' sigh,
Wild whispering through the blossoms, as he pined
Away, in notes of fragrant melody—
And Cupid, who till then had fluttered far,
Blushing and fretful on the varying wing,
And wept to see the Nereids fear,
Came wheeling round and round—near and more near—
(As doves come homeward in their narrowing ring)
And loitering Dian sent her vesper star
To tell her coming, and to say, that night
She nearer to the Earth would bend her head,
And rest a moment on old Pelion's height,
And kiss pale Thetis on her bridal bed.

And now the nymph was borne along
'Midst dance and festal song,
In spotless garments, as became a bride,
Whilst Peleus languished by her side,
Breathing in murmurs faint his fondest sigh:
His helmet and his arms were all laid by—
Yet looked he, though unarmed he rode!
Hero, and prince, and demi-god!
His head was laurelled, and his eyes of fire
Fashioned to softness all, and looks of love:
Around his shoulders broad a robe he threw,
Stained with the murex' matchless hue,

(This the rude fisher found, who wont to rove,
Seeking for bright shells through the seas of Tyre).

Now was the altar won,
And that sweet rite begun
Mysterious that unites in awful chain
Hearts that none may part again.
Bright was the flame and holy that arose,
(Fed all by flowers that once on Pelion grew)
And sweet the incense that ascended high,
Fanned by Favonius' sigh.
(Favonius, who at evening blows,
And stirs the laurel on Parnassus' side):
Aloft in pairs the birds of Venus flew,
And all without a pang the victims died.

All was propitious. Soon amidst the throng
Low tones were heard increasing, till the tide
Dilated in a sound of war. That song
Through all the caves on Pelion's side
Burst; and then (diminished) died:—
Then breathed the flute, the bugle pealed afar,
(In tones of music, but too near to war);
The trumpet poured its note, and all was still—
Silence was heard o'er vale and hill;
When (from on high descending, like a star
That leaves its orb to watch o'er men below);
Hymen, the god of wedded love was seen
Standing beside the altar green;
Before his feet the votive wreathes were flung,
And wildly sweet the hymn—his hymn—by kneeling
 virgins sung.

And midnight came, and all the gods departed,
And nymphs—and left the lovers to repose
On pillows of the fresh-blown rose;
The winds were silent, and the waters played
No more—lest that they should the sea-green maid
Disturb (no longer pale and broken-hearted).

Love only on the couch was hovering,
 A couch that gods had deigned to bless,
 Where each had given some gift of happiness ;
 Love only staid, he kissed each forehead fair,
 And 'dung narcotic odours from his wing
 (Sweet beyond man's imagining) ;
 Then took his flight upon the morning air :
 Yet every night returned and blessed that happy pair !

MOONLIGHT.

WHAT see'st thou, silver crescent of the sky,
 When, in thy growing beauty, thou dost sail
 Bright, through yon blue unclouded canopy,
 And when, ere twilight gathers in the vale,
 Or sunny radiance leaves the mountain's brow,
 Thy gentler beams their loveliest light bestow ?

Thou see'st the village-dance, where light hearts meet
 Upon the village green, and where the lute
 Breathes forth in merry tunes its accents sweet,
 Nor stops until the tabor's voice is mute,
 And till the dancers in their mirth forget
 The jingling music of the castanet.

Thou see'st the lover in the twilight bower,
 When vow is poured on vow, and eye meets eye,
 And when the bliss of that enraptured hour
 Is uttered only in the burning sigh ;
 Ah ! tell them not that youth is on the wing,
 Blight not the hopes of their delicious spring.

Thou see'st the fisher loitering by the shore ; [wood ;
 Thou see'st the school-boy wandering through the
 Thou see'st the peasant by his cottage door ;
 Thou see'st the poet in his solitude,
 Musing, perchance, some high heroic lay—
 Soft fall thy light where'er his footsteps stray !

But other scenes are thine, sweet star of night,
When, in thy wane, the too victorious morn
Steals from thee all thy radiance, and with light
From orb more dazzling hastens to adorn
This lower world : Ah ! then, fair planet, say,
What see'st thou, as thou hold'st thy heavenly way ?

Thou see'st the traveller, haply doomed to roam
In foreign lands, unfriended and alone,
An exile from his country and his home,
The sweets of friendship and of love unknown ;
Now round his bark the whitening billows rise,
And now his path through Afric's desert lies.

Thou see'st pale genius watching from afar
The first faint traces of the wakening day,
Or gazing sadly on yon fading star,
Whose little light fades not more fast away :
Ah ! 'tis the vigil of the broken heart,
That fain would live, though treacherous hope depart.

Thou see'st the mother, wife, or sister stand,
By the lorn sick-bed, where disease has found
Another victim, and with icy hand
The joyful current of the blood has bound,
And from the brow plucked off the festive wreath,
Triumphant of the thorns that lurked beneath.

Thou see'st the soldier on the tented field
Snatching short slumber ere he wakes to die ;
Thou see'st the wretch whose senses never yield
To gentle sleep, and in whose dim, sunk eye
Thou read'st remorse and terror ;—this is he
Who finds, too late, that guilt is misery.

Thou see'st, fair orb, the truth of human life,
Things, which will be, and which have ever been ;
A motley stage, that shows a constant strife
Betwixt the tragic and the comic scene ;
Where now a sage, and now a fool appears ;
To-day delight and smiles, to-morrow care and tears.

STANZAS TO A LADY.

BY. T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

Across the waves—away and far,
My spirit turns to thee;
I love thee as men love a star,
The brightest where a thousand are,
Sadly and silently;
With love unstained by hopes or fears,
Too deep for words, too pure for tears!

My heart is tutored not to weep;
Calm, like the calm of even,
Where grief lies hushed, but not asleep,
Hallows the hours I love to keep
For only thee and heaven;
Too far and fair to aid the birth
Of thoughts that have a taint of earth!

And yet the days forever gone,
When thou wert as a bird,
Living 'mid flowers and leaves alone,
And singing in so soft a tone
As I never since have heard,
Will make me grieve that birds, and things
So beautiful, have ever wings!

And there are hours in the lonely night,
When I seem to hear thy calls,
Faint as the echoes of far delight,
And dreamy and sad as the sighing flight
Of distant waterfalls;—
And then my vow is hard to keep,
For it were a joy, indeed, to weep!

For I feel, as men feel when moonlight falls
Amid old cathedral aisles;
Or the wind plays, sadly, along the walls
Of lonely and forsaken halls,
That we knew in their day of smiles;

Or as one who hears, amid foreign flowers,
A tune he had learned in his mother's bowers.

But I may not, and I dare not weep,
Lest the vision pass away,
And the vigils that I love to keep
Be broken up, by the fevered sleep
That leaves me—with the day—
Like one who has travelled far to the spot
Where his home should be—and finds it not!

Yet then, like the incense of many flowers,
Rise pleasant thoughts to me ;
For I know, from thy dwelling in eastern bowers,
That thy spirit has come, in those silent hours,
To meet me over the sea ;
And I feel, in my soul, the fadeless truth
Of her whom I loved in early youth.

Like hidden streams,—whose quiet tone
Is unheard in the garish day,
That utter a music all their own,
When the night-dew falls, and the lady moon
Looks out to hear them play,—
I knew not half thy gentle worth,
Till grief drew all its music forth.

We shall not meet on earth again!—
And I would have it so ;
For, they tell me that the cloud of pain
Has flung its shadow o'er thy brain,
And touched thy looks with wo ;
And I have heard that storm and shower
Have dimmed thy loveliness, my flower !

I would not look upon thy tears,—
For I have thee in my heart,
Just as thou wert, in those blessed years
When we were, both, too young for fears
That we should ever part ;
And I would not aught should mar the spell,
The picture nursed so long and well !

I love to think on thee, as one
With whom the strife is o'er ;
And feel that I am journeying on,
Wasted, and weary, and alone,
To join thee on that shore
Where thou—I know—wilt look for me,
And I, for ever, be with thee !

MEMORY.

BY W. LEGGETT, ESQ.

When memory paints with pencil true
The scenes where youth delighted roved,
She throws o'er none so sweet a hue
As robes the home of her I loved.

Each tree, each flower, that flourished there,
In former beauty seems to wave ;
I seem to breathe my native air,
'Mid friends who're sleeping in the grave.

But soon these shades of joy depart
And present sorrows start to view—
Memory, like Hope, still mocks the heart
With visions sweet—but fleeting too !

But Faith points out your radiant heaven,
And bids the mourner not despair ;
Whispering, "afflictions are but given,
"Like angel-wings to waft you there !"

NAPOLEON MORIBUNDUS.

Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis.

Yes! bury me deep in the infinite sea,
Let my heart have a limitless grave—
For my spirit in life was as fierce and free
As the course of the tempest-wave.

As far from the stretch of all earthly control
Were the fathomless depths of my mind,
And the ebbs and flows of my single soul
Were as tides to the rest of mankind.

Then my briny pall shall engirdle the world,
As in life did the voice of my fame;
And each mutinous billow that's sky-ward curled,
Shall seem to re-echo my name.

That name shall be storied in records sublime,
In the uttermost corners of earth:
Now breathed as a curse, now a spell-word sublime,
In the glorified land of my birth.

My airy form on some lofty mast
In fire-fraught clouds shall appear,
And mix with the shriek of the hurricane blast
My voice to the fancy of fear.

Yes! plunge my dark heart in the infinite sea,
It would burst from a narrower tomb—
Shall less than an ocean his sepulchre be
Whose mandate to millions was doom?

NOTES.

1.—Page 1.

Sketches taken from Dover Castle during a Storm.

These beautiful poems are from the pen of W. Read, Esq., the author of "Rouge and Noir, with other Poems," a volume of very high promise. They were originally published in the Literary Gazette, under the signature of "Eustace."

2.—Page 41.

The Mossy Seat.

This poem, the production of D. M. Moir, Esq., the Delta of Blackwood's Magazine, is incorrectly ascribed in the body of the work to J. Moir, Esq. The latter gentleman is no relation to the author of "The Legend of Genevieve," although he has published several vigorous translations from the Spanish, in an article on Spanish Literature in the Edinburgh Review.

3.—Page 49.

Ode to France.—By Lord Byron.

This splendid Ode had not been transplanted into any edition of Lord Byron's works when first printed in this volume. It has lately been included in the edition of the noble poet, published in Paris, by Galignani.

4.—Page 63.

To the Spirit of Poetry.

This exquisite little poem, which appeared originally under the signature of Zarach, is from the pen of J. S. Clarke, Esq.

5.—Page 79.

My Brother's Grave.

This touching poem was, if we mistake not, first printed in a little periodical called "The College Magazine." It was afterwards transplanted into the *Etonian*. Its author, Mr., now the Rev. J. Moultrie, has written several charming poems in the *Etonian*, and *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. Mr. Moultrie is also the author of the Stanzas at page 156.

6.—Page 87.

Lord Byron's latest Verses.

These lines have been printed very incorrectly in most of the periodicals; but are here given from an autograph copy of Lord Byron in the possession of John Bowring, Esq. They were first put in circulation by the person who calls himself Major Parry, and who has written a book entitled "The last Days of Lord Byron." Some idea may be formed of the value of his version, from the fact, that for the line—

Tread all reviving passions down,

Is given

Tread these *reviewing papers* down,

and that Mr. P. was accustomed to cite this passage as a proof that Lord Byron's feelings on the subject of the press had undergone a very sensible alteration!

7.—Page 90.

A Sketch.

These lines of the gifted author of the *Improvisatrice*, have been published in her earliest volume, "The Fate of Adelaide, and other Poems."

8.—Page 94.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

This poem appeared originally in an Irish (we believe, a Belfast) newspaper, dated from Trinity College, Dublin. After a good deal of discussion, they have been ascribed to the Rev. John Wolfe, on authority, which scarcely admits of a question.

9.—Page 104.

A Drinking Song.—By Lord Byron.

This singularly original poem, which the veracious Captain Medwin tells us was composed by Lord Byron one day after dinner, during his sojourn with the noble bard, was printed several years before in a volume of *Translations from the Classics*, by John Cam Hobhouse, Esq.; as were also the Stanzas, pages 216, 224, and 334. Mr. H.'s work transpired (for it can scarcely be said to have been published) in 1809.

10.—Page 106.

A Recollection.

This poem is improperly ascribed to J. Moir, Esq. It is from the pen of John Malcolm, Esq., and has been included in a volume of very charming poetry, entitled "*The Buccaneer, with other Poems.*"

11.—Page 114.

Magdalena.

By H. A. Driver, Esq., author of "*The Arabs.*"

12.—Page 117.

The Village Church.

Improperly referred to a provincial newspaper, but extracted from the "*Velvet Cushion*," by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, of Harrow.

13.—Page 126.

The Storm.

These splendid lines are ascribed, I know not upon what authority, to B. W. Proctor, Esq., better known by his *alias* of Barry Cornwall. They would do honour to any pen.

14.—Page 131.

Mary's Mount.

This sketch has been transplanted by its author (D. M. Moir, Esq.) into a volume entitled "The Legend of Genevieve, and other Poems;" as have also the grand ballad of the Covenanters' Heather Bed, p. 178, the Vision, p. 192, Sunset Thoughts, p. 221, Melancholy, p. 262, and the Battle of Roslin, p. 307.

15.—Page 148.

The Ground Swell.

By N. T. Carrington, author of "Dartmoor."

16.—Page 153.

Ballad.

This touching ballad, from the pen of the amiable and tasteful author of "The Autumnal Excursion," Mr. Thomas Pringle, was written a short time before his departure from Teviot-dale for the Cape of Good Hope. It was adapted to the fine old border air of "My good Lord John."

17.—Page 175.

Ten Years ago.

This Poem, and Stanzas written beneath a Picture, p. 194, have been appended to the last editions of the author's "Poetical Sketches." When first printed in this volume they were original,

18.—Page 177.

Lines sent with an Hour Glass.

By Miss M. J. Jewsbury, author of "Phantasmagoria ; or Sketches of Life and Literature." The beautiful Lines written by the Sea-side, p. 180, and those On Youth, p. 227, are from the same pen.

20.—Page 182.

The Dying Poet's Farewell.

Ascribed, I know not how correctly, to Horace Smith, Esq.

21.—Page 203.

Palmyra.

By John Malcolm, Esq. ; as are also The Passage through the Desert, p. 263 ; and The Ship, p. 283.

22.—Page 222.

There is a Tongue in every Leaf.

This poem, the exquisitely beautiful verses To a Dying Infant, at p. 271, and Lines suggested by some late Autumn Flowers, at p. 277, are all from the gifted pen of Miss Caroline Bowles, the author of a delightful little volume, entitled "Solitary Hours."

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